Commentary

Volume Seventy-three, Number Five, May 1982

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FICTION:

Rediscovering Judaism

Ruth R. Wisse

BOOKS:

J.B. Kelly
Julius Weinberg
Renee Winegarten
Nelson W. Polsby
Peter Skerry

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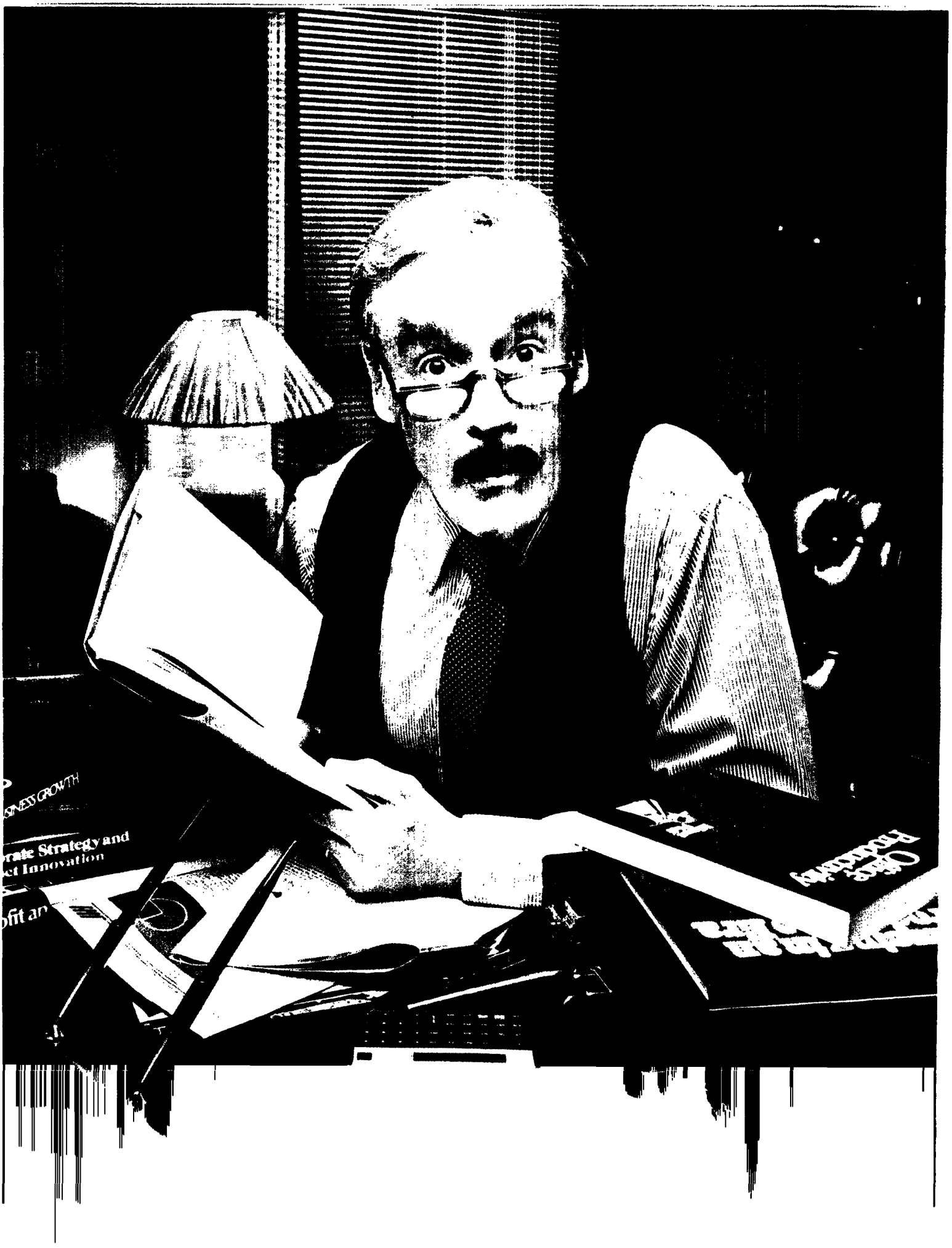

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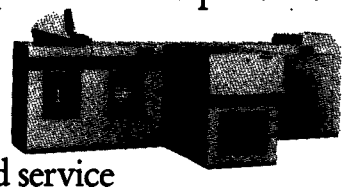

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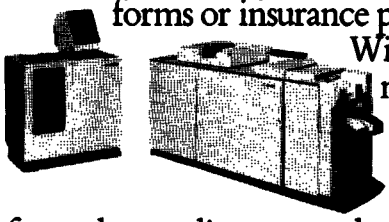

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Commentary

VOLUME 73 NUMBER FIVE *MAY 1982*

Articles	25	The Peace Movement & the Soviet Union *Vladimir Bukovsky*
	42	With the American Press in Vietnam *H. J. Kaplan*
	50	Vanishing Acts *Edgar Rosenberg*
	63	The Atlantic Alliance and Its Critics *Robert W. Tucker*
	73	Ethnicity—North, South, West *Nathan Glazer*
Observations	79	Shakespeare as Remedial Reading *Ronald Berman*
	81	Santayana and the Genteel Tradition *Kenneth S. Lynn*
Fiction	84	Rediscovering Judaism *Ruth R. Wisse*
Letters	6	from *Rolf Wiklund, Joseph Forbes, Edward N. Luttwak, Joel Freedman, Jacob B. Agus, Jacob Katz, F. Robert Rodman, Bernard E. Norwitch, William Barrett, Emilie Barnett, Edith U. Fierst, Murray Friedman, Franz M. Oppenheimer, Susan Seidner Adler,* and others
Books in Review	88	The Kingdom, by Robert Lacey *J. B. Kelly*
	91	The Turbulent Decades: Jewish Communal Services in America, 1958-78, edited by Graenum Berger *Julius Weinberg*
	94	The Family Idiot: Gustave Flaubert, 1821-1857, Volume I, by Jean-Paul Sartre *Renee Winegarten*
	96	The Brandeis-Frankfurter Connection, by Bruce Allen Murphy *Nelson W. Polsby*
	98	Prime Time Preachers, by Jeffrey K. Hadden and Charles K. Swann; Fundamentalism and American Culture, by George Marsden *Peter Skerry*

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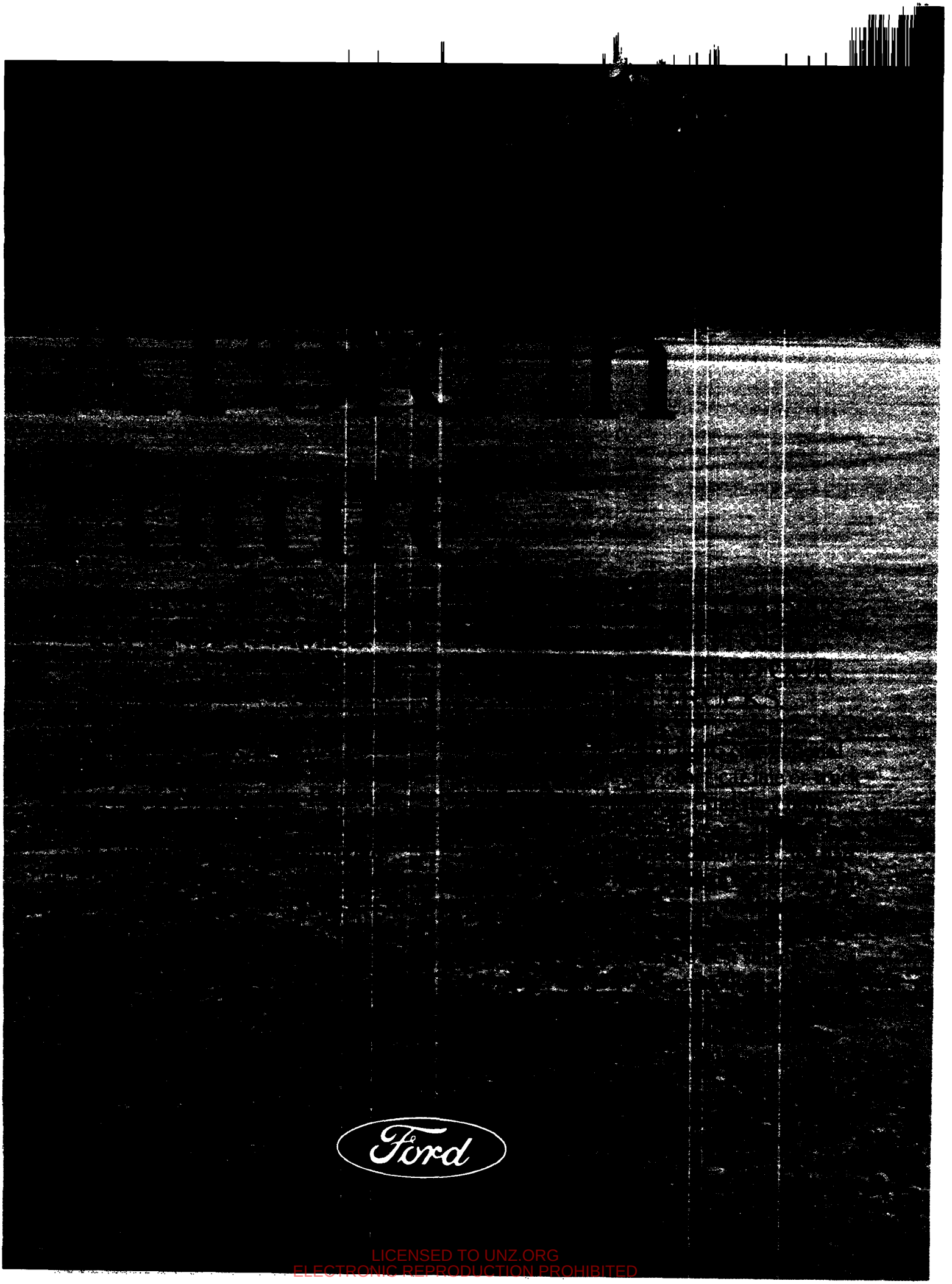

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Letters from Readers

Defense

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Congratulations to Edward N. Luttwak ["Why We Need More 'Waste, Fraud & Mismanagement' in the Pentagon," February] for so brilliantly delineating the domination of micro-management in the shaping of our defense policy and the resultant, possibly fatal, neglect of the art of war. . . .

Let us all fervently hope that his article will make enough converts in Congress to wrench the nation back to a just understanding of the primordial role of strategy. As Mr. Luttwak points out, that understanding is not wholly absent in our defense thinking: Secretary of Defense Weinberger did come up with viable, though interim, alternatives to the strategically unsound MX/MPS weapon scheme. Such plans must surely reflect the views of both Defense Department and Pentagon officials who are aware of the pitfalls of micro-management and are anxious to devote more of their time to Clausewitzian fundamentals.

ROLF WIKLUND
Geneva, Switzerland

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his article Edward N. Luttwak presents a glibly inaccurate and distorted version of the position of those of us who see the utility of simpler weapons. Mr. Luttwak is quite in error in claiming that the defense reformers want the United States Army to be equipped with, as he says, "tanks that are too lightly armored to withstand the pounding of the enemy's fire." The reformist criticism of the new 50-ton M-1 battle tank (the Soviet T-72 weighs only 38 tons) is not, as Mr. Luttwak implies, that it is too heavily armored, but that it is chock full of delicate, oversophisticated, difficult-to-maintain equipment which contributes to its excessive weight. The reformers do not propose, as Mr. Luttwak implies, that the Army have an inadequately armored tank, but a tank less laden with frills.

Mr. Luttwak has also oversimplified to distortion the defense-reformist position on simpler, cheaper aircraft. We reformists are not oblivious to the varied military roles to be performed by the expensive, technology-heavy jets with all-weather, nighttime, beyond-visual-range (BVR) capabilities. And we do not advocate scrapping all the big complex jets and abandoning all their roles. However, one of the missions of our Air Force—and a high-priority mission—would be to maintain daylight air superiority in Western Europe in the context of a Soviet attack. In this role our big clumsy jets would be definitely inadequate in close combat against the smaller, more agile Soviet jets, not because they would be overwhelmed by sheer numbers, as Mr. Luttwak states, but because the Soviet jets are more maneuverable in close combat and present smaller targets. . . .

Mr. Luttwak has also presented a distorted version of the reformist position on the Navy. No, the reformists don't want the U.S. Navy made up of small ships without long-range surveillance capabilities, but smaller, cheaper, faster, more maneuverable, less vulnerable ships which would still have adequate long-range surveillance capabilities. Our big aircraft carriers are easy targets and would be extremely vulnerable to enemy cruise missiles in a high-intensity conflict. And if the Soviets use tactical nuclear warheads, our big carriers are done for. Even against conventional weaponry the big carriers would be quickly saturated and sunk or severely damaged. Admiral Rickover has stated that our carriers wouldn't last two days in a war.

In his discussion of maritime strategy, Mr. Luttwak seems to have somehow missed the fact that we are no longer living in the days of Admiral Nelson and Sir Francis Drake. Antisubmarine warfare is now an important facet of naval strategy. Smaller, faster ships are more effective in antisubmarine warfare. Current Soviet submarines can travel faster under water than our surface ships can chase them. Mr. Luttwak's proposal to make the Soviets spend less on their navy by increasing our spending on bombers and missiles is specious. Mr. Luttwak has ignored the fact that the U.S. Navy and the Soviet Navy have different missions: theirs is to interdict our sea lanes; ours is to keep open our sea lanes. Navy strategy has to be seen in this context, and not as the simple contrasting of one navy's ships and naval spending with the other's.

JOSEPH FORBES
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

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EDWARD N. LUTTWAK writes:

Joseph Forbes is obviously unaware of my strong support for the military reform movement properly understood. In my article I was merely noting that the "simplicity" argument does have its limitations. I take it for granted that we ought indeed to deploy some drastically simplified weapons in some carefully chosen roles.

The Underground

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Midge Decter has made a valuable contribution by linking the Left and the Weathermen ["Notes from the American Underground," January]. After the Brink's shootout only the ideologues of anarchy could suggest that the SDS had been merely clumsy and counterproductive. This action by its Weatherman faction shows the SDS for what it was, a combination of Communists and common criminals. The organization had been elitist and anti-democratic in its origins and a blaze of barbarity was an appropriate end.

The SDS adopted two postures which proved disastrous. Both were born out of an opposition to dogmatism; both were bereft of understanding. The earlier of these positions was an ideological agnosticism (which expressed itself as anti-anti-Communism). The organization's later singular stupidity was in an attempt to create a supposedly "socialist struggle" without the support of the working class or any of its institutions. Antagonism to ordinary people is a profoundly conservative sentiment which here appeared in the guise of radicalism. It was a logical result of the class composition of these patrician punks that they saw the majority of Americans as money-grubbing, boob-tubing, beer-guzzling, flag-waving, hippie-hating suburban ciphers.

The SDS started as the Student League for Industrial Democracy. In search of a clearer campus constituency, the name was changed to Students for a Democratic Society in January 1960. . . . SDS opened an office amid the other enclaves of the Socialist party on East 19th Street in New York City. But it soon rejected the lessons of its more experienced allies. As one of its leaders declared, "You Social Democrats who keep raising the Communist question are just a bunch of chiefs, with no Indians." So the SDS embraced an anti-ideological elitism which admitted Communists to its midst. . . .

The traditional trade unionists and democratic socialists on the League for Industrial Democracy board responded by cutting off SDS funding. . . . Within a few years the middle-class Maoists of the Progressive Labor party drove the official leadership of the SDS to create the Weatherman faction.

As Tom Kahn, then executive director of the LID, wrote in characterizing the Weatherman position: "Terrorism, violence, manipulation, social pathology, and the trampling of civil liberties are the ugly fruits of the resulting degeneracy. The people cannot or will not act. We shall act for them, even if despite of them! History will not move? We shall substitute ourselves for it! Society is log-jammed? We shall get dynamite!"

JOEL FREEDMAN
Editor, *New America*
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a former Marxist-Leninist political terrorist, I congratulate Midge Decter on her excellent article. I was trained to go underground in 1965, and there but for the grace of God go I.

From my perspective, I should like to suggest the following: I seriously doubt that the Marxist-Leninist underground has been destroyed with the arrest of Kathy Boudin and the band of fools involved in the May 19th Communist coalition.

Former FBI officials and internal-security experts tell me that the ability of various Marxist-Leninist groups to coalesce underground may well foretell some sort of Red Brigades-type political terrorism in the not too distant future. I am not a Cassandra, but it would be interesting to know what happened to the $300,000 successfully stolen earlier by the May 19th coalition.

The political circus trial envisioned by the Boudin defense in Nyack should not bog down the necessary legislative investigation regarding the scope of internal political terrorism. Unless this nation gets its thinking cap on, we not only face increased political terrorism, but I fear possible legislative panic that may well jeopardize our constitutional rights.

PHILLIP ABBOTT LUCE
Editor, *American Sentinel*
Bethesda, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I for one can only heap praise on Midge Decter's fierce application of the "I-told-you-so" stance. Those she points to deserve every word she applies to them. What makes this article so engrossing is that it would seem that Miss Decter is, in fact, praising Kathy Boudin for her steadfastness, courage, and unblemished revolutionary dynamics. And rightly so, if one is to be as honest and clear-headed as is Miss Decter.

I have been reading COMMENTARY regularly for the past thirteen years. My conclusion is that, aside from being one of COMMENTARY's top-notch contributors, Miss Decter is a master carpenter. She has yet to miss hitting the nail directly on the head.

PAUL MARKS
Ithaca, New York

Messianism

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his brilliant analysis of the relation of Israel to messianic hope, "Israel and the Messiah" [January], Jacob Katz comes down on the side of those who employ the "messianic vocabulary." He asserts that without the "messianic myth," the "national consciousiness" will be impoverished. He concludes that Jewish "national sentiment" will not permit the separation "of Zionism from messianism."

The employment of messianic myths for the enrichment of the national consciousness was characteristic of the extremist nationalists of modern Europe. This resort to mythology was in nearly all cases associated with the promotion of anti-Semitism. Consider the Aryan myth, Wagner's cycle of myths, Rosenberg's "Myth of the 20th Century," *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, the *Volkish* mythology of the "German Christians." To Christians, messianism means Armageddon and the Second Coming. To Muslims of various kinds, the Mahdi and *jihad*.

Is it not the task of intellectuals to educate and refine popular sentiment instead of yielding to it? Is it not time to stress the spiritual-moral dimensions of the messianic hope?

I do not question the aptness of the phrase, *reshit geulatenu*, the beginning of our redemption. Israel is indeed a beginning, as was the American Revolution, the French Revolution, the advance of En-

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lightment. A tree has many roots. The prayer for Israel is by no means a repudiation of the liberal world views of Moses Mendelssohn, Gabriel Riesser, and Leopold Zunz, who welcomed the progress of emancipation as the approaching steps of the messiah. In terms of messianism, we are always at the beginning.

Of the three dimensions of messianism—national, universal, spiritual—the emergence of Israel represents progress along at least two dimensions. At crucial moments, Zionism was advanced by the awakened conscience of mankind: the Balfour Declaration, the Mandate of the League of Nations, the vote of the United Nations Assembly in 1947.

The goals of universal peace and brotherhood are as remote as ever. The messiah is not yet here.

Furthermore, while messianism is the noblest gem of the Jewish faith, pseudo-messianism is its dark and dangerous underside, giving rise to an irrational mentality, to an apocalyptic mood, and to outbursts of zealotry.

The alternative to the messianic/pseudo-messianic polarity is the rational context of reality and history. "Concealed acts concern the Lord our God . . ." (Deuteronomy 29, 28). As we glory in the achievements of Israel, we must not confuse them with the universal outreach of the messianic hope—"lest we forget, lest we forget."

[Rabbi] Jacob B. Agus
Beth El Congregation
Baltimore, Maryland

Jacob Katz writes:

If Rabbi Agus believes that messianism, despite its deep historical roots in the Jewish past, has been contaminated through having been adopted by anti-Semitic national movements in Europe, he ought to join openly with those who think they should and could blot out its traces in Jewish consciousness. But if he concedes the legitimacy of certain variants of messianism, as he obviously does, then he should judge each on its intrinsic merits and refrain from insinuating an essential association between any variant he happens to dislike and Nazism. Nor is it fair to call one's own messianism "the noblest gem of the Jewish faith" while dubbing other people's conception "pseudo-messianism." The issue is too serious to be dealt with by such playing with words.

The core of the problem is perhaps inadvertently revealed by Rabbi Agus's statement that the designation of the state of Israel as "the beginning of our redemption" does not repudiate the liberal world views of Moses Mendelssohn, Gabriel Riesser, and Leopold Zunz "who welcomed the progress of emancipation as the approaching steps of the messiah." Rabbi Agus passes over the fact that these exponents of the liberal view deleted from the traditional concept of messianism what used to be considered its primary and most concrete feature, namely, the physical return to Zion and the reestablishment of Jewish political independence. Zionism, by contrast, though not necessarily denying other universal and spiritual aspects of messianism, chose to concentrate on this redemptive endeavor. It is an indisputable historical fact that in the struggle for its national and political objectives, Zionism was decidedly nourished by its identification with the traditional messianic vision.

To stress this historical truth was the ultimate purpose of my essay. My topical concern, however, was to point to the burden which this connection between Zionism and messianism has bequeathed to the state of Israel. I share the apprehensions of many that the identification with messianism—as in the activity of Gush Emunim—may interfere with the national and moral conduct of the community unless it is countered by responsible and realistic political guidance. But one must also beware the attempt to meet this danger by denying the historical connection of Zionism with messianism. Since it is based on untruth, such an attempt is certainly doomed to failure.

This warning applies all the more to Rabbi Agus's effort to repropose the diluted version of messianism which was the target of the Zionist ideological struggle from the very beginning. This may be a rewarding theme for sermons, but in the context of Israeli reality it is an exercise in futility.

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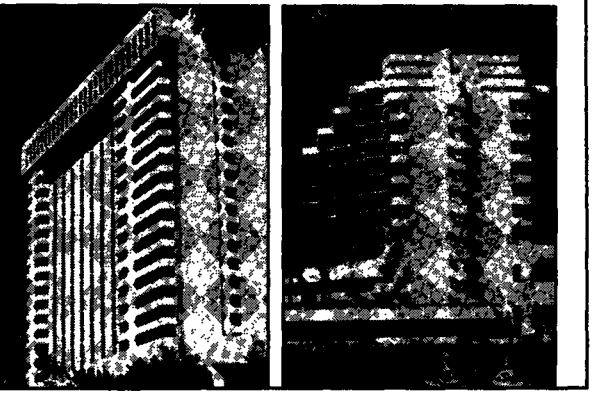

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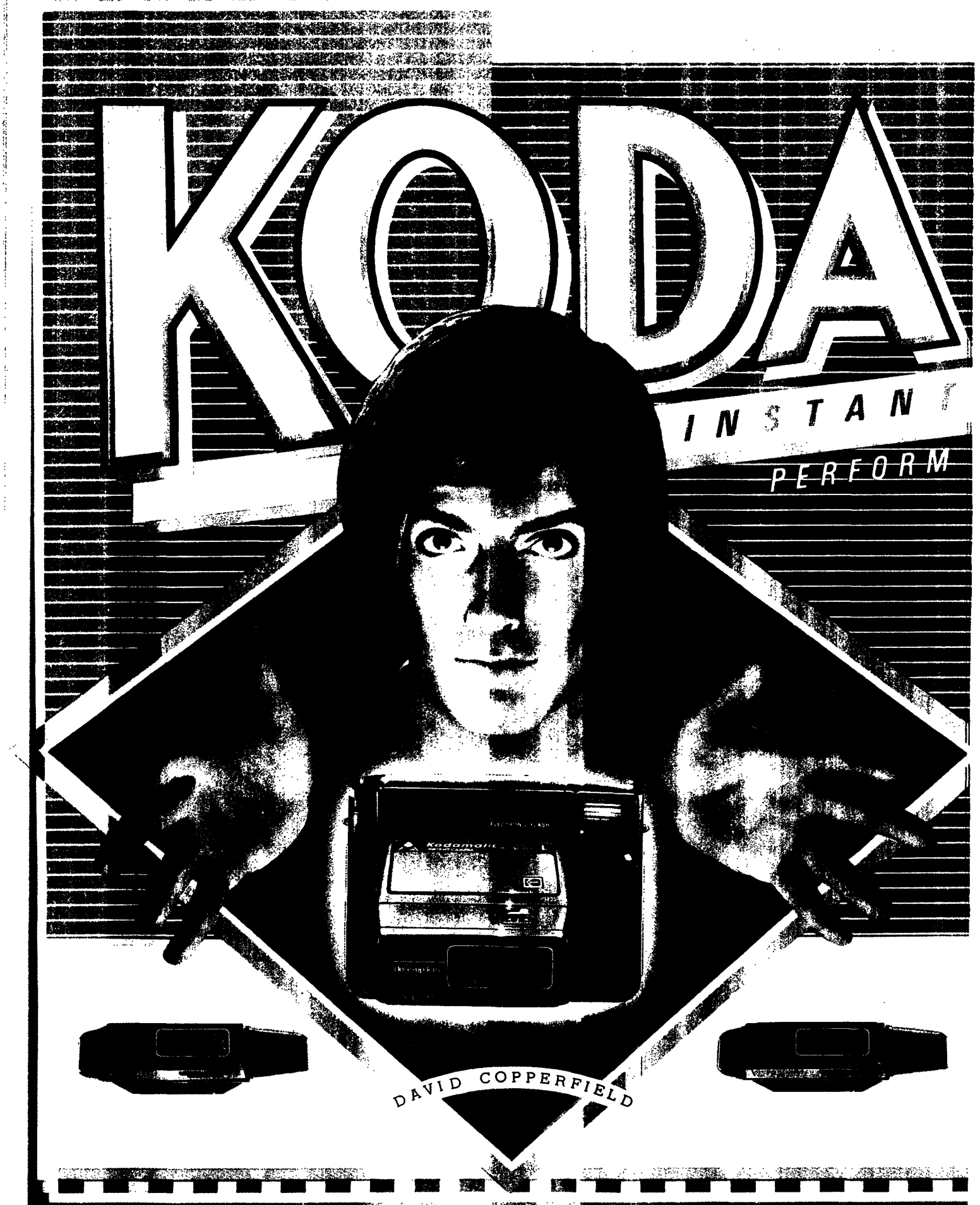

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Lionel Trilling

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Precisely because William Barrett's "The Authentic Lionel Trilling" [February] is so perceptive and so interesting, it behooves the reader to pay careful attenion to its various messages. Mr. Barrett seems to hold that Trilling's contributions to the understanding of modern literature rest, to a considerable extent, on his "successful" (Mr. Barrett's quotation marks) psychoanalysis, at a crucial age. Trilling's views are said to be reductive and anti-religious, largely as a result of that analysis. His writings thereby reinforce the overall loss of values which is characteristic of modern life.

Criticism of Freud and of psychoanalysis has recently bordered on the voluptuous, as in the recent writings, in COMMENTARY, of Frederick Crews ["Analysis Terminable," July 1980], whose assaults are virtually murderous. Mr. Barrett's presentation is much more civilized, much less strident, but it does great injustice to psychoanalysis in its own way.

Psychoanalysis is practiced by a great variety of individuals, most of whom do not fit the stereotype of the narrow-minded, reductive commentator who robs life of its juices. Most analysts of my acquaintance are sharply aware of the limits of their words and concepts, yet see their task as a striving to verbalize what has never been said before, in order to engender those chains of insights which are indispensable for growth. Try though they may to keep their own values out of the work, in order to avoid stepping over a line into brainwashing, they do not envision the fulfilling life as one which is free of values or of religious beliefs. They do not see religious belief as incompatible with modern man's pursuit of his destiny, and this despite Freud's well-known bias against religion....

Traditional ego psychology, which is presented by Mr. Barrett in the most flagrantly reductive way, . . . represents the long effort of innumerable analysts, starting with Freud, to form a coherent framework of thought around which to assemble their experiences as therapists. In spite of its shortcomings, it does not deserve the opprobrium Mr. Barrett visits upon it. I urge him to read the work of D. W. Winnicott, Hans Loewald, and Ana-Maria Rizzuto, to name a few who are deeply aware of the religious impulse in man, and are able to discuss it in richly subtle and noncritical ways. Or to consult the few priest-analysts, such as W. W. Meissner, on the subject of the compatibility of psychoanalysis and religion.

Mr. Barrett also seems to lay the modern detachment of feeling at the doorstep of psychoanalytic reductivism (not wholly, I recognize), with Trilling a spokesman of influence. Yet the goal of psychoanalysis is to *recapture* feeling, which is quite the reverse. He may be saying that in pursuit of that worthy goal of lifting repressions, for example, the language and methods actually reinforce detachment and make patients emerge as technicians of the soul, rather than whole people who respect wholeness in others, including human values and even the religious. Mr. Barrett is entitled to his observations. But such an outcome of psychoanalytic work would normally be regarded as a failure.

The work of the analyst proceeds in the tension between the thinkable and the not-yet-known or the unknowable. It consists in the application of mind in the service of learning, and then verbalizing, the better to reach down to the place where no more may be put into words or understood. Respect for that depth and the striving to understand are the hallmarks of the work. A life of values is more than compatible with an excellent and profound psychoanalytic experience. It is inevitable.

Psychoanalysis should not be seen as an enemy of religious or other values. It may be put to use for that purpose by anyone who wishes to do so, but there is nothing characteristic of it which makes it suitable for the abuse it has often absorbed, and which it continues to survive.

F. ROBERT RODMAN, M.D.
Pacific Palisades, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

There is good reason to doubt whether William Barrett is either sincere or authentic in his portrayal of Lionel Trilling.

First, on a number of key issues Mr. Barrett does not have his facts straight; on others he is, at best, disingenuous.

Second, the use of Delmore Schwartz to produce a confrontation, a "solitary combat *mano a mano*" (of all childish things) is without foundation, and is actually a straw man.

Third, Mr. Barrett doesn't know any more about psychoanalysis today than he did thirty-five years ago when Lionel Trilling told him he didn't know what he was talking about, and his animus against Freud has personal roots.

Fourth, he misrepresents Trilling's views on modern literature, and then faults him for holding views he did not hold, as well as opinions—on poetry, the relation of the artist to neurosis, and religion—which happen to be different from Mr. Barrett's own.

Finally, while Mr. Barrett's estimate seems intended to be favorable, his overall judgment is adverse, and not dissimilar to that typically made against Trilling by the *New York Review of Books* in the late 60's.

Mr. Barrett's thesis is that Lionel Trilling and Delmore Schwartz were "two antagonists," given the context of *Partisan Review*, with its commitment to Marxism and modern literature; and Schwartz's 1953 essay, "The Duchess's Red Shoes," "is directed principally against" Trilling's essay, "Manners, Morals, and the Novel" (1948) and that Trilling, in turn, "could not rest easy with Delmore's accusation," so he met the charges by giving a course in modern literature ("he would expose himself to this alien element") and subsequently "answer[ed] . . . almost ten years later in an essay, 'The Modern Element in Modern Literature.'" Schwartz, in addition to his intellectual animosity, had a private reason for attacking Trilling. He believed that Trilling had blocked his appointment to teach at Columbia.

So far as the context of *Partisan Review* is concerned, the "Manners, Morals" essay did not appear there; it was first printed in the *Kenyon Review*, and then reprinted in Trilling's 1950 book, *The Liberal Imagination*. Neither Delmore Schwartz nor his work is mentioned in that essay, or anywhere else in the book. William Barrett is. Indeed he is embroiled in a controversy with Trilling, as we shall see in a moment.

The decision to give a course in modern literature was a departmental one, not Lionel Trilling's, made in response to pressure from a university curriculum committee and the students. The department, incidentally, was not only of English but of comparative literature.

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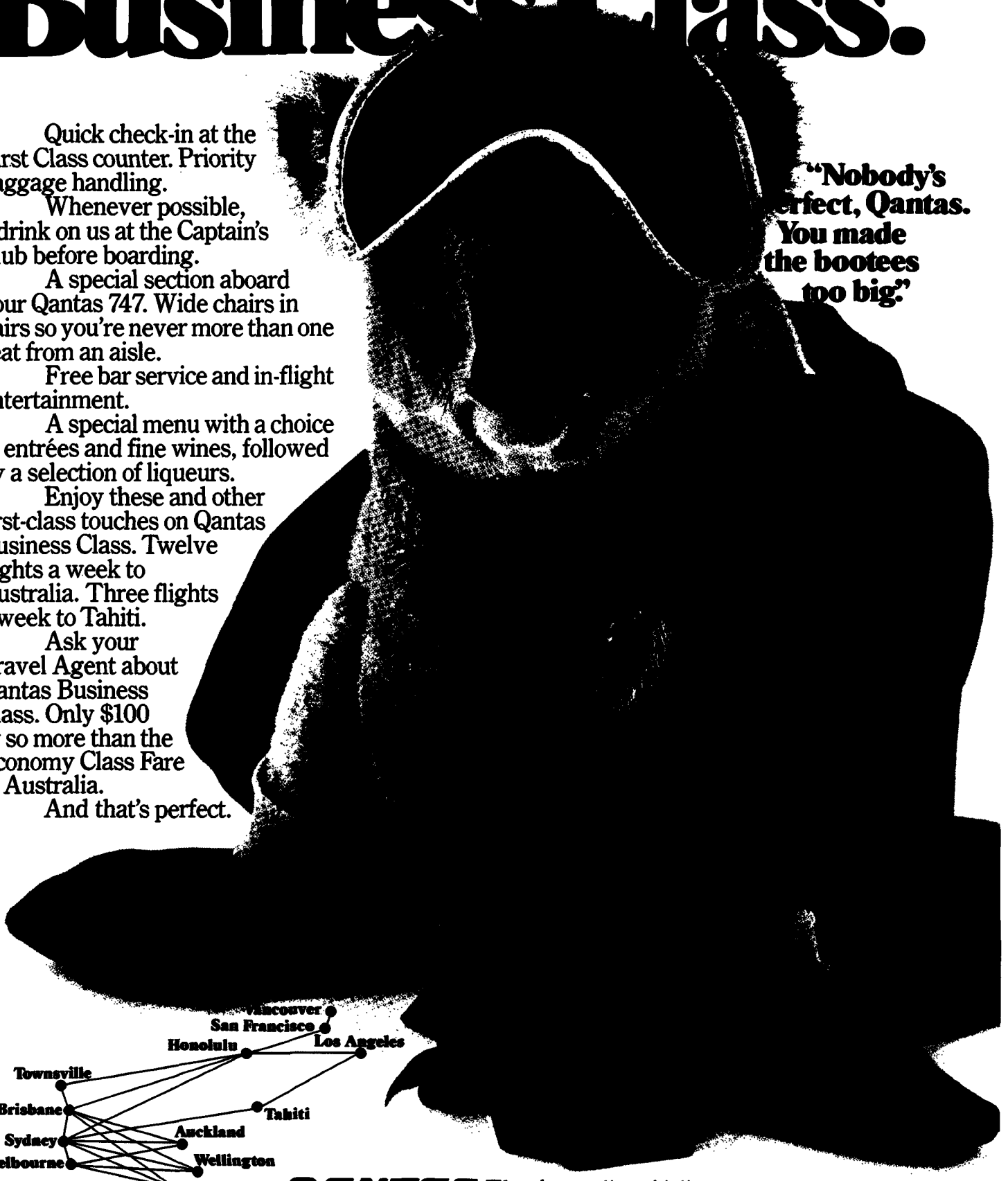

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The course fell to Trilling to teach, but he did not include the works that Mr. Barrett says it included—Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents*, "a concluding text for the course and its grand summation"—and it did include works that Mr. Barrett says were excluded (Kafka and Joyce). Freud's work appeared on a background reading list, a prolegomenon. The actual course itself consisted of works by Yeats, Eliot, Joyce, Proust, Kafka, Lawrence, Mann, and Gide.

Trilling actually answered the critics of the "Manners, Morals, and the Novel" essay one year later, 1948, in *Partisan Review* in another essay, "Art and Fortune," where he said:

> Although I tried to give a sufficiently strong and complicated meaning to the word *manners*, I gather that my merely having used the word, or perhaps having used it in a context that questioned certain political assumptions of a pious sort, has led to the belief that I am interested in establishing a new genteel tradition in criticism and fiction. Where misunderstanding serves others as an advantage, one is helpless to make oneself understood; yet to guard as well as I can against this imputation, I will say not only that the greatest exploitation of manners ever made is the *Iliad*, but also that *The Possessed* and *Studs Lonigan* are works whose concern with manners is of their very essence.

Nor is there any evidence for the assertion that "the confrontation of the two . . . seems . . . to converge upon a single author and a particular work, *Crime and Punishment*." Trilling neither mentions nor alludes to this work in the essay or the entire book. His one reference to Dostoevsky in the essay on manners is as an example of "the Russian novel" in a context where he also refers to "the English novel" and "the French novel." He had no one novel in mind and mentions none. The long section in Mr. Barrett's article on *Crime and Punishment* serves a completely different purpose, as we shall see.

On the matter of Schwartz's belief that it was Trilling who blocked his appointment to Columbia, the version that Mr. Barrett gives in his essay on Trilling is quite different from an earlier version related in a 1974 article, "Delmore: A 30's Friendship and Beyond" [COMMENTARY, September 1974] about his intimate and tempestuous relationship with Schwartz. There he writes that when Schwartz went to Columbia to deliver a lecture and hoped it would lead to employment "he arrived several days early, but had no lecture ready and was generally in bad shape":

> I got a typewriter into his hotel room, and volunteered to sit and type at his dictation. He would start a few sentences, flounder, go blank. I would prod him: Do you mean this? Can you say that? And he would flounder on a few paces more, and then the process would be repeated. Somehow *we* finished it, but I don't think it could have been a good lecture. [Emphasis added]

Mr. Barrett adds that "this incident sticks out so strongly in my mind because Delmore had always had a tremendous facility" and the decline was so marked. "The years of alcohol and barbiturates" were taking their toll. There is no mention of what the reaction at Columbia to their joint venture was. There is no mention of Lionel Trilling.

Nor is there mention, eight years later, of his own role in writing that lecture or how bad it must have been. Instead, Mr. Barrett tells us twice that he does not know whether Schwartz's conviction that Trilling stood in his way is true. More disingenuously he suggests that while Schwartz was already paranoid, "the suspicions of a paranoid may sometimes correspond with reality." Still worse, he suggests that there might have been a reason "for Trilling's opposition" which has nowhere been demonstrated. The responsibility for this fiasco is Delmore Schwartz's. But if another person shares it, it is not Lionel Trilling. It is William Barrett.

Immediately afterward began that "descent into the maelstrom in which I was very nearly drowned with him," Mr. Barrett writes in "Delmore," and a friendship which he likens to Damon and Pythias breaks up after a number of stormy and "tawdry" scenes. The imporance of that relationship to Mr. Barrett, as revealed in the earlier essay and by his necessity to drag Schwartz into the Trilling essay where he has no actual place, is obvious.

I believe that this fascination with "the most magical human being" he'd ever known also led William Barrett into his argument with Lionel Trilling on the subject of art and neurosis. Here we have a documented confrontation, not an imaginary one.

Trilling's essay "Art and Neurosis" was published in *Partisan Review* in 1945. In 1947, Mr. Barrett—who by then had become an associate editor of the magazine through the influence of Schwartz, also an associate editor—responded to Trilling with "Writers and Madness." It was Trilling's purpose to demolish the myth of the mad artist which had been revised in modern trappings by Edmund Wilson in *The Wound and the Bow*. Trilling does not accept the view that there is a causal relationship between the artist's talent and mental illness, that art is dependent on neurosis. He quesions "certain early ideas of Freud's and certain conclusions which literary laymen" (a reference to Wilson) have drawn from Freudian psychology. He then points out, and proves, that "Freud, by the whole tendency of his psychology, establishes the *naturalness* of artistic thought." Treating the artist as a neurotic in the early work was an error, which Freud did not repeat later.

Mr. Barrett did not agree, and in his essay insists that there is a distinction between the scientist and his work, and the artist and his work. The claims of the ego are different. The artist is different. It is not true, as Trilling stated, that "if we still want to relate the writer's power to his neurosis, we must be willing to relate all intellectual power to neurosis"—which Trilling, of course, rejects.

It must be noted here that Lionel Trilling's understanding of Freud's thought was unsurpassed then, and now. He delivered the Freud anniversary lecture in 1955 to the New York Psychoanalytical Society and the New York Psychoanalytical Institute—a signal honor for a layman. He edited Ernest Jones's monumental three-volume biography of Freud. His expertise was well known and widely accepted. Mr. Barrett tells us that Trilling had himself had a "successful" psychoanalysis.

When Trilling's essay was reprinted in *The Liberal Imagination* he took account of Mr. Barrett's argument in two long and devastating footnotes which there is no space for here. But the tone and flavor, unusual for Trilling, not to mention the sense, must be sampled:

> William Barrett says that he prefers the old-fashioned term "madness" to

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"neurosis." But it is not quite for him to choose—the words do not differ in fashion but in meaning.

Citing Freud's monograph on Leonardo and other works from the literature of psychoanalysis, Trilling tells Mr. Barrett that he understands neither Freud's thought nor his language. And he is not gentle about it. And he insists that "the scientist's creation is as *deeply* implicated with his total personality as is the artist's."

Mr. Barrett is simply out of his depth. In his book, *What Freud Really Said,* David Stafford-Clark writes, "Freud himself was to say categorically, and his followers have subsequently insisted, that no unanalyzed person can be expected fully to comprehend, still less to experience, the truth of psychoanalysis." It is a point Mr. Barrett would do well to accept, so that he would cease the psychobabble when it suits his purpose (as in the "transference" Trilling had with Freud himself), and stop misusing Freudian terminology (as Trilling said and as Mr. Barrett continues to do in such coinages as "infantile narcissism") and Freudian concepts (as in reducing *The Ego and the Id* to a "tripartite map of the soul").

But if Freud is so arid and inadequate and outmoded—Mr. Barrett looks back now on both Marx and Freud as temporary fashions each of whom had about a decade in the limelight—why is Freud ubiquitous in Mr. Barrett's essays on "the truants"? He tells us himself: "Freud was a disaster for Delmore." Schwartz's attempt to get help from psychoanalysis failed—and not because of Freud. If Mr. Barrett's account is at all accurate, it was perhaps Schwartz's own resistance to treatment that caused the failure, and certainly his own inability. Trilling's effort in the same direction was not only successful in its own right; it clearly contributed toward that larger success he also enjoyed —which neither Schwartz nor Mr. Barrett achieved.

In his second footnote addressed directly to Mr. Barrett, Trilling had warned that "psychoanalysis has far less to say about psychosis, for which it can offer far less therapeutic hope," and added: "Other forms of mental illness of a more severe and degenerative kind are not so widely recognized by the literary person" and are confused with the much more benign mental illness, neurosis. If Saul Bellow's picture of Schwartz in *Humboldt's Gift* and what Mr. Barrett tells us of Schwartz (eschewing the meaningless hyperbole of "Delmore had become the play-actor of his own neurosis, he had begun to melodramatize his own evil," and "Delmore's self-destructiveness insisted on being destructive of me"), if, as I say, these are at all true, then Schwartz was not merely neurotic. And in the context which Mr. Barrett has unwittingly supplied, here is the one place where it is conceivable that Trilling was using his extraordinary knowledge of the subject to address Mr. Barrett personally in his relationship to Delmore Schwartz at the same time that he made a valid and more general point intellectually. I believe Trilling tried to help them—the one in his ignorance, the other in his illness.

Mr. Barrett is, however, adamant. Years later he is still saying, "however matters may lie in the perennial question of art and neurosis, the overwhelming lesson in Delmore's case is that the sickness impeded and ultimately destroyed the talent." "I feel less benign toward neurosis nowadays, partly as a result of Delmore's case. But the question [of art and neurosis] still seems to me a central one . . . and perhaps Delmore's case might be a good one with which to reopen the question."

And so he does. With Lionel Trilling. Who is now dead and cannot rebut him again.

Trilling suffers further from being identified in Mr. Barrett's mind with Freud. Both were uncompromising rationalists, naturalistic, liberal, and secular—the greatest fault of all. Neither of them was religious in any sense that Mr. Barrett understands.

Here we see the real reason for the episode on *Crime and Punishment,* which was otherwise irrelevant. Its culmination, and indeed only point, is that the "deepest instincts of life" are "ultimately expressed in religious faith" and for Dostoevsky that was the Christian faith. But "on the subject of faith Trilling is studiously silent."

This also explains why Trilling did not, according to Mr. Barrett, understand or respond to modern literature, whose "overriding framework" it turns out is "the continuing secularization of our culture and the gradual withdrawal of God." (We are a long way from Delmore Schwartz's defense of modern literature in "The Duchess's Red Shoes," but no matter; that merely illustrates that Schwartz was just a decoy intellectually. Mr. Barrett has his own reasons for attacking Lionel Trilling as well.)

The reason that Trilling missed "this very plain figure in the carpet" and the reason "why a mind so sensitive as Lionel Trilling's should never have been visited by this [religious] imagination . . . has to do with his Jewish inheritance and the position of his generation of Jews in American life." What follows is such amateurish sociology, and has so much the polite overtones of a kind of anti-Semitism with which we are all familiar, that it needs no repeating here. Mr. Barrett even has the appalling bad taste to question the quality, the very validity, of Trilling's funeral, admitting that these thoughts are "perhaps" ungracious and unpleasant.

Mr. Barrett is not capable of being either sincere or authentic about Lionel Trilling because he is unaware of the complex and not very flattering emotions which color his view. But that is his problem, not Trilling's—who deserves better.

BERNARD E. NORWITCH
Reston, Virginia

WILLIAM BARRETT writes:

I appreciate F. Robert Rodman's comments. Some of my remarks on psychoanalysis, made in passing in a piece of personal reminiscence, are so compressed they must appear as captious or flippant. For further background on my views he might look at a book I wrote with Daniel Yankelovich some years back, *Ego and Instinct.*

I think I might have made my general point more simply by quoting Freud himself. "Psychoanalysis," said Freud, "is not a *Weltanschauung.*" Freud's contribution consists of certain specific theories about the psychology and origin of the neuroses. It will not do as a philosophy of life, and yet it is very often taken as such by many people.

As for Bernard E. Norwitch, his criticisms are so mixed with personal abuse that I prefer not to respond.

American Jews

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "A New Direction for American Jews" [December 1981], Murray Friedman gives a fairly accurate

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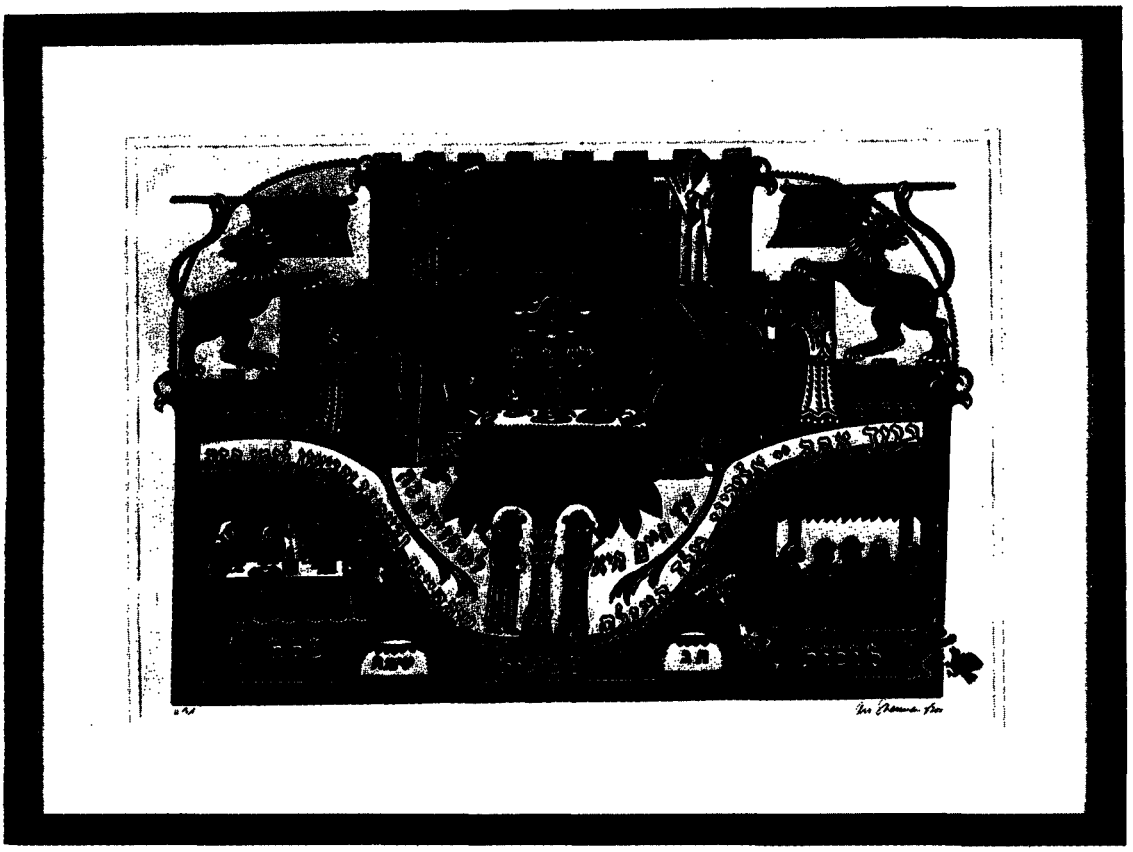

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history of Jewish activism and then blasts the Jewish agencies for failing to grasp the new realities and for clinging to outmoded thinking. He charges that the Joint Program Plans of the National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council ". . . serve up a rehash of the old and now largely discredited liberal agenda." He demolishes the recommendations put forth in the Plan, charging, to cite one example, that "In its automatic way, the 1981-82 Plan simply repeats its opposition to tax credits, voucher plans, and similar proposals."

As director of Community Relations at the Jewish Community Federation in Cleveland, Ohio, I believe Mr. Friedman shows a poor understanding of the document for which he has such disdain. The Plan is not only a guide to community programming but itself evolves from study and discussions in local communities, culminating in extensive discussion at the annual Plenum of all the community members. For example, what appears to Mr. Friedman to be an automatic, simplistic renewal of opposition to tax credits and vouchers is more accurately an affirmation, after extended study and discussion, at least in our community, of our commitment to quality public education with full recognition of some of its failings and the complexities involved in improving it, as well as a recognition of the benefit of parochial schools for the transmission of unique religious and cultural values.

I think Mr. Friedman initiates a discussion that is important for the Jewish community. Unfortunately, he takes a shotgun and scatters his shots in too many directions to permit an effective response in one letter to each of his charges.

But I do find his views on social welfare particularly distressing; he cites examples of what he views as outdated notions and then falls into the trap of putting forth even older nostrums as potentially new answers—i.e., ". . . what people can do to solve their problems by dint of their own struggles." Such "bootstrapping" is a favorite excuse of persons in both the public and private sectors for doing nothing.

I hope that we may begin to structure a discussion of social welfare that recognizes the shortfalls of past policies and practices (perhaps practices above all); that will reaffirm our prophetic commitments to others less fortunate than ourselves; that will continue to recognize our self-interest in a healthy democracy; and that will arouse the creativity in each of us to help make the "new federalism" bring forth an era of more economic opportunities for the able and adequate care and support for the less able, rather than an era of meanness and carelessness.

George Will's view that President Reagan in 1981 "began doing for the welfare state what FDR did for capitalism, saving it by tempering its excesses" is a good starting point. Perhaps there had been too much faith that government could "do it all" for us and so we failed to pay sufficient attention to how "it" was being done. We should not, however, lose sight of the fact that the federal government took on many of these responsibilities in the first place because the much ballyhooed private sector and local governments were failing to do anything at all. It was when we recognized that we had problems and responsibilities as a nation which would not be solved locally that we called upon our national government.

Before we flay ourselves for the failures of the national solutions we should remember that some of the successes are of no small import, and before we rush to endorse private-sector solutions and the efficiency of local government over federal agencies we might take a look at some of the realities Mr. Friedman is so anxious that we see.

The social-services budget has already been cut by $25 billion and the present contribution of business to social concerns stands at $2.7 billion. Few corporations contribute even 1.5 percent of earnings, although tax laws already permit them to deduct up to 5 percent before-tax income. Business can help more than it does at present but to do so will require a major commitment of corporate manpower as well as dollars. Furthermore, not all of our corporate leadership is exemplary and many who mean well are incredibly naive when it comes to complex issues beyond the corporation. We ought not to expect too much of the captains of industry who lacked the foresight ten years ago to know that small is beautiful and now look to the federal government to "help out."

Our state and local governments historically have not attracted our "best and brightest" and we might do worse than to remember the records of such state Governors as Orville Faubus and George Wallace when we remove key social programs from categorical grants and put them at the mercy of state and local leadership through block grants.

I do not share Mr. Friedman's assumption that Jewish community-relations groups are guilty of an unthinkingly rigid clinging to outdated social policies or, as he puts it, to "the old and now largely discredited liberal agenda." I worry when he puts his trust in our *political* leadership, past, present, or future, ". . . to revive the economy and to restore a level of decency in social behavior." That is a monumental task requiring the efforts of us all.

I do, however, share his view that ". . . the Jewish agencies should be . . . reaching out beyond the formulas of another era in search of policies and programs that fit our current needs." These "formulas" evolved from activism which put us in touch with human needs; we must again "reach out." This is both our prophetic responsibility and the best way of protecting our vital interests.

EMILIE BARNETT
Jewish Community Federation
Cleveland, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In Murray Friedman's very interesting article, "A New Direction for American Jews," he criticizes the support of Jewish organizations for legal abortion, and repeats an observation made in the May 1981 COMMENTARY by Norman Podhoretz (in response to a published letter of mine), that there were more abortions than live births in New York City last year. Both Mr. Friedman and Mr. Podhoretz suggest that this is a fact with moral dimensions. Mr. Friedman also suggests that the issue of societal standards and norms is raised.

I have trouble understanding why the proportion of abortions to live births raises a moral issue, although it does, of course, raise one of societal standards. If abortion is murder, it is immoral regardless of its proportion to the number of live births.

Those who oppose abortion on moral grounds usually do so in all situations, including those where pregnancy results from rape or incest. I understand the Moral Majority's position, but not that espoused by Messrs. Friedman and

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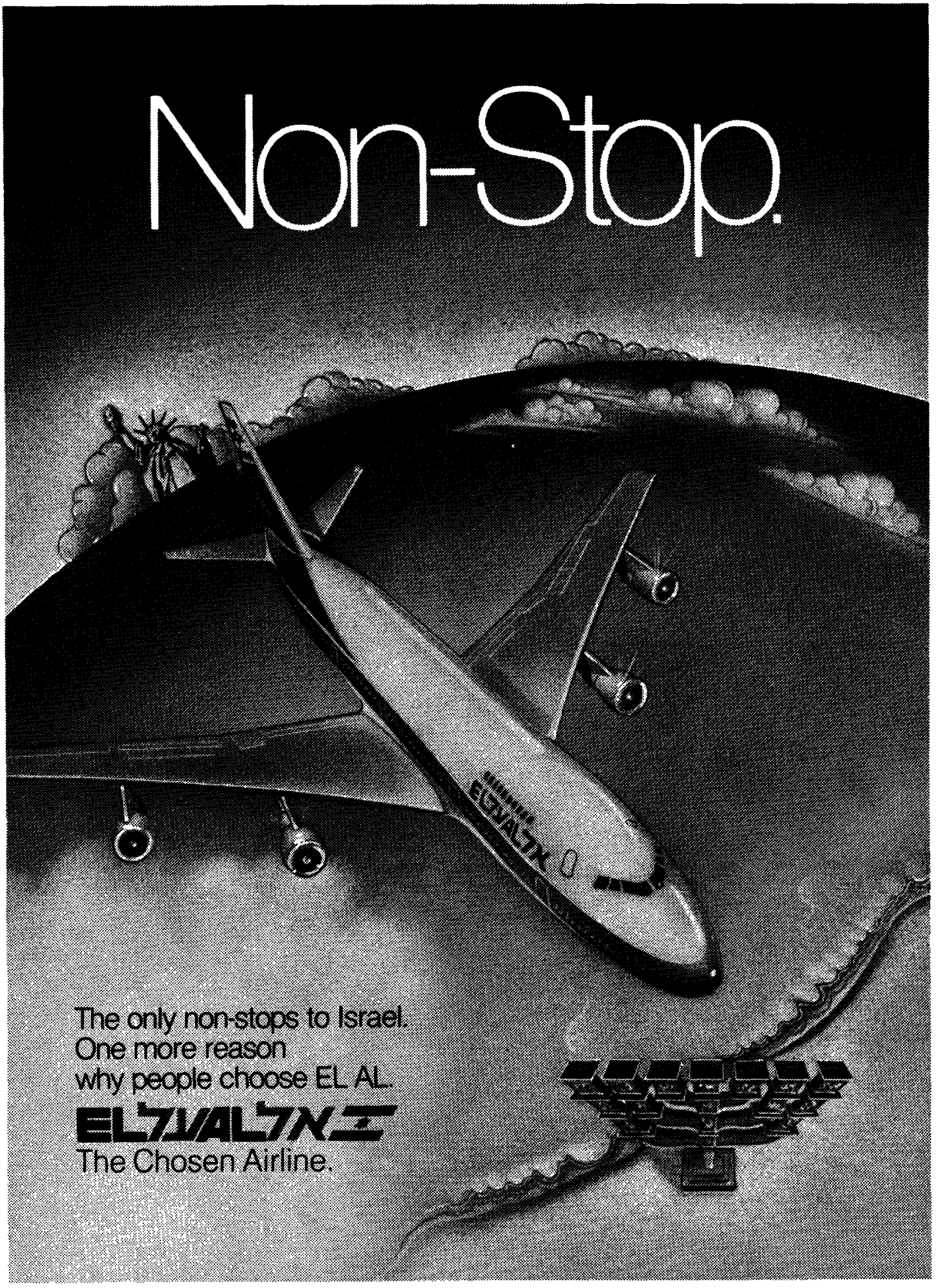

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Podhoretz: what moral difference does the proportion of abortions to live births make? How does "proportionate" morality view abortion where the cause is a defective fetus, an unmarried teenage mother, a married woman whose personal or economic problems seem overwhelming to her, perhaps to the point of suicide? Would proportionate morality make exceptions in some of these cases?

Assuming some exceptions are permitted, who would be empowered to decide whether a particular candidate was entitled to a legal abortion? And would the supporters of proportionate morality be willing to accept the consequences in death and serious injury of illegal botched abortions resulting from restrictions on legal abortions? Would they be willing and able to protect unwanted children from abuse?

I know of no one who (in Mr. Podhoretz's phrase) applauds abortions—they are always emotionally difficult and unpleasant—but of many who think they must be freely available because of issues like these.

If numbers matter, more significant to me than the proportion of live births to abortions are the figures on out-of-wedlock birth and on teenage maternity. According to Washington *Post* columnist, William Raspberry, writing on December 30, 1981, out-of-wedlock births have increased by more than 50 percent during the last decade, to the point where one infant in six is born to an unwed mother. Fifty-five percent of all black children are born to unwed mothers. In the District of Columbia last year, fully a third of live births were to adolescents.

These figures portend serious problems for the future, particularly when considered in conjunction with findings about the high proportion of children brought up without fathers who become juvenile delinquents and adult members of the "underclass." (See, for example, the discussion in Ken Auletta's recent *New Yorker* series, "The Underclass.")

In another part of the May colloquy, Mr. Podhoretz said that "it would take a truly staggering effort nowadays for anyone over the age of ten to remain ignorant about sex and reproduction; it would almost take a more strenuous effort to avoid than to acquire contraceptives." This comment may have been intended as a joke. If it is not, Mr. Podhoretz presumes a level of sophistication that is not warranted. Numerous studies have shown that the primary sources of information for teenagers are the media and peers, and neither is close to being accurate or complete.

Every survey known to me shows that significant proportions of unwed mothers say their pregnancies were unintentional. For example, as part of a group trying to assess (among other issues) why so many young women soldiers become pregnant, I made a recent tour of two Army bases; it was widely reported to our group that about half of the young women involved became pregnant unintentionally, in many cases because they lacked education and timely access to contraceptives. We are hopeful that the Army will increase its family-planning services, and that federal funds for family planning will not be cut back. This is a current issue before the Congress.

Lack of information and access to contraceptives is, however, only a partial answer. We do not know the rest of the reason why so many young women who say their pregnancies are unintentional nevertheless become pregnant, nor why so many who are still in their teens and unmarried wish to become pregnant. These are matters to be pondered and studied, and indeed they are probably the major focus of study among family-planning agencies today. It is to be hoped that answers and better remedies than abortions will be found. But until they are, and for those cases where they are needed, abortions must remain legal and available.

EDITH U. FIERST
Washington, D. C.

MURRAY FRIEDMAN writes:

A reply to Emilie Barnett would take another article, but let me make a few points here. Miss Barnett indicates that the Jewish Community Federation of Cleveland held extended study and discussion before reaffirming its opposition to tuition tax credits and vouchers in assisting the poor to receive better education. I would be curious to know whether this study included the work of James Coleman, Thomas Vitullo-Martin, Denis P. Doyle, and others who have been probing this area of social policy intensively and have emerged with favorable responses. I have some questions about the broad-scale use

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of these devices myself, but it seems to me that Jewish agencies have tended to act out of reflexes formed many years ago rather than address the newer circumstances in which public and private education find themselves today.

Miss Barnett is distressed at my suggestion that in dealing with complex social-welfare problems we begin to rely more on voluntary institutions and on the private sector than we have done in recent years. I would remind her that her own Jewish Community Federation is one such institution. Given the nature of our society, I do not feel that such institutions can go it alone without government assistance, but, as I pointed out in my article, the way the welfare state has turned out, it has tended to overwhelm and undermine such structures. Insofar as the business sector is concerned, I think we would all prefer an expanded economy and the creation of jobs to government hand-outs, except, of course, for those people who through no fault of their own are incapacitated. My understanding of the Jewish tradition is that it is better to provide people with work and help them get on their feet than give them charity.

In reply to Edith U. Fierst let me say, first, that I am not opposed to abortion under any and all circumstances. Clearly there are situations that, regrettably, call for this harsh procedure. My article, however, dealt with Jewish community relations, which differ from more general civil-rights and civil-liberties efforts in being informed by the Jewish tradition and by Jewish analysis of contemporary social problems. It is in this respect that Mrs. Fierst and I have some difficulties. Abortion, it seems to me, is not simply a civil-liberties issue involving a woman alone, as some would have it. The Jewish tradition is based on a reverence for life. Who better than the Jews of our era can understand this? I am deeply concerned that we live in a time of breakdown of moral standards, as evidenced by the growth of violence, the new sexual permissiveness, and family disruption. Can there be any doubt that the sharp rise in abortion is a symptom of this breakdown?

I believe also that a social system which encourages each individual to determine his own code of moral conduct ultimately poses a serious threat to the safety and security of Jews. Earlier in the century, when

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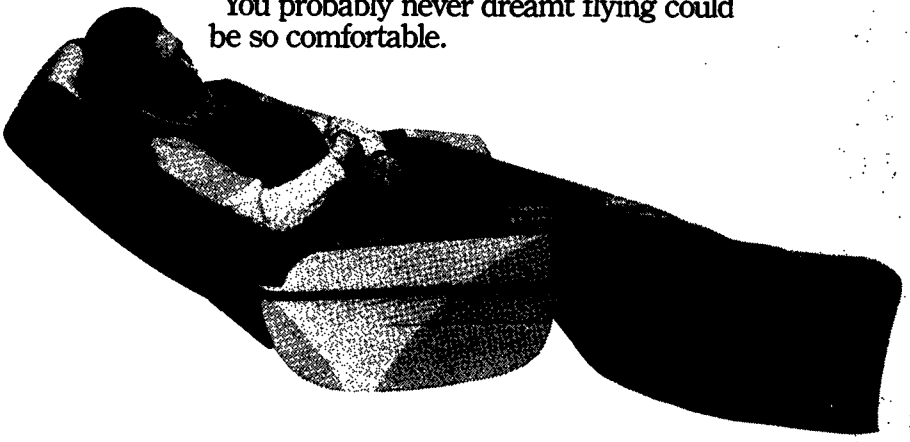

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racial and religious prejudice and discrimination were rampant, the Jewish agencies set out to develop a new social atmosphere. Having been involved in that effort, I firmly believe that we were a major force in helping to create the interfaith and civil-rights revolutions that have meant so much for all minorities. I suggested in my article that the Jewish agencies must recognize newer threats to Jewish survival and to the broader community that stem from the new paganism and become as innovative as they were earlier in fashioning tactics to challenge them.

Nazi Germany

To the Editor of Commentary:

For those who have never lived in a country under totalitarian rule it is impossible to grasp the reality of totalitarianism, just as it is impossible for a congenitally blind man to grasp the new vision of the French Impressionists. Therefore, it may be unfair to blame Susan Seidner Adler, in her review of Wendelgard von Staden's *Darkness Over the Valley* [Books in Review, January], for not comprehending a young girl's experience in Nazi Germany. Still, your readers should be told that a review thus flawed cannot give a true or fair account of what I believe is a remarkable book about some brave and decent people.

Mrs. Adler says at the outset that "the most interesting thing" about the book "is its great success in Germany." In fact the book was never on the best-seller list; seven printings (we do not know how many copies) seem a feeble foundation for the reviewer's ethnic generalizations. Indeed, those generalizations, correct or erroneous as they may be, suggest that Mrs. Adler was more interested in proving a thesis than in reviewing a book.

To prove her thesis, Mrs. Adler compares the impressions of an adolescent girl as remembered by Wendelgard von Staden with those of a "conservative Bavarian aristocrat" [Friedrich Reck-Malleczewen] who was "not only arrogant but strong." . . . Such a comparison would be ludicrous even if based on a fair and careful reading of the two accounts, a reading Mrs. Adler has not given *Darkness Over the Valley*.

On the contrary, she takes tendentious liberties with the text. Her more venial sins in that regard are skillful misplacings of emphasis by a combination of paraphrasing some passages in the book and omitting others. For instance, the review says of the author's mother, Mrs. von Neurath, that she "is depicted as a Fabian socialist" but nevertheless "participated in Nazi activities, taking part in meetings of the Nazi Women's Corps, lecturing to the girls of the BDM (Bund Deutscher Mädchen)." This passage is designed to create the impression that the mother, the book's heroine, was a fake, a Fabian socialist when the weather for such was fair, and a Nazi the next day when it was foul. The actual text says merely that the mother's "own political philosophy *came closest* to that of the Fabians," and later, in a passage not found in the German original, that she "did take part *in some* Nazi activities . . . [such as] in courses for farm women and . . . lectures to the girls of the BDM *about further training and education*." (Emphasis in all quotations is added.) Toward the end of the book those "Nazi activities" are put in the proper context:

> Mother had heartily embraced the politics of the Social Democrats, had criticized the German Nationalists and Conservatives, and then had *desperately hoped* that her fears for the way things were going in Germany were wrong. Yes, she did become involved [a more accurate translation would be "she had become active"] and had even given lectures organized by the Nazi party. But what hadn't been organized by the party during the last twelve years.

And the following sentence clarifies what the mother had been about, a sentence mysteriously omitted in the English translation: "She had become active in the cause of better education for women."

Such misplaced accents are not trivial: they turn a good woman's desperate attempt to stay loyal to her values into acts of political opportunism.

Other distorted readings by the reviewer are not just venial but vicious: "Mrs. von Staden's heroine had no problem explaining [the persecution of the Jews] . . . to her daughter, 'They're persecuted by Hitler because they're of a different race.' 'Because they crucified Jesus,' the young Wendelgard put in *knowingly*."

The text, however, differs significantly: " 'Because they crucified Jesus,' I commented. *'That's what our teacher had told us!'* " And the text continues: "Father had a Jewish acquaintance. . . . One time when father came back from visiting him, I heard mother pleading loudly, 'Tell him that he'd better get out of Germany, and fast!' "

By such omissions and innuendos Mrs. Adler creates the impression that the book's heroine approved the persecution of the Jews. At the same time, Mrs. Adler willfully shuts her eyes to the basic tale of the book, the tale of a heroic woman who risked her life every day in trying to save the Jewish inmates of a concentration camp from starvation. Cannot Mrs. Adler imagine, for instance, what would have happened to Mrs. von Staden's mother if a letter to an inmate she succeeded in having smuggled into the camp had been intercepted?

Sitting snugly in the United States forty years later, Mrs. Adler can sneer at such heroism by calling it "patriotism tempered *somewhat* by decency." Has she no shame?

Nor are Mrs. Adler's attacks on the author, Wendelgard von Staden, any fairer. Somehow, she attempts to find some cosmic ethnic guilt in Mrs. von Staden's simple account of what life was like for her as a teenager in the face of horror:

> Slowly, without noticing it, I began to separate from everything not connected with the camp. I became submerged in the world of the inmates. The only thing that remained important to me was the camp. . . . It had been such a beautiful picture we carried in us of ourselves as Germans. Except—something else had emerged, a monstrosity: the calculated destruction of an entire race. The fatherland had died for me during the last months before the end of the war. It had died like a flower in a fire. . . . SS captain Möller had killed it with his whip. [My translation.]

That account does not move Mrs. Adler, who asks at another place, "What does it all mean? Mrs. von Staden, aware of her own ignorance, once again puts her trust in a Higher Being. Undoubtedly, she also trusts that we will understand; and in Germany, if sales are any evidence, she is understood."

I cannot help concluding that it is not Wendelgard von Staden's simplicity and faith but Mrs. Adler's sneers that evince atrophy of feeling and the death of decency.

Franz M. Oppenheimer
Washington, D.C.

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SUSAN SEIDNER ADLER writes:

Franz M. Oppenheimer is distressed that I did not make allowances for what are essentially "the impressions of an adolescent girl" and judged Wendelgard von Staden as an author. His message is that it is unfair not to find her or her work remarkable, although his effort is largely directed to pointing out to the unwary reader that a quotation has a context. Strangely, he assumes that because I am not as impressed by Mrs. von Staden's prose and bravery as he so obviously and so tirelessly is, I must never have lived in a totalitarian country. Even more strangely, he assumes that anyone who has not lived in a country under totalitarian rule cannot grasp the reality of totalitarianism. More strangely still, he ignores the fact that I was judging Mrs. von Staden's work against the work of an author whose greater heroism made him unable to sit "snugly" at home forty years later, as Mr. Oppenheimer, Mrs. von Staden, and I are lucky enough to be able to do, worrying our heads over the nature of her compromises.

But since worry we must, I will try to address Mr. Oppenheimer's criticisms. I never said Mrs. von Staden's book was a best-seller. Still, a book that has gone through seven printings can, by any reasonable standards, be considered a great success.

I am indeed guilty, as Mr. Oppenheimer says, of paraphrasing some passages in the book and omitting others. I am a bit perplexed as to how a reviewer can avoid that venial sin. I took the tendentious liberty of depicting Mrs. von Neurath as a Fabian socialist because the text says, "She read Karl Marx and Lenin, examined social-democratic writings, and decided finally that her own political philosophy came closest to that of the Fabians." My point, however, was not that she was a political opportunist, but that from the evidence we are given, Mrs. von Neurath was too unconcerned with the issues to be described in political terms. She was in fact apolitical. We learn nothing at all of what she thought; the book concerns itself solely with her activities. These included taking her children to hear Hitler rant, attending the meetings of the Nazi Women's Corps, renting her house to the Women's Labor Corps, not taking part in, but giving lectures to the girls of the BDM, and later doing what she could to alleviate the suffering of the concentration-camp victims on her property. Since I made it clear that she did not like to see the suffering of the Jews or anyone else, I am at a loss to explain why Mr. Oppenheimer does not think we can take it for granted that she hoped "Father's Jewish acquaintances" would get out of Germany, or that she was against persecution. I consider alleviating suffering and disapproving of persecution to be decent; Mr. Oppenheimer apparently considers them to be heroic.

In view of Mr. Oppenheimer's emphasis, I find his falsification of quotations rather astonishing. His last quotation, purporting to represent the author's point of view, is pasted together from the middle and end of the book. By the omission of one telling sentence, it implies that the fatherland died for Mrs. von Staden because of the calculated destruction of the Jews. In fact it died for her because of the deaths of German soldiers. Here it is in full:

> Except—something else had emerged, a monstrosity: the calculated destruction of an entire race. The fatherland had died for me during the last months before the end of the war. It had died like a flower in a fire. With every name added to the list at the cemetery of those killed in action, the image of my fatherland became more and more lost in the fog. . . .

"True Confessions"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his superb article on *True Confessions* ["Our Lady of Corruption," December 1981], Richard Grenier overlooks two factors which, I think, add yet another layer of meaning to that exceptional movie.

First, it is too much to say *simply* that Detective Tom Spellacy caused his brother's downfall (and therefore his redemption). As the film develops, it becomes increasingly clear that Monsignor Desmond Spellacy is unsatisfied with his position, and uneasy with his duties as the Cardinal's hatchetman. At the dramatic peak of his involvement—when he pronounces the words of absolution for the obviously unrepentant Jack Amsterdam, violating the sacrament in order to extricate himself from an unpleasant situation—Robert De Niro clearly conveys the image of a man disgusted with himself. The audience cannot be sure whether, in the absence of the ensuing scandal, Monsignor Spellacy would not have removed himself from the heady world of Church politics out of pure healthy piety. In any case, this much is clear: Monsignor Spellacy's redemption occurs when he begins acting more like a parish priest and less like a political wheeler-dealer. In an age given to clerical activism, this is no small step toward orthodoxy.

Second, it is equally clear that Detective Tom Spellacy is driven not only by his hostilities toward his brother, and his attachment to the brothel madam, but also by a personal animus against Jack Amsterdam. . . . Couldn't this be interpreted as Tom's effort to cope with his own corruption, by wreaking vengeance on the man who was the instrumental cause of that corruption?

Incidentally, *True Confessions* presents no evidence to suggest that Tom Spellacy is still "on the take." Quite the contrary, he pointedly refuses to become involved with his partner's payoff system. Apparently he too has reformed. But unlike his brother, he never resolves his abiding sense of guilt. Here is the most authentically Catholic message of the movie: for those humble enough to seek her mercy, the Church provides an abundance of spiritual reserves.

PHILIP F. LAWLER
The Heritage Foundation
Washington, D.C.

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Where the Media Elite Stand

In the nation's shift from an industrial to an information society, a new elite has risen in the land. Its members work in the news media. They're the media's heavyweights, courted by politicians, studied by scholars, pampered by peers. Some of their bylines and TV images are familiar to millions.

They make up a new leadership group that "competes for influence alongside more traditional elites representing business, labor, government, and other sectors of society," asserts a major study performed under the auspices of Columbia University's Research Institute on International Change.

The research was directed by S. Robert Lichter of George Washington University and Stanley Rothman of Smith College. They have reported on their project in *Public Opinion* magazine, which says the findings raise "questions about journalism's qualifications as an 'objective' profession."

The study involved interviews with 240 journalists and broadcasters working for the most influential media outlets. These include the New York Times, Washington Post, Wall Street Journal, Time, Newsweek, U.S. News & World Report, CBS, NBC, ABC.

Where stand the media elite ideologically?

Some 54% of leading journalists count themselves as liberals. Only 19% describe themselves as right of center. Even greater differences show up when they rate their cohorts. Fifty-six percent say the people they work with are mostly on the left and only 8% on the right. Overwhelmingly, the media elite vote for Democratic candidates in presidential elections.

The big guns of the media come down on the liberal side of a wide range of social and political issues. They show special fondness for welfare capitalism. Some 68% believe the government should substantially reduce the income gap between rich and poor. Close to half feel the government should guarantee a job to anyone wanting one. Yet few are outright socialists. In fact, they stoutly spurn the notion that major corporations should be publicly owned. And they support a fundamental capitalist tenet that people with greater ability should earn more than those with less ability.

Despite acceptance of the economic order, many top journalists express general discontent with the social order. A substantial minority — 28% — favor overhauling the entire system through "a complete restructuring of its basic institutions." The same proportion take the view that *all* political systems are repressive because they concentrate power and authority in a few hands.

On international issues, a majority of the media elite believe U.S. economic exploitation has contributed to poverty in the Third World and that America's heavy use of natural resources is "immoral." By a three-to-one margin, they reject the view that Third World nations would be even worse off without the assistance they've received from the West.

In an information society, the upper-crust media practitioners are a telling force. "Cosmopolitan in their origins, liberal in their outlooks, they are aware and protective of their collective influence," Lichter and Rothman write. The group profiled by the study is "out of step with the public," *Public Opinion* opines.

At least now there's scholarly confirmation of the ideological and political tilt of many of the folks who declaim daily, in print and on the tube, on the shape of the world.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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The Peace Movement & the Soviet Union

Vladimir Bukovsky

Peace will be preserved and strengthened if the people take the cause of peace into their own hands and defend it to the end.

JOSEPH STALIN, 1952

THE "struggle for peace" has always been a cornerstone of Soviet foreign policy. Indeed, the Soviet Union itself rose out of the ashes of World War I under the banner of "Peace to the People! Power to the Soviets!" Probably from the very first, Bolshevik ideologists were aware of how powerful a weapon for them the universal craving for peace would be—how gullible and irrational people could be whenever they were offered the slightest temptation to believe that peace was at hand.

Only a year before the Bolsheviks raised their banner, the most terrible prospect for any Russian would have been to see an enemy burning down his villages and defiling his churches. Yet once blinded by the slogan, "A just peace without annexations or tribute," he was to rush from the front lines, along with hundreds of thousands of his fellow soldiers, sweeping away the last remnants of the Russian national state. He did not want to know that his desertion had done no more than simply prolong the war for another year, not only condemning thousands more to death on the Western front, but ending in that very German occupation of the Ukraine and Russia he had so much dreaded just a year ago. For the moment the only thing that mattered was peace—right now, and at any price.

Hardly anyone taking part in the stampede back home in 1917 knew the first thing about the ideology of Communism—except possibly for a couple of simple slogans and this one incendiary word: Peace. In a country of 70 million there were only 40,000 Communists. Anyone who had taken the trouble to read the Communists' "fine print" with just a little care could have discovered that what their soon-to-be masters meant by "peace" was not peace at all but rather the "transformation of imperialist war into civil war."

The Russian people were in any case so fed up with the war by then that they did not care. Anything seemed better, or at least not worse. After three years of civil war, however, in which some 20 million people were slaughtered or died of starvation, cold, and typhoid (i.e., *ten* times as many as were killed at the front during the whole of World War I), the war came to seem a trifle by comparison, a sort of frontier skirmish somewhere in the Byelorussian swamps.

And once again an irresistible craving for peace drove people to accept Soviet rule—as a lesser evil. Anything was now preferable to this monstrous slaughter, starvation, and typhoid. They would give anything for some kind of order.

The order imposed by the Communists was nothing more than a permanent state of civil war, both inside the country and around the world. Or as Lenin put it, "As an ultimate objective peace simply means Communist world control." Thus, while comrade Chicherin, at the Conference of Genoa in 1922, was appealing to the entire world for total and immediate disarmament, crowds of bewildered people in the Soviet Union were marching to the cheerful song:

> We'll fan the worldwide flame,
> Churches and prisons we'll raze to the ground.
> The Red Army is strongest of all
> From Moscow to the British islands.

Indeed, the churches were the first to be put to the torch. As for the prisons, the Communists were in no hurry to carry out their bold promise. Quite the contrary, the number of prisons grew with each year to accommodate tens of millions of "class enemies" or "enemies of the people." And speaking of worldwide flame, one need only compare the map of the world of, say, 1921 with that of 1981 to see that the song's promise was not entirely empty.

Once they recognized the power of "peace" as a

VLADIMIR BUKOVSKY spent twelve years in Soviet prisons, work camps, and psychiatric hospitals before being released to the West in 1976 as a result of a public outcry. He now lives in Cambridge, England, where he is connected with Kings College. He is the author of an autobiographical book, *To Build a Castle: My Life as a Dissenter* (Viking, 1979) and, most recently, of *Cette lancinante douleur de la Liberté: Lettres d'un résistant russe aux Occidentaux* ("This Stabbing Pain of Freedom: Letters of a Russian Resister to Westerners"), which was published in Paris last year.

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weapon, the Communists have never let go of it. In this respect, it must be admitted, Soviet politics have invariably been most "peaceful." We must at the same time bear in mind that according to Communist dogma, wars are the "inevitable consequence of the clash of imperialist interests under capitalism," and therefore they will continue to be inevitable as long as capitalism exists. The only way to save humanity from the evil of wars, then, is to "liberate" it from the "chains of capitalism." Accordingly, there is a very precise distinction to be made between "just wars" and "unjust wars." "Just wars" are those fought "in the interests of the proletariat." It is perfectly simple and perfectly clear: just wars are absolutely justifiable because they lead to the creation of a world in which there will be no wars, forevermore. Proletarians are all brothers, are they not? So, once the world is rid of capitalists, imperialists, and various other class enemies, why should those who are left fight one another?

By this same impeccable logic, the interests of the proletariat are best known to the advance-guard of the proletariat, that is, the Communist party, and should be defined by Lenin, Stalin, Khrushchev, and Brezhnev, since they are in turn the advance-guard of the Communist party.

As soon as we have pinned down this formula and deciphered its terminology, the course of history becomes absolutely clear. For instance, Soviet occupation of the Baltic states and Bessarabia, or the war with Finland in 1939–40, were of course perfectly just, as was the partition of Poland, achieved in cooperation with Nazi Germany in 1939. On the other hand, the Nazi attack on the Soviet Union in 1941 was blatantly unjust. By the same token, any attack by the Arabs on Israel is just, at least insofar as it is successful. If Israeli resistance to attack is successful, however, then all peace-loving peoples must protest.

It goes without saying that world public opinion must accept the distinction I have outlined above and direct every effort in the struggle for peace toward establishing it. Fortunately, there are a great many "progressive" people in the world, people for whom any direction taken by Moscow is progressive because by definition it is taken in the service of socialism. Thus, before the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact of 1939 was signed, the energies of all progressive people were mobilized against fascism, whether in Spain, Italy, or Germany. As soon as the pact was signed, the notion of what was progressive and what was not changed drastically.*

On February 2, 1940, for example, the German Communist leader, Walter Ulbricht, later to become head of the East German state, was permitted by the Nazi government to publish an article in *Die Welt* in which he said: "Those who intrigue against the friendship of the German and Soviet peoples are enemies of the German people and are branded as accomplices of British imperialism."

The British *Daily Worker* adopted a similar line and greeted the new alliance as a victory for peace, as did the American *Daily Worker*. On September 19, 1939, when the war was raging in Poland, it published a declaration of the National Committee of the American Communist party proclaiming the war declared by France and Britain on Nazi Germany to be an imperialist (that is, "unjust") one, which should be opposed by the workers. This appeal was immediately supported by fellow-travelers like Theodore Dreiser, and Communist trade unions set out to sabotage production in munitions factories, lest any aid reach Britain or France. Right up to the eve of the Nazi invasion of Russia, Communist propaganda did everything possible to dissuade the United States from helping the European democracies in their war against Nazi Germany. These pages in the history of the glorious "struggle for peace" by the progressive social forces are not much spoken of any more, particularly where the young might hear.

But nowhere was this "struggle for peace" as influential as in France, where the Communist party and its fellow-travelers were openly defeatist before, and remained so during—and some time after—the Nazi invasion of France. The French Communist party, which was quite considerable in strength, worked so energetically to undermine the French war effort as to suggest a fifth column. Within a month of France's declaration of war the party's leader, Maurice Thorez, fled to Moscow to direct the resistance to French preparations against Germany. In November 1940 Thorez and his associate Jacques Duclos exulted openly over the fall of France, Thorez declaring that "the struggle of the French people has the same aim as the struggle of German imperialism."

The Franco-German alliance alluded to by Thorez expressed itself in concrete terms. German propaganda leaflets dropped over the Maginot line pointed out that "Germany, after her victory over Poland and since her pact with Russia, disposes of inexhaustible resources in men and material," while all the Communist deputies petitioned President Herriot to make peace in response to Hitler's appeal. After Communist publications had been suspended by decree in France, the party continued to publish its propaganda on German presses. Its leaflets urged troops, dockers, and others engaged in essential war work to resist and to sabotage the country's effort. In March 1940, a party leaflet claimed that the Allied failure to launch an offen-

* Much of the material that follows here on the early days of World War II is taken from the book by Nikolai Tolstoy, *Stalin's Secret War* (1981), where the appropriate references can be found.

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sive was due to the effectiveness of the party's defeatist propaganda. And there can be no doubt that this effective spreading of defeatism, coupled with a serious campaign of sabotage in munitions factories, played a major role in the catastrophic French defeat of June 1940.

At the very time that General de Gaulle, in London, was issuing his appeal for resistance, the French Communist paper *l'Humanité* said: "General de Gaulle and other agents of British capital would like to compel Frenchmen to fight for the City. . . ."

Later Khrushchev was to recall that "Stalin once told me that Hitler had sent a request for a favor through secret channels. Hitler wanted Stalin, as the man with the most authority and prestige in the Communist world, to persuade the French Communists not to lead the resistance against the German occupation of France." Evidently Hitler's request was not denied.

Even in Yugoslavia, where the Communist movement had directed all its efforts to vilifying the British and French, Tito's first appeal for a struggle against the German invaders did not come until June 22, 1941. It was not the German conquest of Yugoslavia that aroused his ire, but the German invasion of the Soviet Union. Even in far-off Buenos Aires, a British diplomat had noticed that Nazi diplomats were "collaborating with local Communists in a very dangerous attempt to win over the masses with the cry of 'away with British capitalism and commercial exploitation.' "

As soon as Nazi Germany turned against its great Eastern ally, the "struggle for peace" was instantly terminated. Indeed, the sudden outburst of patriotism among the "progressive social forces" was remarkable. No strikes, no condemnation of Western imperialism—as if the latter had never existed. For the remainder of World War II the Allies were to enjoy a happy time of industrial peace and a relaxation of the class struggle. The war, of course, was now a "just" one.

Oddly, the passion for peace was resurrected shortly after the war was over, while the Soviet Union was swallowing a dozen countries in Central Europe and threatening to engulf the rest of the continent. At that time, some "imperialist warmongers" were sounding the alarm over Soviet conduct and even suggesting the creation of a "very aggressive" NATO alliance. The "reactionary forces" in the world were starting a "cold war." Beyond this, the Soviet Union was troublesomely lagging behind the U.S. in the development of nuclear weapons. For some curious reason, however, the "imperialist military-industrial complex"—all those Dr. Strangeloves—failed to drop the atom bomb on Moscow while they still enjoyed a monopoly on it. This should undoubtedly be ascribed to the success of a great movement of peace-lovers. How could it be explained otherwise, short of the reactionary suggestion that NATO generals were not in the least aggressive?

In any case, members of the older generation can still remember the marches, the rallies, and the petitions of the 1950's (particularly the famous Stockholm Appeal and the meetings of the indefatigable World Peace Council). It is hardly a secret now that the whole campaign was organized, conducted, and financed from Moscow, through the so-called Peace Fund and the Soviet-dominated World Peace Council—where a safe majority was secured by such figures as Ilya Ehrenburg, A.N. Tikhonov, etc. This was the period when comrade Stalin presented his memorable recipe for peace that is the epigraph to this article. Stalin's formulation was enthusiastically taken up by millions, some of them Communists, some loyal fellow-travelers, a number of them muddleheaded intellectuals, or hypocrites seeking popularity, or clerics hungry for publicity—not to mention professional campaigners, incorrigible fools, youths eager to rebel against anything, and outright Soviet agents. Surprisingly, this odd mixture constitutes a fairly sizable population in any Western society, and in no time at all the new peace campaign had reached grandiose proportions. It became fashionable to join it and rather risky to decline.

The purpose of all this peace pandemonium was well calculated in the Kremlin. First, the threat of nuclear war (of which the Soviets periodically created a reminder by fomenting an international crisis) combined with the scope of the peace movement should both frighten the bourgeoisie and make it more tractable. Second, the recent Soviet subjugation of Central European countries should be accepted with more serenity by Western public opinion and quickly forgotten. Third, the movement should help to stir up anti-American sentiment among the Europeans, along with a mistrust of their own governments, thus moving the political spectrum to the Left. Fourth, it should make military expenditures and the placement of strategic nuclear weapons so unpopular, so politically embarrassing, that in the end the process of strengthening Western defenses would be considerably slowed, giving the Soviets crucial time to catch up. Fifth, since the odd mixture of fools and knaves described above is usually drawn from the most socially active element in the population, its activism should be given the right direction.

The results were to exceed all expectations. Soviet money had clearly been well spent. The perception of the Soviet Union as an ally of the West (rather than of Nazi Germany) was still fresh in peoples' minds, which undoubtedly contributed to the success of the "struggle for peace."

Subsequently, the death of Stalin, the shock created by the official disclosure of his crimes, the

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Khrushchev "thaw" in international relations, and, above all, the fact that the Soviets had caught up with the West in nuclear weapons, were to make the peace movement temporarily redundant; it ceased to exist just as suddenly as it had once appeared. Meanwhile, the inefficiency of the Soviet economy once again brought it to the point of collapse. The Soviet Union badly needed Western goods, technology, and credits. Without these, there would have to be very substantial economic reform, dangerous to continued party control over the entire economic life of the Soviet Union. At the same time, it was from the strategic point of view important for the Soviets to legitimize their territorial holdings in Eastern Europe and to secure for themselves the freedom to move further. Something new was called for. Out of the depths of the Kremlin, the doctrine of détente was born.

THOUGH the peace movement was put in cold storage, the issue of peace was nevertheless central to this new Kremlin policy as well. The West had grown so exhausted by the constant tension of the previous decades that the temptation to relax, when offered by the Kremlin, was simply irresistible. And after a decade of a ruthless "struggle for peace," no Western government could get away with rejecting a proposal to limit the arms race—however well some of them understood that it would be senseless to try to reach an agreement with the Soviets while the essentially aggressive nature of Communist power remained in force. Probably some such recognition explains why the Western governments insisted on linking participation in the Helsinki agreements to the observance of human-rights agreements inside the Communist bloc. Their idea was to force the internal relaxation of the Soviet regime and so make it more open and less aggressive. In exchange the West provided almost everything Brezhnev demanded in his "Peace Program" of the 24th Party Congress in 1971. "The inviolability of the postwar frontiers in Europe"—that is, the legitimation of the Soviet territorial annexations between 1939 and 1948—as well as a substantial increase in economic, scientific, and cultural cooperation were solemnly granted by the Western countries in Helsinki in 1975. Earlier a separate treaty had perpetuated the artificial division of Germany without even a reference to the Berlin Wall.

The Western democracies had displayed such readiness to accommodate their Soviet partners that their behavior was perceived as weakness. Probably the most disgusting features of détente could be seen in Germany where the "free flow of people and ideas" had very quickly degenerated into trading people like cattle, the right to visit one's relatives in the East becoming a kind of reward conditional on the "good behavior" of the West German government. By playing on this sensitive issue the Soviets were able to blackmail the whole country and to "modify" the policies of its government. Unfortunately, Germany is a key factor in East-West relations because in order to avoid a major split in the Western alliance the other members have to adjust their positions in accordance with Germany's. So it was that Soviet influence came to be exerted through the back door, and the West was politically paralyzed.

In addition, far from making the Soviets more dependent—as the proponents of détente had assured us—increased trade, and particularly huge Western credits, have made the West more and more dependent on the Soviet Union. The dimensions of this disaster became clear only recently, when the discussion of economic sanctions against the Polish military rulers and their Soviet masters revealed the inability of the Western countries to reduce once-established economic relations with the Eastern bloc without harming themselves even more. In fact, by now the Soviets are in a position to threaten the *West* with economic sanctions. Undoubtedly, they will take advantage of it very soon.

In the meantime, far from relaxing internally, the Soviet regime had stepped up its repressive policies, totally ignoring the weak Western protests against Soviet violations of the human-rights agreements. The weakness of these protests had in turn served only as further incitement for the Soviets to proceed in their course of repression without restraint. Clearly, the ideological war waged by the Soviets through all those earlier years had only increased in intensity during the era of détente. Nor did they try to camouflage this warfare. On the contrary, Leonid Brezhnev stated openly in his speech to the 25th Party Congress, on February 24, 1977: ". . . it is clear as can be that détente and peaceful coexistence relate to interstate relations. Détente in no way rescinds, or can rescind, the laws of the class struggle."

Furthermore, as it transpired, instead of reducing their military expenditures and arms build-up, as the Western nations had during those years, the Soviet Union, taking advantage of Western relaxation, had significantly increased its arsenal. So much so that if in the 1960's it could be said that a certain parity between East and West had been achieved, by now the Soviets have reached a point of clear advantage over the West. We also now know that the benefits to the Soviet Union of trade with the West were invariably put to military use. For example, the Kama River truck factory built by Americans in the 1970's has recently begun manufacturing the military trucks that were observed in action during the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

BY THE end of the 1970's the West was becoming increasingly aware of these dangerous developments. The usefulness of détente, long challenged by some, was now being questioned by many. And then came the final

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blow—on Christmas 1979. Just at the moment when most people in the West were preoccupied with such things as Christmas cards and presents, something like 100,000 Soviet soldiers moved in to occupy neighboring Afghanistan, an officially "nonaligned" country with a population of about 17 million. The world was shocked and the USSR was immediately placed in isolation. Even the Communist parties of many countries condemned the Soviet action as a piece of blatant aggression. The invasion of Afghanistan, followed by the arbitrary banishment to internal exile of Nobel laureate Andrei Sakharov, followed still later by the threatening of Poland (leading, finally, to the imposition of martial law), virtually terminated the era of détente.

This termination has cost the Soviets dear. In fact, they have lost almost everything they had gradually managed to gain while the West was enjoying its bout of unilateral relaxation. Ratification of the SALT II agreement was suspended indefinitely. The Americans were awakened from their prolonged lethargy to discover with horror how weak, ineffective, and unproductive their country had become. In this new psychological atmosphere, the victory of Ronald Reagan was inevitable, promising an end to American defense cutbacks, the deployment of a new, previously shelved, generation of weapons like the B-1 bomber, the cruise missile, the MX, and the neutron bomb. It seemed equally inevitable that the military budgets of all the other Western countries would be increased, while the trade, technology, and credit arrangements with the Soviets would be reduced, or at least be made more difficult to obtain.

Thus, if this trend were to continue, the Soviets would lose their position of military superiority—especially in view of the fact that their economy is so much less efficient than that of "rotten capitalism." Add to this the new wave of international hostility noticeable especially in the Muslim world (the United Nations General Assembly voted against the Soviets on Afghanistan, for the first time since the Korean war), a continuing crisis in Poland, a hopeless war in Afghanistan, and a growing unrest among the population at home caused by food shortages, and the picture grew so gloomy as to be just short of disaster. Clearly the Soviet rulers had to undertake something dramatic to avoid a total catastrophe.

I myself, to tell the truth, was not very much surprised when suddenly, within a year, a mighty peace movement came into being in Western Europe. Especially since, by some strange coincidence, this movement showed itself first of all precisely in those European countries where the old missiles were to be replaced by newer Pershings and cruise missiles. I make no claim to special prescience; it is just that after 34 years of life in my beloved Communist motherland, I have some sense of its government's bag of tricks, pranks, and stunts. In fact, it was not a very difficult thing to predict, for the Soviet state is not a particularly intelligent creature. If you think of it rather as a huge, brainless, antediluvian reptile with a more or less fixed set of reflexes, you cannot go far wrong. "Well, here we are, back to the 1950's again," I thought to myself.

What was much more amusing to observe was the ease with which presumably mature and responsible people had by the thousands fallen into the Soviet booby-trap. It is as if history were repeating itself before our eyes, offering us a chance to see how the Russian state collapsed in 1917, or how France collapsed within one month in 1940. It is also quite amusing, if one has a taste for such amusement, to be reminded of how people are practically incapable of deriving any useful knowledge from even the recent lessons of history. Once again, the universal craving for peace right now, this very moment, and at any price, has rendered people utterly illogical and irrational, and left them simply unable to think calmly. Their current arguments, if one may call them that, are so childish, senseless, selfish, that an involuntary smile comes immediately to one's lips. Even at best what one hears is a parroting of the kind of old moldy Soviet slogans and clichés that even schoolchildren in the Soviet Union would laugh at.

TO BEGIN WITH, why is it that everyone has suddenly begun to be so apprehensive about nuclear war again? What has happened to make it more real than it was, say, two or three years ago? The entire history of East-West relations shows that the only way to force the Soviets to respect agreements is to deal from a position of strength. So are we to understand that because the Soviets might cease to be militarily superior to us, nuclear war is once again a reality? Should we, then, take this proposition to its logical conclusion and say that the only guarantee of peace is Soviet military superiority?

Meanwhile, countless TV programs have suddenly sprung up that unfold before us images of the great treasures of our civilization—paintings, sculptures, pyramids, antiquities, etc.—and at the end of each the narrator reminds us, his voice trembling with noble passion, how terrible it would be if all these treasures were to be destroyed along with the great civilization that produced them. And on other channels, we are treated to documentary after documentary about nuclear explosions and the consequences of radiation. After such relentless programming, naturally public-opinion polls show a sudden increase in the number of those who believe that nuclear war is imminent.

Then there is the catchy new idea that "Our deterrent does not deter anymore." Why? Has a nuclear war begun already? Have the Soviets at-

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tacked any NATO country? Or is it simply because those who like to say the deterrent no longer deters have seen their full quota of televised nuclear explosions?

It is so easy to start a panic. The question is: who is served by this panic? The Soviet-controlled World Peace Council declared in 1980 (and the whole European peace movement repeats it as if under a hypnotic spell): "The people of the world are alarmed. Never before has there been so great a danger of a world nuclear holocaust. The nuclear arms build-up, the accumulation of deadly arsenals, has reached a critical point. Further escalation in the arms build-up could create a most dangerous situation, facing humanity with the threat of annihilation."

Never before. But was not the world in as much danger a year earlier? The leaders of the European peace movement themselves claim that the nuclear potential accumulated on both sides is sufficient for them to destroy one another ten times. Is there any technical reason why "twenty times" is more dangerous than, say, "five times"? Or is it that, like a nuclear charge itself, the accumulation must reach a "critical mass" in order to explode?

Somehow, in the midst of all this nuclear hysteria it seems to be totally forgotten that bombs themselves are quite harmless, unless somebody wishes to drop them. So why are we suddenly alarmed by the stockpile of hardware and not by the Soviet military move toward the Persian Gulf?

Again, quite suddenly, voices begin to cry out in a huge chorus, "Nuclear weapons are immoral!" Wait a minute. Did these weapons just become immoral? Are conventional weapons moral? Why should this idea come all at once into the minds of so many people? Take as another example the question of the new missiles to be deployed in Europe. Why is it more dangerous to replace the old missiles with the new ones than to leave the old ones where they are? Are not the old ones equipped with nuclear warheads as well? To be sure, the new missiles are more accurate. So what? We can thank God that they are on our side. They may make life more difficult for the Kremlin adventurers, but why should millions of people in the West perceive that as a tragedy and danger?

Deep in their hearts most of these terrified people have a very simple answer to all these "whys." They know that the only real source of danger is the Soviet Union and that anything which might make the Soviets angry is dangerous for that very reason. But fear is a paralyzing and deranging force. So deranging as to lead some people to advocate the abolition of the police because the criminals are becoming too aggressive.

Indeed, the most amazing aspect of the present antiwar hysteria—aside from the fact that it has arisen at a time so remarkably favorable for Moscow—is the direction of the campaign. Millions of people in Great Britain, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, and Italy, supposedly of sound mind and with no evidence of the influence of LSD, march about claiming that the threat of war comes from . . . their own governments and the government of the U.S.! A psychoanalyst might characterize this behavior as the Freudian replacement of a real object of fear with an imaginary one. Except that even a psychoanalyst might conclude that pro-Soviet propaganda had something to do with the delusion in this particular case.

The facts are too obvious to discuss here. One may like or dislike President Reagan or Chancellor Schmidt, but unlike comrade Brezhnev, they were elected by the majority of their respective populations and are fully accountable in their actions to the parliaments and to the people. They simply cannot declare a war on their own. Besides, it is quite enough to look around to see the real source of aggression. Was it American or Soviet troops who occupied half of Germany and built a wall in Berlin? Is it not the Soviets who still occupy Hungary, Czechoslovakia, the Baltic states, not to mention Afghanistan, very much against the wishes of the people in these countries? Was it East or West German troops who took part in the occupation of Czechoslovakia and who are prepared to invade Poland?

Everything in the West is done quite openly—one might say, far too openly. But what do we know about the decisions made by 14 old fools in the Politburo whom nobody ever elected to make these decisions and whom nobody can call to account? No press is allowed to criticize them, no demonstrations to protest against their dictate. Anyone refusing to obey their secret orders would instantly disappear forever. There is in fact very little difference between the Soviet system and that of Nazi Germany. Is there anyone who supposes that he should have trusted Hitler more than the democracies?

After the experience of speaking several times with members of the current European peace movement, however, I know only too well how futile is the recourse to rational argument. They announce unabashedly that there is no Soviet military superiority. It is all, they say, CIA propaganda; the only reliable source of information as far as they are concerned seems to be the KGB. They refer one to the findings of a certain Stockholm International Peace Research Institute, leaving one to guess at the kind of methods employed by this institute for assessing the Soviet arsenal. Since the Institute has no satellites at its disposal, its "researchers" are undoubtedly left in a painful dilemma: whether to obtain their information from the blue sky, or from the Sputniks. Nobody in the European peace movement, it seems, has ever wondered about the reliability of this obscure establishment.

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But this is just a trifle. More seriously, our peace-lovers—repeating word for word an old *Pravda* cliché—maintain that the "crazy American generals" are so trigger-happy as to push the button just for the fun of it. I have never been able to understand why generals must invariably be crazy —American generals, of course, not the Soviet kind, who seem to have some innate immunity from craziness—and if they are crazy, why they did not push the damn button long ago. In any case, it is hard to imagine that the generals, who at least have some technical education, are less equipped to understand nuclear problems than the primary-school teachers who are so heavily represented in the peace movement.

Some of the "peace-makers" sincerely believe that as soon as the West disarms itself, the Soviets will follow suit, and with an almost literally incredible naiveté they urge us to "try" this suicidal experiment. Others, far more sophisticated, know perfectly well that their Soviet comrades need to gain time so as to enjoy a more advantageous posture in future negotiations with the Americans. What they urge is that the West start negotiations first and improve the Western position later. Still others are more candidly selfish and object only to the deployment of nuclear weapons near their own village, so to speak—as if being protected is more dangerous than not being protected. Or better still, as if any single village, city, or country could maintain neutrality during a nuclear war. "Let the Americans fight the Russians," they say, implying that the entire problem of the modern world grows out of some stupid far-off quarrel between "Americans and Russians," who are apparently in some kind of conspiracy to destroy the poor Europeans. Surely if comrade Brezhnev promised to respect the "nuclear-free zones" in case of war, people could heave a sigh of relief and go to sleep untroubled. If Brezhnev says so, there will be no nuclear-armed submarines off your shores. After all, has comrade Brezhnev ever broken his word? Of course not. He is an honest man. He is so honest he can even guarantee you in what direction the contaminated clouds will move and locate for you the radioactive fallout. "Why should the Russians attack us, if we are disarmed?" Why indeed? Ask the Afghan peasants, they would probably know the answer.

There is no sense in rehearsing all the various "peace arguments," so contradictory and even incompatible that one wonders how those who make them manage to get along together in the same movement. Only one thing these various strands have in common: panic, and a readiness to capitulate to the Soviet threat even before such capitulation is demanded. Better red than dead. That is why current Soviet propaganda has so quickly become so remarkably successful.

Indeed, it is difficult to imagine a more openly pro-Soviet line than that of the European peace movement. It is even more pro-Soviet than that of the local Communist parties, who after all at least have to camouflage themselves with a cover of independence from Moscow. Nothing is more obvious, for example, than that the present increase in international tension was brought about by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. There is hardly a country, a political party (including some Communist parties), or an international organization that did not condemn the Soviet aggression unequivocally. The only public movement in Western Europe that never condemned the invasion, paradoxically, is the one that calls itself the "peace movement." No such condemnation has ever been pronounced at a peace-movement rally in Western Europe, or passed as a resolution, or published in one of the movement's major publications, or circulated as a mass petition. Perhaps you will imagine that the peace groups condemned the invasion in their hearts? On the contrary, the evidence is far more convincing that they simply justify this international crime.

Not long ago I myself was publicly charged by the leaders of the British Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) with having distorted their position on Afghanistan. Therefore I find it particularly useful to quote from an official CND booklet, *Why We Need Action, Not Words*, by Betty England: "The intervention in Afghanistan may well have been caused partly by the Soviet Union's fear of its growing encirclement. The fear cannot be called unreasonable after Sir Neil Cameron's statement in Peking . . ." (p. 12). In other words, the poor Russians whom Sir Neil, Marshal of the Royal Air Force, so frightened with a speech critical of them, must have good reason for what they do. By this logic, we ought to be imposing strict censorship on anti-Soviet speeches lest we be faced with Soviet occupation of the entire world. But the implications are even more important. The idea buried in Miss England's passage is that the only way to keep the peace is gradually to accept the Soviet system and Soviet demands.

Even more outspoken than the CND is the World Peace Council. Its booklet, *Program of Action 1981*, contains a direct instruction to support the present puppet government of Afghanistan (p. 25). This program was *unanimously* adopted in 1980 by a gathering in Sofia, Bulgaria of representatives of most of the peace groups (about this gathering, more later). After this it comes as no surprise that at the recent International Peace Conference in Denmark it was decided to convene the next meeting in Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, within six months.

It is obvious that a Soviet invasion of Poland would bring us closer to world war, or, to be more precise, would make any real relaxation of international tension quite impossible for ten or fifteen

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years. And once again, the only public movement that has never condemned the continuous Soviet threat to Poland (and is still uncertain about its reaction to the Soviet-dictated imposition of martial law) is the peace movement. The leaders of the biggest British peace group, CND, went even further, publicly praising themselves for not "overreacting" to the events in Poland (B. Kent, letter to the London *Times,* December 9, 1981) only a few days before the imposition of martial law, and displaying their "impartiality" by equating the Polish crisis with that in East Timor. Perhaps the leaders of the movement seeking to promote peace in Europe should be reminded that in 1975 the 35 countries of Europe, together with Canada and the U.S., solemnly recognized an inseparable link between security in Europe and respect for human rights in the participating countries. Should we assume that the CND leadership refuses to accept the Helsinki agreement, or are we to conclude that it is indifferent to the question of European security?

At least about Poland not all in the movement can be accused of indifference. I have, for instance, never heard of a case in which a representative of the Chilean or Argentinean government was invited to expound his government's views before any international peace conference. But for some strange reason, an exception was recently made for a representative of the Polish junta, who was invited by the World Peace Council to address the International Peace Conference in Denmark. His vicious lies about Solidarity and personal slanders against Lech Walesa (see the *Guardian,* January 11, 1982) were greeted with hearty applause by the peace-lovers (BBC report).

It is simple common sense to try to restrain both sides of any would-be conflict if one wishes to preserve peace. But the European peace movement is so remarkably unilateral that it seems barely conscious of "the other side." It cries shame on the Americans for as yet nonexistent weapons like the neutron bomb, or the not-yet-deployed cruise and Pershing missiles, but speaks only in whispers, if that, of the hundreds of Soviet SS-20's already aimed at Europe.

Since, again, I have provoked an angry reaction from the CND leaders for pointing out this particular instance of extreme unilateralism (London *Times,* December 9, 1981), I looked through the major CND publications once more. The booklet by Betty England quoted above does not contain a single mention of the SS-20's, though it is virtually saturated with the names of American missiles. Nor does a widely distributed report on the CND annual conference of 1981 (the latest to my knowledge), nor the official CND leaflet, *Nuclear War and You,* dropped into my mailbox by some caring hand. Only recently I have learned that a decision to mention the SS-20 was finally taken by CND after many heated debates and very much against the wishes of the CND leadership, many of whom are also members of the British Communist party.

Oddly enough, there are many in the European peace movement who have worked (some still do) with Amnesty International in support of prisoners of conscience in the Communist countries. Unfortunately, this by itself does not seem to prevent one from making dangerous political mistakes, nor, to judge from the results, does it guarantee any moderating influence on the movement's leadership. Be that as it may, the fact is that the European peace movement (including its large constituent organizations) has never said a word in support of the thousands of people in the USSR who are imprisoned for opposing aggressive Soviet policies, for refusing to serve in the army on errands of aggression, or to shoot civilians in Afghanistan. During all the time that hundreds of thousands of "peace-lovers" were noisily expressing their one-sided feelings on the streets of London, Bonn, Amsterdam, and Brussels, not one word was said about Sakharov, still in exile and on a hunger strike—Sakharov, who has done more than anyone in the world to halt nuclear testing. These peaceful souls would happily throw stones at General Haig, but they would welcome Marshal Brezhnev with servile smiles.

This is not to deny that there are plenty of well-intentioned, and genuinely concerned and frightened people in the movement's ranks. I am certain that the overwhelming majority of them are. Just as it did in the 1950's, the movement today probably consists of the same odd mixture of Communists, fellow-travelers, muddleheaded intellectuals, hypocrites seeking popularity, professional political speculators, frightened bourgeois, and youths eager to rebel just for the sake of rebelling. There are also the inevitable Catholic priests with a "mission" and other religious people who believe that God has chosen them to make peace on earth right now. But there is also not the slightest doubt that this motley crowd is manipulated by a handful of scoundrels instructed directly from Moscow.

In fact, just as this essay was going to press, John Vinocur reported in the New York *Times* (April 6, 1982) "the first public substantiation from inside the antinuclear movement . . . that the West German Communist party, at the direction of the Soviet Union, has attempted to coopt public sentiment against nuclear weapons." The environmentalist party known as the Greens "charged that the West German Communist party, which is aligned with Moscow, dominated and manipulated a meeting [in Bonn] Sunday [April 4] in which representatives of 37 groups, describing themselves as elements of the antimissile movement, planned a major demonstration against President Reagan when he visits Bonn . . . June 10." The Greens, who participated in the meeting, acknowledge

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that they themselves have cooperated with the Communists "on certain local issues," but what happened in Bonn was "scandalous" even to them. "The Communists dominated the meeting completely. It took place under seemingly democratic rules, but that was a joke. We could barely get a word in." The meeting—at which were represented such groups as the German Student Federation, the Evangelical Student Committee, the Federation of German Youth Groups, and the German Peace Society—rejected resolutions condemning Soviet interference in Poland and Soviet intervention in Afghanistan, and the delegates refused to express support for Solidarity. "They adopted, however, by a large majority, a motion condemning United States actions in Central America, the Middle East, southern Africa, and other regions."

Earlier, as I was in the process of writing this essay, news came that one of the Danish leaders of the movement, Arne Petersen, was arrested along with his wife for channeling Soviet money into the funds of the peace movement. His master, the Second Secretary of the Soviet embassy in Copenhagen, was expelled from the country. Now and then we hear about subsidized trips taken by peace activists to the best Soviet resorts where they are wined and dined royally—and, of course, shown kindergartens, schools, and hospitals (no munitions factories).

The majority of the European peace movement is undoubtedly not aware of these facts. Probably they will ignore the charges of the Greens, just as they missed the reports of Mr. Petersen's activities, which involved placing paid advertisements (out of Soviet donations) for the Danish peace movement in the Danish papers, ads signed by a number of prominent Danish intellectuals (who for sure knew nothing about it). And even our angry CND leaders "know nothing of the subsidized trips to Soviet resorts" (London *Times*, December 9, 1981). Well, sometimes it is very comfortable—even for professional intellectuals—not to know things. . . .

For those, however, who do wish to know, let us track down the origin of the current revival of the "struggle for peace." Anyone who has read thus far will not be surprised to hear that the earliest traces of this revival are to be found in Soviet publications, quite clear for those who know how to read them:

> The first bright colors of autumn have already touched the emerald green parks of Sofia. The golden leaves of maples and aspens are trembling on the breeze. And everywhere the tender-blue streamers bearing the insignia of the World Peace Council. Sofia is expecting an important event: the World Parliament of the Peoples for Peace will be working here from 23 to 27 of September. It is the biggest and the most representative meeting of the world's peace forces convened in the last years by the World Peace Council. (*Izvestia*, September 23, 1980)

The same day *Pravda* referred to "the biggest gathering in history of the fighters for peace." Indeed, the most peaceful and independent country of the world, Bulgaria, played host during those September days to 2,260 peace-lovers from 137 countries, claiming to represent 330 political parties, 100 international and over 3,000 national non-governmental organizations. To be sure, this was no ordinary meeting of the international Communist movement. The political spectrum of those represented was exceptionally wide: 200 members of different national parliaments, 200 trade-union leaders, 129 leading Social Democrats (33 of them members of their respective national executive bodies), 150 writers and poets, 33 representatives of different liberation movements (including the Association in Defense of Civil Rights from Northern Ireland), women's organizations (like the National Assembly of British Women), youth organizations, the World Council of Churches and other religious organizations, 18 representatives of different UN specialized committees and commissions, representatives of the Organization of African Unity and of OPEC, ex-military people, some of them generals, and representatives of 83 Communist parties (*Pravda*, September 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, November 5, 1980; *Izvestia*, September 23, 24, 27, 28, 1980).

It had all started about a year earlier, as we are informed by a talkative Bulgarian, the chairman of the Organizational Bureau, responsible for the "practical preparation" for this show (*Pravda*, September 23, 1980). They had expected, you see, only 1,500 delegates, but 2,200 came. No wonder the chairman wished to talk about his success.

Yet a year earlier—in 1979—none of the conditions now cited to explain the current miraculous resurrection of the peace movement existed. There was no so-called "new strategy of the Pentagon," the famous presidential directive 59; there was no new escalation of the arms race; there was no neutron bomb. The Vienna summit meeting had just been successfully concluded with the signing of SALT II. September 1979 was a time of universal happiness, the sky was cloudless. Only one significant thing happened in September 1979: a sudden wave of mass arrests in the Soviet Union and, as we have learned now, a decision to reactivate the peace movement. Who could have predicted in September 1979 that within a year the cold war would be back—who else but those involved in "practical preparations" for the invasion of Afghanistan? Given the nature of the Soviet planned economy, with its fabulously inflexible, slow, and inefficient workings, the Soviets must prepare everything well in advance. Why should they have allocated such a large sum of money to hold a Bulgarian peace show in the middle of

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happy times, if not in anticipation of grave political trouble ahead?

Furthermore, we learn from comrade Zhivkov, the Bulgarian Communist leader who opened the meeting with a long speech, about an appropriate decision taken by the Political Consultative Committee of the Warsaw Bloc countries in May 1980 (*Pravda,* September 24, 1980), as well as an appropriate resolution of the Plenary Session of the Central Committee in June 1980 (*Pravda*, September 29, 1980). Comrade Zhivkov was simply revealing the way decisions and resolutions first travel through the Communist bureaucratic machinery on their way to rubberstamping by a "representative" body—in this case, the Sofia "Parliament" in September.

INDEED, the whole show was depressingly familiar to anyone acquainted with the methods the Kremlin producers applied to the same scenario in the time of Stalin. Even the dramatis personae were the same. There was the same World Peace Council with its immortal President Ramesh Chandra; there was the same chief conductor, Boris Ponomarev, former official of the Comintern (now responsible in the Politburo for contacts with fraternal Communist parties as well as for intelligence). Even the slogan adopted for the occasion, "The people have the power to preserve peace—their basic right," was remarkably similar to the unforgettable words of comrade Stalin in 1952.

Only this time the personal message that comrade Ponomarev brought to those convened was from comrade Brezhnev, not comrade Stalin. The latter, of course, would never have tolerated even the mention of the term "rights"—basic or any other—in his slogans. Well, the times have changed after all. Still, those damned "human rights" had gotten out of hand. Hence, better to find something like "basic rights."

The first to speak, as I said, was comrade Zhivkov, and he spilled the beans about the Soviets' real concern (*Pravda*, September 24, 1980). The aggressive circles in America, he said, refuse to accept the present balance of forces in the world. They don't wish to submit to their historically predestined defeat. They have become so arrogant as to reject all of the recent Soviet peace proposals. They have decided to replace détente with a policy based on a "position of strength." They don't observe agreements on cooperation; they interrupt political and economic contacts; they interfere with cultural and scientific exchange; they dissolve sporting and tourist connections (in other words, the grain embargo, the Olympic boycott, the scientific boycott, etc., responses to the invasion of Afghanistan and the persecution of scientists in the USSR).

This theme was taken up by most of the speakers with only minor variations. The main speaker, comrade Ponomarev, suggested a whole program of action intended to bring America's aggressive circles into compliance. He appealed for unity among all those concerned with preservation of peace, irrespective of their political views. "The time has come for action, not words," he said. (Wait a minute, have we not met this sentiment somewhere already? Surely not in the CND official booklet?)

The show proceeded smoothly, exhibiting the whole gallery of monsters, from the greatest peace-lover of our time, Yasir Arafat, to a "representative" of Afghanistan.

How did all these 2,260 representatives of Social Democrats, trade unions, youth, women, and religious organizations react? Did they rush out in disgust? Did they demand the withdrawal of the Soviet troops from Afghanistan in order to remove the main obstacle to détente? Did they express concern about the massive Soviet arms build-up and the deployment of SS-20's? By no means. This self-appointed World Parliament issued an Appeal in which the main ideas of comrade Ponomarev's speech were repeated. Thus, the "Parliament" is opposed "to the vast machine and arms build-up of the most aggressive forces of imperialism which seek to take the world toward a nuclear abyss; to the falsehoods and lies of the propaganda in favor of the arms build-up, which are disseminated through imperialist-controlled mass media."

Translated from party jargon, this constitutes a clear directive to work against the armament programs of the Western countries (first of all, of course, the U.S.—the "most aggressive forces of imperialism"), and to reject any "lies" of the mass media about the Soviet arms build-up.

Beyond this, the "parliamentarians" set "the new tasks and duties . . . for action of the peoples of all continents" and worked out the Charter of the Peoples for Peace which was adopted unanimously (!) together with the Peoples' Program for Peace for the 1980's. The year 1981 was chosen to be "the springboard of the 80's, a year of a decisive offensive of the peace forces to achieve a breakthrough in curbing the arms build-up."

Most of the program was carried out, the mass demonstrations of October 1981 in the European capitals having been planned within a framework of what is called in the Soviet program "UN Disarmament Week (October 24-31)." How on earth could the Soviets have known in 1980 about events that would take place at the end of 1981, unless they were running the whole show?

My pointing out this strange coincidence, which I did in an article in the London *Times* (December 4, 1981), was bound to provoke heated denials; and did so. The Soviets in *Literaturnaya Gazetta* (December 23, 1981), as well as the CND leaders in the London *Times* (December 9, 1981), made much of the fact that UN Disarmament Week had originally been designated as an annual observance by the

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UN General Assembly as early as June 1978. Now, the UN flag may seem to many to be a perfect cover. One must ask, however, why virtually nothing happened during that all-important week in 1978 or 1979—even the Sofia meeting was scheduled in September, not October, of 1980—until details for its observance were specified by the Soviet-inspired program? Moreover, if one looks through the *Final Document of the Assembly Session on Disarmament (May 23-July 1, 1978)*, issued by the UN, one can find hundreds of designated weeks, months, years, and decades, all totally ignored by our peace-lovers, whereas the suggestion singled out by the Soviets was the one, the *only* one, to gather thousands in the streets. For example, was anyone aware that the decade 1969 to 1979 was solemnly declared by the United Nations to be "The Decade of Disarmament"? If there were any huge rallies or vigorous campaigns during these ten years, they seem to have escaped notice.

BUT let us return to this remarkable program, unanimously adopted by the international community of peace-lovers. (It is published by the World Peace Council in Helsinki, as already noted, and is available in English under the title, *Program of Action 1981*.)

This program includes such items as the "elimination of all artificial barriers to world trade," an amazingly frank recognition of the Soviet need for Western goods and technology and its desire to be granted the status of most favored nation. But what this has to do with the problem of peace and why all peace-loving people should fight for it tooth and nail is hardly made clear.

As could be expected, the program contains a clear definition of "just" and "unjust" wars: "The policy of destabilization of *progressive regimes* in developing countries actually constitutes an aggression, waged by psychological, economic, political, and other means, including armed intervention." However, similar acts against "racist and fascist" regimes are quite justified because the mere existence of non-progressive regimes "is abhorrent to the conscience of humankind." Accordingly, the sale of arms to these "abhorrent" countries should be banned, but nothing need restrain the peace-loving from selling arms to "progressive" regimes and to "liberation movements."

And, of course, there are directives to the mass media, which "must serve the cause of peace and not the military-industrial complex by confusing public opinion with lies and disinformation." (In other words, the media should not report on the Soviet arms build-up.) A similar directive is issued to those "who bear responsibility for educating a new generation."

The program further specifies precisely which events and campaigns to undertake, and designates weeks for the collection of signatures on various petitions, etc., all around the world. It constantly emphasizes the urgent need for "further intensification of actions against the deployment of the new U.S. weapons of mass annihilation in Western Europe" and plans for "strengthening and broadening of national movements into a worldwide network of peace organizations."

It is not possible here to discuss all the details of this remarkable document. It simply introduces each and every aspect of Soviet foreign policy wrapped around with the phraseology of peace. Not surprisingly, therefore, it includes Afghanistan under the guise of a "week of solidarity, with special emphasis on support for a political settlement as proposed by the Afghan government." For Ethiopia it proposes "a week of solidarity with the Ethiopian revolution" and "support for the struggle of the Ethiopian people against imperialist and reactionary conspiracies and plans in the Horn of Africa." For Kampuchea there should be an "international campaign of solidarity with the government and people of Kampuchea led by the National United Front for National Salvation and an international campaign for recognition of the People's Revolutionary Council of Kampuchea and the seating of its representatives in the UN; exposure of the conspiracies of the Peking hegemonists who are working in collusion with the U.S. imperialists against Kampuchea." For Israel: "Support for the peace forces in Israel in their struggle for the complete withdrawal of Israel from the occupied territories and for the realization of the inalienable national rights of the Palestinian people." Whereas for the Middle East in general: a "campaign of solidarity with the Arab peoples in their struggle to liquidate the political and military consequences of the Camp David and Washington accords; solidarity actions with Libya against the threats of aggression by the Egyptian regime and U.S. imperialism." As for the U.S., even in so totally pro-Soviet a document as this the instruction to campaign for the "release of political prisoners in the United States of America" reads like a bad joke. Clearly, the love of peace dulls the sense of humor. The only countries where violations of human rights are recognized by the unanimous vote of 2,260 delegates from 137 countries are: Bolivia, Chile, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Israel, Paraguay, Uruguay, Indonesia, South Korea, Northern Ireland, and the U.S. Has the world not undergone a remarkable improvement?

After the successful adoption of this program, what followed was simple. Returning from Sofia, the enthusiastic delegates threw themselves into a hectic round of implementing the program, pressing for appropriate resolutions, actions, and commitments in each of their respective organizations (*Pravda*, November 5, 1980). An additional impetus was given to the campaign by an endorsement from the World Council of Churches at their

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meeting in Dresden (East Germany) on August 28, 1981, thus committing a huge number of adherents of the various Christian denominations to following the Soviet line. And in no time hundreds of thousands in the West came honestly to believe that they were out to save world peace.

Well, is there any further need to explain why the Soviet Union is so interested in the peace movement? There is a term in party jargon coined by Lenin himself: "a useful idiot." Now, in spite all their blunders, senseless adventures, economic disasters, the Polish crisis and the stubborn resistance of the Afghan peasants, Reagan's rearmament plan and UN resolutions, the Soviet rulers have scored a spectacular victory: they have recruited millions of useful idiots to implement their bankrupt foreign policy. They are no longer isolated and there is still a big question as to whether the Americans will be allowed to place missiles in Europe.

True enough, the American economy is vastly more productive and efficient than the Soviet, but the Americans don't have a weapon like the "struggle for peace." True again, this peace movement will be expensive for the Soviet people (the meeting in Bulgaria alone must have cost them millions, to say nothing of subsidizing all peace activists on those jaunts to the best Soviet resorts; the cost of running this worldwide campaign must be simply astronomical). Still, it is cheaper than another round of the arms race, let alone the cost of maintaining a priceless military superiority. And the result will be long-lasting.

Mind you, we are into only the second year of a planned ten-year "struggle for peace." Within a few years, the whole earth will be trembling under the marching feet of the useful idiots, for their resources are inexhaustible.

I remember in the 50's, when the previous peace campaign was still in full swing, there was a popular joke which people in the Soviet Union whispered to each other: "A Jew came to his rabbi and asked: 'Rabbi, you are a very wise man. Tell me, is there going to be a war?' 'There will be no war,' replied the rabbi, 'but there will be such a struggle for peace that no stone will be left standing.' "

II

One of the most serious mistakes of the Western peace movement and of its ideologists is the obdurate refusal to understand the nature of the Soviet regime, and the concomitant effort to lift the question of peace out of the context of the broader problem of East-West relations. After several decades of listening to what they believe to be "anti-Communist propaganda," they have simply got "fed-up with it." They ascribe everything they hear about the East to a "cold-war-type brainwashing," and make no attempt to distinguish what is true from what is not. This attitude, which I can only describe as a combination of ignorance and arrogance, makes them an easy target for any pseudo-theory (or outright Soviet propaganda) that happens to be fashionable at any given moment. Besides, baffled by endless and contradictory arguments among the "specialists" about the nature of the Soviet system, the leaders of the peace movement believe they have found a "new approach" which makes the entire problem irrelevant.

A few months ago in England, I attended a public debate on the problem of unilateral disarmament. The leader of a big peace group opened his speech by saying that from his standpoint, it is irrelevant who is the aggressor and who the victim. He said: "It is like when two boys have a fight in the churchyard. It is impossible to find out who started the fight, nor is there any need to do so. What we should do is to stop them."

This metaphor reflects very well the prevailing attitude among peace-movement members. They believe they have gotten around a baffling problem, whereas they have in fact inadvertently adopted the concept of the "normal opponent." From the "churchyard" standpoint, the present conflict seems very ordinary: two bullies have become so embittered by their prolonged quarrel—in which anyway the essence of the disagreement has been lost or forgotten—that they are quite prepared to kill each other and everybody else around. They are temporarily insane, mad, but are basically normal human beings. Pride and fury will not permit them to come to their senses, unless we, the sane people around them, are prepared to intervene. Let us make them talk to one another, let us pin down their hands, let us distract them from their quarrel. We cannot, to be sure, pin down the hands of one of them. Then, in the best Christian tradition, let us make the other repent, in all good Christian humility. Let us disarm him to convince his adversary of his peaceful intentions. Let us turn the other cheek. Sooner or later the other will come to feel ashamed.

This view sums up exactly what I mean by a combination of ignorance and arrogance. Indeed, if we look upon the world from the "churchyard" standpoint, there probably is no need to find out who is the aggressor and who the victim. There is no need for police or armed forces. All we can see is a row of graves with the dead lying orderly in them and a couple of children quarreling with each other. Unfortunately, outside the church walls there is a bigger and far more dangerous world with gangsters, murderers, rapists, and other perverse characters.

Needless to say, this churchyard model simply does not merit serious consideration. Unfortunately, it is a widespread belief (and not only within the peace movement) that the Soviet government, like any other government, is preoccupied with

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the well-being of its people, and will therefore be eager to reduce military expenditures. This notion comes so naturally to our peace-makers that they just do not notice they have taken on a view of the Soviet system which is both very old and unquestionably wrong. If they only took the trouble to study a little Soviet history, they would know immediately how misleading this seemingly natural view is. Not only are the Soviet rulers indifferent to the living condition of their populace, they *deliberately* keep it low; on the other hand, disarmament (irrespective of the problem of well-being) would lead very rapidly to the collapse of the Soviet empire.

Normally we try to understand an opponent by taking his place, getting into his shoes, so to speak. That is why most people try to explain Soviet behavior in terms of "normal human motives," that is, by motives familiar to them. And that is exactly why they constantly pile one mistake upon another. For it is extremely difficult for a "normal" human being to put himself inside the skin of a mentally ill one. It is almost as in nature itself: when we test natural phenomena under extreme conditions, we suddenly find some unpredictable anomaly that is baffling to us. Logic itself becomes abnormal in certain extreme cases. If we add up two numbers, say, or multiply or divide them, we invariably obtain a new number. But if we use zero or infinity our whole rule suddenly goes wrong.

But let us take an example relevant to the present discussion. Let us take the key question: why is the Soviet Union so aggressive, so eager to expand? We see how many schools of thought there are among those studying the problem (and we see, too, how all of them are wrong).

There are some people who believe that the present Soviet expansionism is just a continuation of the Russian pre-revolutionary colonial policy. In other words, it is a bad legacy. Indeed, this notion about Soviet expansionism was the dominant one for a very long time—and still is in some quarters. In line with it, there have been repeated attempts to offer the Soviets a division of the world into spheres of influence. We owe to it the Yalta agreement, the Potsdam agreement, and assorted other disasters. Each time the Soviets have accepted the division into spheres of influence, and each time they have violated it. Is this because they need more mineral resources, more territory, a wider market for their goods? No. Their own territory is undeveloped, their own mineral resources are in the earth, they do not have enough goods for their own internal market. There are no useful mineral deposits in Cuba or Afghanistan. There is no Russian national interest in Angola or Vietnam. In fact, these new "colonies" cost the Soviet people many millions of dollars a day apiece. So, Soviet policy is no classical case of colonialism.

Then there is another theory, far more pernicious because much more widely accepted and because to reject it one needs a real knowledge of Soviet life. I mean the theory acording to which Soviet aggressiveness is the result of the fear of hostile encirclement. The proponents of this theory argue that Russian history, particularly the history of repeated invasions of Russian territory within the last century, has made the Russian people almost paranoid about an external threat.

This theory sounds very scientific because many facts may be cited to back it up. Still, it is no more than a shrewd combination of obvious lies, wrong interpretations, and very perfunctory knowledge. It is mainly based on an overestimation of the importance of history for any given nation and on an oversimplification of the Soviet system.

To begin with, there is an obvious lie in this theory—that is, a deliberate confusion between the people and the government in the USSR. Those who know the Soviet system only moderately well may still need to be reminded that the people have no privilege of representation in the government—that is, have no free elections. Thus, the government does not reflect the feelings of the population. So if we are to believe that the population is frightened by the long history of invasions, the government has no reason to share these fears. The Soviet government, with its vast and omnipresent intelligence system, is extremely well-informed about every move and every smallest intention of the West (anyway not very difficult to achieve in view of the remarkable openness of Western societies). By 1978-79, when their arms build-up was at a high pitch, whom were they supposed to be so afraid of? Their great friend, the French President Giscard? Or their even better friend in West Germany, Willy Brandt? Britain, with its puny armed forces (and ongoing discussion on unilateral disarmament), or perhaps Nixon and Carter, who between them shelved all the major armament programs? Japan, which has no army at all?

Clearly the Soviet government had no reason to be frightened. In fact, the theory of Soviet paranoia does not imply a frightened government, but rather a frightened *nation*. In a "normal" country this might drive the government to become aggressive. But in the Soviet Union the people mean nothing and have no way of pressuring their government to do anything. They would not be allowed to voice any fears. So, who is so frightened in the Soviet Union? Besides, as far as the rulers are concerned, their own experience of war, World War II, could not frighten them for a very simple reason: they won the war. Can you show me any victorious general who is so afraid of war as to become paranoid? The psychology of Soviet rulers is in any case totally different.

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One need only look at a map of the world to see how ridiculous this theory is. Can we honestly believe that the poor Communists in the Kremlin are so frightened that they must protect themselves by sending their troops to Cuba and Cuban troops to Angola? By sending military equipment and advisers to Ethiopia and Vietnam and then by sending Vietnamese troops to Kampuchea? Take another look at that map: it is not at all obvious that the USSR is encircled by hostile powers. Rather the other way around: it is the Western world that is encircled by the hostile hordes of the Communists. Well, if their paranoia can be satisfied only by surrendering the whole world to their control, what difference can it make to us whether they act out of fear or out of endemic aggressiveness?

Finally, and most importantly for an understanding of this pernicious theory, is the fact that it was invented by the Kremlin propaganda experts. It was very successfully exploited in the years of détente, when Western governments, acting under its influence, deliberately permitted the Soviets to achieve military superiority. They would probably deny it now, but I remember very well the discussions of that period. The argument of the ideologists of détente was that once the Soviets caught up, they would relax; this would in turn lead to the internal as well as external relaxation of the Communist regime, i.e., to *liberalization*. The results of this brilliant experiment we can see now.

The Soviet population, too, has been subjected, day after day for sixty-five years, to an intense propaganda campaign about this putative "hostile encirclement." The Communist rulers unscrupulously exploit the tragedy of the Soviet people in World War II for the purpose of justifying both their oppressive regime and their monstrous military spending. They try their best to instill into the people a pathological fear of the "capitalist world." Fortunately, the people are sane enough to laugh at the very idea. Thus, contrary to this theory, there is no paranoid population demanding to be protected in the Soviet Union, despite the best efforts of a perfectly sober and cruel government.

No, it is not the fear of invasion or a World War II hangover that has driven the Soviet rulers to wage an undeclared war against the whole world for half a century now. It is their commitment—repeated quite openly every five years at each Party Congress since the beginning of this century—to support the "forces of progress and socialism," to support "liberation movements," everywhere on the globe.

ARE we then to assume that the Soviet leadership consists of fanatics aiming at global control? Even such a model, crazy as it might sound, still imputes too much "normality" to the Soviet leaders. Or, more precisely, it is too big a simplification. This theory, too—fortunately for us—does not fit a number of the facts. Paradoxically, none of the present Communist leaders believes any longer in Communist doctrine. Fortunately, because no real fanatic would ever tolerate the destruction of the object of his obsession. He would rather witness the destruction of the entire world.

The Soviet rulers are a totally cynical lot, much more preoccupied with their own privileges and pleasures than with Marxist ideas. They probably hate Communist dogma more than any Western capitalist. Moreover, the majority of the Soviet people are as cynical as their leaders. There are many more sincere Communists to be found in the West than in the USSR.

But this fact has also created false hopes among Western politicians and the public. The same false hopes encouraged by the theory of encirclement—that it will be possible to treat the Soviets as normal partners at last, that it will be possible to negotiate, to cooperate, and to relax. Both theories lead equally to the same mistaken policy.

So what is the truth about the damned Soviet system?

Certainly, there was a period when the Soviet leaders were Communist fanatics, ready to sacrifice the whole world to their faith. There was a period, too, when at least some part of the population was prepared to greet this new idea with considerable enthusiasm. The people of my country, I suppose, could be excused for their delusion, because Communism was indeed a new idea and one that might be thought by the inexperienced to appeal to the best qualities in human nature. Is it after all not a worthy purpose, to secure unalloyed happiness for all future generations, to liberate and unite the whole of mankind? Naturally, such a thing will not be easy, but it is worth a great deal of sacrifice to achieve. Just as naturally there will be many selfish people to oppose it and we should learn to be ruthless with them. Only millions of individual wills fused into a single invincible "we," united by the iron fist of a Leader, can achieve so difficult an end.

This period of ecstasy, however, was very short-lived. One by one, the various elements of the Soviet population cooled down, sobered up, and then could not believe in their own former enthusiasm. The besieged minority reacted to this desertion of the public by becoming even more ruthless and single-minded: "We will make them happy against their will; their children will be grateful to us." I will not describe the mass slaughter that resulted from this great determination. It has been described many times. A terrorized majority obeyed with sham enthusiasm, because it was a crime to look gloomy. But underneath there was a silent, passive resistance. The minority of "believers" over time became simply a

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ruling clique which had lost its ideals in the constant fight for survival, in corruption, and in its abuses of power and its privileges. The ensuing political situation can best be described as a latent civil war in which a kind of balance has been maintained by political terror.

In this way the Soviet Union reached a condition in which absolute power was exercised by absolutely cynical people over absolutely cynical people, each side vociferously assuring the other that they were all still sincerely building an ideal future society. But the ideology exists now almost as in a work of science fiction: it has separated itself from its substratum and has petrified in the structure of the society. It has become an institution in which nobody (not even the top executive) is allowed verbally to deviate from the dead dogma. The will of millions is still being taken from them and welded into the iron fist of abstraction.

There is practically no free human being inside the entire country. The state—the only employer—will not allow anyone to be financially independent—as indeed no independence of any kind will be tolerated. Everybody must be carrying out a useful task, performing a needed function. Several nationwide networks of security and secret police spy first on each other and then together on everybody else. Such a system has created a new type of a man, who thinks one thing, publicly expresses another, and does a third.

The enormous inertia of this system is not surprising. There is no internal "class enemy" any more; there is no need to terrorize so many millions. Still, there are huge concentration camps, because they have become an integral part of the country's economic, political, and spiritual life. Nobody believes now in the ultimate victory of Communism in the world, but the policy of external subversion and the promotion of "socialist forces" everywhere has become an integral part of the state machinery. The system rules the people.

Beyond inertia, there is something else, something even more decisive: the instinct of self-preservation of the ruling clique. Once you are riding a tiger, it is difficult to jump off. Any attempt at internal liberalization might prove fatal. If the central power were to weaken, the sheer amount of hatred accumulated within the population for these sixty-five years of the socialist experiment would be so dangerous, the results of any reform so unpredictable—and, above all, the power, the fabulous privileges, the very physical survival of the ruling clique would become so tenuous—that one would be mad to expect the Soviet leaders to play with liberal ideas. Only the imminent threat of total collapse might force them to introduce internal reforms.

The two sides of the Soviet regime—internal oppression and external aggression—are inseparably interlocked, creating a sort of vicious circle. The more the regime becomes rotten inside, the more pains are taken by its leaders to present a formidable façade to the outside world. They need international tension as a thief needs the darkness of the night. In the political climate of latent civil war, given the enormous and senseless sacrifices of the last fifty years, the constant economic difficulties, and the lack of basic rights—not to mention, again, the extraordinary privileges enjoyed by the ruling clique—the only hope for stability lies in the need to cope with an external threat: "hostile encirclement" and the subversive activity of "world imperialism." In this artificially created state of war, the worker's demand for a better deal, or a captive nation's demand for its independence, can then be treated as an act of subversion, "playing into the hands of the enemy."

Nor is it enough to create a devil in order to maintain one's religious zeal. This imaginary enemy must be defeated over and over again or there will be the risk that he will seduce you. American "imperialism" must be defeated at any cost, and the liberation of proletarians in the capitalist countries must be promoted by all means. The failure to support a "friendly government," to establish Communist rule in a new country, will immediately be perceived as a weakening of Soviet power, and therefore an encouragement to the sullen and embittered population at home. Any failure of the Soviet international adventure may thus trigger a chain reaction leading to the ultimate collapse of the Soviet rulers. This is why they cannot allow a popular uprising in Hungary, a "Prague Spring" in Czechoslovakia, an anti-Communist "Holy War" in Afghanistan, or an independent alternative center of power in Poland. Immediate repercussions would be felt in all the other countries of the Socialist camp as well as in the Ukraine, the Baltic states, Central Asia, and other occupied territories. The scenario of aggression is depressingly uniform. First, the Soviets undermine a democratic state, helping the friendly "progressive forces" come to power. Next, they have to save their bankrupt "progressive" friends, when the resistance of the population threatens to overthrow them.

Are they frightened to the point of aggressiveness? Yes, but not by your piles of hardware, not by your clumsy attempts at defense. They are frightened by their own people, because they know the end is inevitable. That is why they must score victory after victory over the "hostile encirclement." Behind every victory is a very simple message addressed to their own enslaved population: "Look, we are still very strong and nobody dares to challenge our might."

If they are afraid of you, it is because they are afraid of your freedom and your prosperity. They cannot tolerate a democratic state close to their borders (and then, close to the borders of their

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buffer-states), because a bad example of thriving democracy so close at hand might prove to be too provocative.

KNOWING all this, let us ask ourselves a question: what would happen if the West were to disarm unilaterally? Could the Soviets follow suit? Certainly not. It would mean the rapid disintegration of their empire and a general collapse of their power. Does this mean they will simply roll over the now defenseless Western countries? Again, the answer is: no. They don't need your territory, which would be difficult to hold anyway. Above all, where would they acquire goods, technology, credits, grain, etc., if they were to impose on you their inefficient economic system? They need you in the way China needs Hong Kong. *But from that very moment you will gradually begin to lose your freedom, being exposed to constant and unrestrained Soviet blackmail.*

You may like or dislike your trade unions, but would you like them to have to consider a possibility of foreign invasion every time they wanted to declare a strike—as Solidarity had to do in Poland for eighteen months? You may like or dislike your mass media, but would you like to see the self-censorship of your press in order to avoid an angry reaction by a powerful neighbor—as in Finland? You may like or dislike your system of representation, but at least you are free to elect those whom you choose without considering the desires of a foreign power. Nobody threatens to come into your country and impose a government of its choosing—as in Afghanistan. The nature of the Soviet system is such that it can never be satisfied until you are similar to them and are totally under their control.

So, we come to a very important conclusion: the issue now is not "peace versus war," but rather "freedom versus slavery." Peace and freedom appear to be inseparable, and the old formula "Better red than dead" is simply fatuous. Those who live by it will be both red *and* dead. Whether we like it or not, there will be no peace in our world, no relaxation of international tension, no fruitful cooperation between East and West, until the Soviet internal system changes drastically.

Has this simple and self-evident truth ever been understood by Western decision-makers? I doubt it. In a way, I can share some of the concern of the peace movement. Because for the West to react stereotypically by increasing military spending and stockpiling new hardware every time the Soviet instability-aggression complex manifests itself is simply to miss the target. At any rate, it is not enough. It is not going to change the Soviet system. It is not going to prevent Soviet expansion, especially in the Third World. Soviet ideological warfare is far shrewder than a big nuclear bludgeon. Would we, for instance, consider a nuclear bombardment if tomorrow there were to be a revolt of various tribes in Pakistan, instigated by Moscow? Or a Communist takeover in Iran?

There are plenty of "natural" troubles in the world, brought on by local conditions. But the influence of Moscow immediately turns them into major strategic problems. It would be senseless to try to solve all such problems by military means all over the globe. Simple logic suggests that we must deal first of all with the *source* of the world's major trouble—i.e., the Soviet system. We must find an effective way to help the Soviet population in its struggle for change. After all, they are our biggest ally.

Unfortunately, this has so far never been appreciated by the West, which has instead been continuously strengthening the Soviet system by credits, trade, technology. Why should the Soviets bother to introduce any internal reforms if their inefficient economy is periodically saved by the West? The West is still rich enough to help them out, and Siberia is also rich enough in turn to sell natural gas, gold, diamonds.

WE MAY shake with indignation whenever we hear about the Soviet invasion of yet another country. We hate these little obedient soldiers, ever ready to do whatever they are told. Are they robots? But what do we propose that they should do? Do we honestly expect them to rebel and face a firing squad, while the entire world continues to provide their executioners with goods, credits, and modern technology? Don't we demand of them much more than we demand of ourselves? Somewhere, somehow, this vicious circle must be broken, if we are to survive as human beings. Why not start where it is easier?

There are 90,000 of these "robots" trapped in Afghanistan at this very moment. They cannot rebel because they will be shot down. Even so, there are occasional rebellions (and executions). They cannot desert, because they will either be killed in the process or, if they are lucky and manage to reach Pakistan, the Pakistani authorities will return them to the Soviet command (that is, again, to the firing squad). Does any government try to help them? No. Instead, several European governments have decided to buy Soviet natural gas, perhaps the very same gas that is being pumped out of Afghanistan by the Soviet occupation authorities as compensation for "liberating" Afghanistan.

There is a lot of noise about Poland right now. A lot of noise, and a lot of smoke screens. But does any government sacrifice anything? After issuing thunderous condemnations, the European governments decided not to apply economic sanctions against the Eastern bloc, because sanctions would "harm us, probably, more than them." Why should you establish the kind of relations that only make you more vulnerable than the enemy? Why do you continue to sign new agreements of the

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same type (natural gas, for example)? The American banks recently decided to cover the huge Polish deficit because the "bankruptcy of Poland would undermine the world financial system." What would happen, I wonder, if tomorrow the Soviet-bloc countries were to refuse to pay their debts and to suspend all trade?

This is what the struggle for peace and freedom boils down to: the people in the East should sacrifice their lives, but you should not sacrifice your profits. Small wonder that the Polish army does not rebel.

In fact, the imposition of economic sanctions on the Polish military junta and on their Soviet masters is not just a possible step; it is the actual *obligation* of the Western countries under the terms of the Helsinki agreement. A direct link among security, economic cooperation, and the observance of human rights is the very essence of this agreement. If that is forgotten now, of what point is all the noise lately heard from Madrid?

To tell the truth, I do not believe that any of it has been forgotten. Neither do I believe that the Western banks, industrialists, and governments are so "stupid" as to tie themselves to the Eastern chariot wheels by mistake. It is their deliberate policy, overtly articulated in the time of détente, and covertly now. Moreover, it is their philosophy. They love stability, these bankers and businessmen. And they are much against any resistance movement in the Communist countries, very much against any prospect of liberation for the enslaved nations of the East. They are the greatest peace-lovers of all, far more powerful than all those crowds on the streets of the European capitals. Thanks to them, we descend slowly into the Age of Darkness.

III

This article is not addressed to the bankers, or to the governments. I do not expect any help from them. In spite of all the harsh words used in it, I wish it to be read by sincere people who are seriously concerned with the problems of peace and freedom. They will probably dislike many of the things I have said here. I hope, however, that they will understand its main point: that peace has never been preserved by a hysterical desire to survive at any price. Nor has it ever been promoted by catchy phrases and cheap slogans. There are 400 million people in the East whose freedom was stolen from them and whose existence is miserable. It so happens that peace is impossible while they remain enslaved, and only with them (not with their executioners) should you work to secure real peace in our world.

Your recent mass demonstrations were disastrous, because in them you identified yourselves, willingly or unwillingly, with the rulers of the Eastern countries. To make broad alliances with any public (or governmental) forces just for the sake of power is a tremendous mistake. This mistake must be corrected if we are to live in peace and freedom. We should know who are our friends and who are our enemies. The fate of Solidarity should open our eyes.

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With the American Press in Vietnam

H. J. Kaplan

My time in Vietnam was brief: less than two years. This was not unusual, the normal thing was to move people in and out of that country before they got the hang of it, or even a proper handle on their jobs. Nevertheless, the immersion was intense—as counselor to the American embassy from 1965 to 1967, I conducted the daily press briefing—and I returned to a Washington already so obsessed with the war that it felt as if I were still *in-country*, as the military used to say. It is worth noting that everyone, including the military, insisted that our problem was essentially political; and everyone, including the Foreign Service people, used military jargon. By that time, well into 1967, it had long been officially decided that our friends and allies, the South Vietnamese, *couldn't hack it*, an expression I first heard from General Richard Stilwell, as he emerged grim-faced from a meeting with General William Westmoreland, at MACV (Military Assistance Command, Vietnam) headquarters. Our own military could and would.

In Washington nobody was interested in my desire to return to Europe, where I spoke the languages and could be expected to be of some use. Instead I was awarded the bombastic title of Deputy Assistant Secretary and given a new job: Vietnam. I read cables and briefed the press. Or I briefed Robert McCloskey, the State Department spokesman who briefed the press. Or I briefed people in the White House, who briefed the press. Once I lunched in the Fish Room, next to the Oval Office, with the President of the United States and his press secretary, George Christian . . . and a member of the press. Aside from some scabrous stories that LBJ told about his salad days in Texas, we talked about nothing but Vietnam and the "bloody-minded press."

Having managed at last to get myself assigned to our NATO mission in Brussels, I had no sooner arrived—or so it seemed—than word came from Washington that Averell Harriman and Cyrus Vance were leading a delegation to talk peace with the North Vietnamese in Paris. They had commandeered various cooks and bottlewashers: Philip Habib of the State Department, General Andrew Goodpaster of the Pentagon, and William Jorden of the White House, *et al.*, including me—once again to brief the press. So I went to Paris in time to greet "the Governor," as we called Harriman, at the airport. Some 2,000 reporters—using the term generically—were on hand for the opening of the talks.

For the French, this rather opaque ceremony was soon overshadowed by the student upheavals of May 1968. But not for the others. Early on, at the end of a briefing, someone raised his nose from his notepad and inquired: "Sir? Can you tell us what is going on in the student quarter?" Obviously, I could not. Any damned fool (except me) could say what was going on. For me to say it might create a diplomatic incident. But the interesting thing is that few lingered in the hope that I would commit a gaffe and give them a headline. They were all filing out.

It wasn't part of the Story.

Of the Story, more later. The point of the above is simply to declare my interest. As a Foreign Service officer and a spokesman, I took part in all that, on the government side. More precisely, I continue to take part in it, since historical events (once they have happened) have notoriously always happened. They also alter the past. To cite a trivial example: Mary McCarthy, offended by something I said about the North Vietnamese on French television, or at a party, stopped speaking to me in Paris. Whereupon I went back to her work and decided that she had always been feebleminded about politics. More seriously, after Vietnam it is no longer possible to see diplomacy as a morally privileged profession with an aura of arch but lovable cynicism about it, *à la* Talleyrand. "What is a diplomat? An honest man who goes abroad to lie for his country." Alas, it doesn't wash anymore. Nobody is conceded good intentions, the road to Vietnam being paved with them; and nobody is given the benefit of the doubt.

But if this is true of the Foreign Service, it should be true *a fortiori* of the journalists who were never supposed to lie for their country in the

H. J. Kaplan spent twenty-five years in the Foreign Service and has recently retired as editor-in-chief of *Geo* magazine.

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first place, but simply to see and report and make sense.

THE daily press briefing, over which I presided in 1965 and 1966, was held in what came to be known as the JUSPAO (Joint U.S. Public Affairs Office) building in the center of Saigon. Originally an informal meeting with the small band of resident American correspondents, it focused on two subjects: the kaleidoscopic political situation that ensued upon the overthrow of Diem, with ministerial reshufflings, coups and counter-coups; and military action, i.e., the war against the Vietcong. Thus, even before American troops moved massively into the country, American officials were in the position of reporting and interpreting what was going on in Saigon and throughout the country, and specifically of confirming or refusing to confirm what Vietnamese officials were saying.

This was not a healthy state of affairs. Under Diem, it would probably have got me *png'd* (i.e., declared *persona non grata*) forthwith. For American reporters, however, the daily briefing became a natural and inalienable right. It meant that the Vietnamese were no longer sovereign in their own country and could not be trusted to represent its reality, or even their view of it, to the American press.

After 1965, as our troops moved in and MACV assumed effective charge of operations, most of the reporters lost what little interest they had in trying to sort out the puzzles of Vietnamese politics. The afternoon briefing became an essentially military affair, although still formally presided over by an embassy officer. The news was military, the jargon was military, and the presentation was done in a military manner, by a colonel at first, then by a general, with the usual paraphernalia of charts, graphs, and slides.

As the press corps grew, so did the daily briefing. By the time I left Saigon, JUSPAO was accrediting as many as three to four hundred reporters a *week*, including the Diplomatic (*sic*) Correspondent of the Berkeley *Stink Bomb* and the usual mob of weirdos and adventurers who hung around the villa of the legendary guerrilla fighter Colonel Edward Lansdale. It was Joseph Fried, of the New York *Daily News*, who (if memory serves) invented the term: the Five O'Clock Follies. This was a rendezvous, a Happening, a frequently riotous simulation of a protest meeting in Hyde Park or Union Square. All came—except the Vietnamese—and a great time was had by all. Baiting the military briefing officers was more fun than poker and less dangerous than sex.

It is worth noting that the style and atmosphere of these sessions were born, paradoxically, of a common interest; better still, of a common obsession. The reporters and the briefing officers worked with each other in a spirit of friendly enmity, as it were, within mutually accepted ground rules and with a sense that the very tension between them was somehow required to authenticate the whole affair. They needed each other, resented each other, were resigned to each other, in Saigon as in Washington. The Vietnam Story was a work of collaboration from beginning to end.

Once started, the Americanization of the war—which followed inevitably on certain policy decisions—could not be stopped. The embassy stood on the beach, like King Canute, and commanded the tides. We persuaded the Vietnamese to set up a daily briefing of their own, in the hope that it would at least slow the process down. But it turned out to be a tedious affair, involving the interpretation of long-winded official communiqués. The reporters complained that there weren't enough hours in the day; they sent staff assistants, arranged to be "covered" by colleagues, or simply checked the wire-service tickers in the JUSPAO offices, but there was nothing for it, the Story simply wasn't there.

How long the Vietnamese briefings were continued after my departure I do not know. Nor do I know whether anyone carried on with what R.W. Apple, Jr. of the New York *Times* called the *après-ski*, a little rump session of more senior correspondents, regulars, old hands, that assembled in my office after the five o'clock briefing. All on deep background, so-called. Sol Sanders, then of *U.S. News & World Report*, or Bob Keatley of the *Wall Street Journal* would start with a bit of gossip. Keyes Beech of the Chicago *Daily News* would tell us what "Westy" or some lesser source had suggested the night before. Or, if nothing came of these probes, Jack Foisie of the Los Angeles *Times* would say: "OK, Curly, what have you got to confess?" It was typical of Foisie (who was notable for wearing a baseball cap and being the brother-in-law of Dean Rusk) that he invented nicknames for everyone—in my case a nickname no one else has ever applied before or since. The reporters professed to find these meetings useful, although the ground rules stipulated that they were to yield no copy.

I don't know if they were useful. The newsmen must have picked up something they needed, or they would not have come. For me there was some comfort in being able to talk freely, to lecture and be lectured to in return. But in retrospect the interesting thing is not how useful but how natural, even inevitable, it was to develop this sort of club, this common ground, where professional considerations and antagonism could be suspended, as it were, temporarily—to what end?

That is the question. When historians of the future, after God only knows what cataclysms, study the ancient civilization that was America, I wonder whether they will notice this peculiar intimacy, not to say promiscuity, between government people and those who were trained and paid to torment them.

We are supposed to be a conservative force in

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the world, a bastion of reaction. In Moscow, the dictatorship of the proletariat, the revolutionary government of workers and peasants, is awesome and unapproachable, surrounded by mystery, protected by protocol, police, high walls, shuttered limousines. Even in the countries of Western Europe, the distance between power and people has scarcely been attenuated by the transition from the old regime to democracy. Only in America do Presidents and Ambassadors, not to speak of lesser bureaucrats, call reporters by their first names.

For better or worse, this is the way we are. It would be utopian to suggest that we attempt to surround our government with walls and ditches to isolate it from the press. At the risk of heresy, however, I would submit that since most of our officials are visibly unable to cope sensibly and effectively with the media, and create nothing but confusion or worse in trying to cope, it would make sense—especially in foreign affairs—to limit the damage, establish as much distance as possible, reduce the number of authorized and available spokesmen and, above all, *tone down*. It would be a great thing for our nerves, not to speak of our policy, if only our government could learn again to "speak softly and carry a big stick."

Now the torch is burning again. El Salvador. It used to be said in newspaper circles that Americans were prepared to do anything for the countries south of our border but read about them. These days they are reading a great deal about them, whether they like it or not. There's an uneasy here-we-go-again feeling abroad in the land. And since the Vietnam disaster still haunts the national conscience, questions are being asked about the quality and tenor of what we are reading now, and what we read then. How did the press perform in Vietnam? Can the media be trusted to tell us what we need to know about a complex imbroglio in an impoverished little country whose culture is exotic to us, and where all the options are bad? The *Wall Street Journal* has raised the issue again, charging that the Vietnamese war was misrepresented and the American public misled.

On the record, the *Journal* is right. There is opprobrium enough to go around. Having suffered under Pontius Pilate *and* at the hands of the multitude, we ought at last to arrive at some serenity of spirit and find ourselves able to say: "Forgive them, they knew not what they did." But the fact is that the Vietcong Robin Hoods depicted by so much of our press turned out to be just plain hoods. The South, which was said to be yearning only to reunite with the North, with which it had never been truly united, is being treated like a conquered country. "They have made a desert and called it peace." The unspeakable massacres in Cambodia, the boat people, the genocide of the Hmongs—all this cruelly exposes the gullibility and the shallowness of those who contested the moral right of the Republic of (South) Vietnam to defend itself and, when we tried (however ineptly) to help, consistently presented our adversaries as brave little agrarian reformers pitted against a soulless Moloch. Since Cambodia we have heard a few *mea culpas*, especially from some of our European critics, but not from the chief culprits in this country. So the *Wall Street Journal* has good reason to worry that the El Salvador affair will subject us to another barrage of foolishness from romantic reporters who dream of John Reed's laurels, or perhaps of receiving (as Mary McCarthy has told us she still does) Christmas cards from Pham Van Dong.

But it would be too easy, and fruitless, to limit our strictures to the left-wing reporters who flourished in the atmosphere of frustration and anger created by a situation where "all was to be borne and nothing to be done." The beginning of political wisdom is to avoid creating such situations, and it cannot be denied that this is what we—through five American administrations—invariably did. There were serious objections to our Vietnam policy, inside and outside the government, and persuasive arguments were made on prudential national-interest grounds. These were also reflected in the press. So the reporters with whom I spent those years, in and on Vietnam, can hardly be reduced to a common denominator. They came, as they always do, in a wide range of attitudes, aptitudes, and interests, and they reflected—the pundits no less than the paparazzi—genuine insight occasionally, as well as the confusion and bias our flesh is heir to.

So what else is new? Perhaps this: if we are to profit from a review of the question that agitates the *Wall Street Journal*, i.e., how the press contributed to our disaster—which I believe it demonstrably did—we must not only return to the war itself but reflect a bit on how government and media actually work together, paradoxically, to produce what we call events.

In Vietnam, as everyone knows, officials and media were constantly at odds. Or were they?

The correct answer is yes and no. In Washington there was (and still is) a peculiarly incestuous form of government-press relations that used to astonish my foreign colleagues when they were assigned to our capital: an intense loving-hating mutuality and dependency, a cumulation of personal and professional involvements and interests that exists (so far as I've been able to observe) nowhere else. In my time it reached its heyday during the administration of John Kennedy, who had many close friends in the media world; but the phenomenon hardly depends on presidential predilections. It is built—at all levels—into the Washington scene. The atmosphere it creates is that of an armed and wary familiarity which does not exclude—if anything, it exacerbates—the famous "adversary relationship" that is sup-

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posed to keep government and press honest, and clarify things for both sides.

Inevitably the American style of government-press relations was transferred to Saigon, where the two sides were even more than normally dependent on each other. They ate, drank, and often lived together (as when David Halberstam, then of the New York *Times*, took refuge from Diem's police in the house of one of my predecessors, John Mecklin), and they postured, growled, and snarled at each other at briefings, parties, poker games, restaurants, and less respectable places. Together they produced the peculiar and unforgettable atmosphere in which the Vietnam Story was bathed—moral ambiguity, uncertainty about the facts, confusion of purposes—from beginning to end.

Policy, as always, was laid down from on high; and the business of the people on the ground—very far from on high, in this case—was both to carry out policy and to inflect it in one direction or another, as these government officials saw the situation. The reporters, of course, were an important part of what they saw; and the intimate involvement of the reporters in the entire process, far more than any deliberate intention on the part of officials, is what created the Five O'Clock Follies, from which the Vietnamese were conspicuously absent: the body counts, the bickering and the booby traps, the daily shoot-out, someone called it, at Credibility Gap.

Lest I be misunderstood: the mechanics of this collaboration, the anecdotal trappings—all this is *petite histoire*. But it is important. "When the people cease to respect," said the French grammarian, Rivarol, "they cease to obey." Clearly, the larger determinants of the Story were the great turning-point decisions: to break with Diem, to Americanize the war, to fight it under certain geographical restraints, to withdraw American troops, etc., and these cannot simply be explained by, much less reduced to, the way in which it was crafted, the story of the Story, as it were.

Still, I make a point of all this for two important reasons. First, it tells us something about ourselves, our *modus operandi*, our attitudes toward power: we are not an imperial nation and cannot operate like one on distant ground, with a trained, homogeneous, and practically unaccountable governing class licensed to impose our will. Not, in any event, where large interests, expenditures, efforts, forces, and risks are involved. Secondly, since our interests and the weight we carry in the world inevitably do involve us on distant ground, and in dubious circumstances, our leaders must learn that the media-government nexus is no sideshow. It is intrinsic to the art of governing this country. It requires at least as much insight, talent, and attention as the problem of winning elections.

In matters of national concern, whether it has a position to defend or a program to carry out, the government must turn to the public for support. The public is informed and conditioned by the press which, in turn, is dependent on government for information and ideas. All this is obvious enough. What is perhaps less obvious is how the result of this interplay—the Story—eventually takes on a momentum, a life, of its own. It is an intricate process that ends by affecting not only the formulation of policy but its substance. But there is really nothing mysterious about it. If laymen find it so, it is because they tend to think of government as machinery—a metaphor singularly misleading in a society like ours. Organizations in America, even when (as with the army) they deliberately attempt to assume the appearance of machines, are made up of American people.

THE larger contradictions between ends and means, between declarative policy and operations—for example, the preferential use of artillery and air power on one's own territory, in what was proclaimed to be a political war—were obvious to reporters and civilian officials alike. These things have always happened in war, and notoriously in World War II—but then they were not part of the Story. In Vietnam they became the clichés of incoherence, the symbols of insincerity, the Catch-22 that new reporters automatically inherited, whether or not they had an opportunity to experience it themselves, and sometimes long after the offending practice had stopped. But this is a twice-told tale. What is less well-known, perhaps, is how American government officials operated not, as one might expect, to put an end to such contradictions or to hide them but to insure that they received the most vivid representation.

The result, sometimes, given the commercial competitiveness of our press, was massive distortion. The classic example was the attack on the American embassy during the 1968 Tet offensive.

In the middle of the night, while attacks are being launched throughout the country, a Vietcong sapper squad of about 20 men has slipped into Saigon and broken into the embassy compound. During the initial assault, the two marine guards at the gate and two members of the Vietcong are killed. In the darkness, the remaining members of the squad take cover behind shrubs and fire into the embassy until dawn, when they are located by an American paratroop unit and wiped out. Long before that happens, however, Barry Zorthian, a high-ranking member of Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker's staff, has called the embassy and made contact with the switchboard. Having briefly shared quarters with Barry, I have no trouble visualizing the scene that ensued. Sitting on his bed in his boxer shorts at 3 A.M., he patiently dials the numbers on his urgent press list, alerting the wire services and networks to a great opportunity. If they fail to get their asses, and their cameras, over to the embassy they will miss the story of the year, in which case they will

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hardly be able to blame him for *flacking* or *covering up*—the sins of which American officials were routinely accused by the newsmen.

But of course they did not miss it. Some of the first wire-service flashes on the Vietcong attack were dispatched within fifteen minutes of the break-in. They were imperfect, since Zorthian's communications with the embassy were imperfect, to say the least. But they were sensational, and they wildly distorted the military significance of what was going on.

This is not to say that the services would not have functioned without the help of Barry Zorthian. They were well organized to cover events of this kind. But American editors, who were setting their stories in type before most people in Saigon had heard of the attack, would have been served a little later—and perhaps a little better. The great coup was the television footage which one of the networks actually managed to get out of Saigon and onto the next day's evening news program. It was confused, disconnected, grainy, the commentary ad-libbed by a man (in Tokyo) who was obviously seeing it for the first time; but it was powerful stuff. What effect it had on the public I can only guess. I was in Brussels at the time. But I know that it had an extraordinary effect on Lyndon Johnson. After all those years, all that blood, all those billions, we could not even keep our embassy secure!

In fact, the attackers never got into the embassy, lightly guarded as it was. The Tet events are replete with ironies, and most of them are spun out of the way our press covered the story. For the Vietcong, Tet was a catastrophe. Hanoi sent the hitherto carefully husbanded "People's Army" to attack 32 towns and cities in a single night. These were Southerners, including the cadres who had been "repatriated" from the North. They did not all die, like the sappers in the embassy compound, but most of them did. And with them died the myth of the General Uprising which was supposed to happen when the Vietcong gave the word. Not only was there no uprising, but the South Vietnamese troops in those 32 towns and cities acquitted themselves extremely well. Furthermore, Hanoi dealt its Southern allies a terrible political blow by sending its own divisions to occupy Hué, the ancient imperial capital, and massacre thousands of civilians before they were destroyed or driven out.

What was a catastrophe for the Vietcong, however, was merely a temporary setback for Hanoi—if it can be called a setback at all. It meant that when they took over the South they would have to administer it directly, which they may well have intended to do in any event, so that it hardly surprised me a few years later to hear from a refugee from Saigon, alias Ho Chi Minh City, that even the traffic policemen spoke Vietnamese with Northern accents. Nor does it matter much now how we add up the final score on Tet's effect on the people and politics of Vietnam. Our newsmen would need time and effort to uncover all that, and anyway it was no longer an important part of the Story. The Story by then was centered on Lyndon Johnson and the American Congress. An election year was coming up. For Johnson it was the end of the road.

THINKING back to the beginning, when the bough was bent and the Story began to take shape, we have some help from David Halberstam, one of a pleiad of young reporters who found fame and fortune in Saigon. In a reply to the *Wall Street Journal*'s editorial about press performance in Vietnam, Halberstam has reminded us that he and his colleagues were not, at first, opposed to the war. And this was certainly true for the period during the early 60's—when Halberstam, Neil Sheehan, Malcolm Browne, and others were worrying John Kennedy with reports that flatly contradicted the optimistic statements emanating from official sources. On the other hand, as Halberstam points out, his reports *also* came from official sources, in particular from the American military who had been assigned to advise and live with the Vietnamese troops in the field

Within the larger (but still incipient) war, in short, there was a mini-war between the government of Ngo Dinh Diem and the American reporters, some of whom were being harassed or expelled by Diem's police. The American establishment in Vietnam, diplomats and military advisers, were deeply divided on the subject of Diem. During this period, when he compounded a long series of mistakes and worse by taking on the Buddhists, his popularity plummeted and the National Liberation Front, with its Communist core, made rapid inroads not only in the countryside but in the cities as well. Since it, too, made mistakes, its gains were not destined to last, but it was still seen as an essentially Southern movement. If there ever was a time when the Front might have received a significant share of the vote in a free election, this was it.

Hanoi, meanwhile, was testing the waters, infiltrating the Delta, systematically assassinating Diem's village leadership, establishing command centers in Eastern Cambodia, and stepping up arms shipments through Laos and Sihanoukville. Halberstam and his colleagues had heard Kennedy denounce Nixon for failing to come to the aid of Laos, and later, in his inaugural address, proclaim to friend and foe that we would "bear any burden, pay any price," and so forth. And now they were confronted with the spectacle of little ragtail bands of men in black pajamas moving in and out of South Vietnam at will, collecting tribute and recruits, bloodying an army equipped and advised by us, and demonstrating to the people that it was they who had the "mandate of heaven," i.e., that the future belonged to them.

This, as Halberstam saw it, was the crux of the

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situation. To report it was a public service. But the plot thickens as he goes on to tell us that the burden of his reporting at the time was that Diem was "rigid, isolated from his population, and would not let his troops fight the Vietcong." The problem was not merely that "all other judgments flowed from this," as Halberstam now says, but one judgment in particular: that if Diem had been closer to his people and his troops he would have been more gung-ho.

I do not believe this was true. I was not there in Halberstam's time, but I arrived shortly thereafter and raised the question with many Vietnamese. They felt that, given time, they could manage the Vietcong, either through war or accommodation or a combination of the two, but they could not handle Hanoi. If we could not make Hanoi abandon its project to take over the South, the Republic had no future.

No one has ever accused Halberstam of political genius, but it would also be unfair to suggest that he was as simpleminded or as ignorant about Vietnam as the thundering herd of short-timers who followed in his footsteps. How, then, can he fail to see that his strictures against Diem stand in utter contradiction to the treacle he spreads in the latter part of his *Wall Street Journal* piece (as in so much of his writing on this subject) to the effect that "guerrillas should be allowed to make their own mistakes" and that the South Vietnamese people (not to speak of "elemental social and economic justice") were on the Communist side?

It shakes one's faith in one's fellow man to read such stuff in 1982. Even in Halberstam's time the evidence to the contrary was overwhelming. The South Vietnamese were a hodgepodge of conflicting movements and sects who could agree on almost nothing but this: they did not want Communism or the domination of Hanoi. The millions of refugees who invariably moved toward the government side during the war, and those who took to the sea in peril of their lives after 1975, are a phenomenon without precedent in the history of a people whose religion and sense of identity bound them to their village homes.

Hanoi itself had no illusions on this score. The North Vietnamese knew that, with the exception of the enclaves and "combat villages" they had left behind around Danang, in the Camau, and in a few other areas, the population was indifferent or hostile to them, and increasingly so as word got around about how they were dealing with the peasants in the North. This, in fact, is why Hanoi created the National Liberation Front instead of trying to rally the people to the Communist banner; and this is why they repeatedly promised that they would not impose Communist rule (or immediate reunification with the North) after the Front took over. Unsurprisingly, they had a more intimate knowledge of the South than our diplomats and reporters; and their political sophistication compared favorably, to put it mildly, with that of the American military advisers whom Halberstam cites so proudly as his sources today.

This brings me to an issue that is even more crucial than the question of who—in Halberstam's time—was winning. In focusing so fiercely on the American military advisers, those can-do guys who were so good at counting bodies, Halberstam and his colleagues were producing good and important copy, but they were also missing the point. Not that it was an excessively subtle point or that it did not have a military aspect, but it was an essentially political problem and beyond the ken of soldiers operating on the tactical level, however brave and intelligent they might be.

They slogged around the rice paddies with Diem's troops and came back saying: "These little fellows are doing everything wrong. The Vietcong are winning. Let's get this show on the road!" And this is exactly what we did. Long before Halberstam had learned to "let guerrillas make their own mistakes," we encouraged some ambitious South Vietnamese generals to make theirs: to get rid of Diem with no prospect of replacing him with a credible successor. This was, *pace* Talleyrand, worse than a mistake: a crime. It confused, disrupted, and demoralized the people and the fledgling administration of the Republic. For South Vietnam, which previously had a genuine if embattled existence as a potentially viable country, more prosperous than the North, analogous to South Korea and West Germany, present at the UN and maintaining diplomatic relations with most countries of the free world, the overthrow and murder of Diem was the beginning of the end, however happy it made our military advisers and the reporters who admired their gung-ho spirit.

Talking to some of the Vietnamese generals a year or so later, I had the impression that they simply assumed that we would provide. Cochin China, after all, had been administered directly by the French. They were used to having a protector. They would be happy to devote themselves to the little problems they had with each other, including the Vietcong, and leave Hanoi to us. Thus began the process of making a non-country of South Vietnam. It was accelerated by the hordes of American reporters who now descended on Saigon. Since they spoke no Vietnamese, knew little or nothing about the country, and assumed (correctly, no doubt) that their readers could not care less, they wrote all but exclusively about American efforts, American issues, American personalities, subjects they could understand. In so doing, even when they were sympathetic to American purposes, they were worth many divisions to Hanoi.

For the Communists, the delegitimizing of the Republic was a major problem, perhaps *the* major

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problem, in the early years. It is clear from their propaganda that they expected that it would take much longer than it did. We helped them solve it because our government and our press failed to see Vietnam as anything other than a cluster of American problems—out of a blinkered national egocentrism that would have been comprehensible if not justifiable in a colonial power, but made no sense at all for us whose only purpose was to leave, once the Republic's existence had been secured.

Could we not have refused the inheritance in 1963? We could have and should have: it is easy to say it now. Morally, it would have been difficult, because of the Diem affair, but hardly the felonious betrayal that Congress committed in 1975. Politically, in any case, it turned out to be impossible. The public, since no one explained that we were going to set up ground rules that would make the war unwinnable, was clearly in favor of standing firm.

But I am not going to rehearse the dreary story that lay ahead. The point that concerns us here is simply that, after the anti-Diem reporters had their way, South Vietnam largely disappeared from the Story, which became the great American Media Event that we all came to know so well. There were Vietnamese on our side, of course; they surfaced occasionally, as during the paroxysm of Tet, when they took four or five casualties to every one of ours, or as a minor irritant during our negotiations with Hanoi; but on the whole they were relegated in our press to certain stereotyped roles, ranging from the comic to the repulsive, but invariably minor. *Ces pêlés, ces galeux, d'où vient tout le mal.**

This in fact had already begun happening early in 1965, when I arrived in Saigon. There is a wire-service story, a composite of many, that sticks in my mind, to the effect that Staff Sergeant John Doe had been wounded in an engagement between South Vietnamese troops and the Vietcong, somewhere in the Delta. That is called the *lead*, after which the ticker says *more*. Sergeant Doe, adviser to General Nguyen Van Manh's Fourth Regiment, was from Doeville, say, Illinois, where his parents lived at 453 Main Street. He was a graduate of Lincoln High School and had been in the army for 15 years. Doe, the *nth* American in Vietnam to earn the Purple Heart, took an active interest in the Orphanage of the White Fathers in Can Tho. There followed three or four more paragraphs, each preceded by the word *more*, all about John Doe.

The story ended with a paragraph to the effect that 245 Vietcong were killed in the same engagement, according to the South Vietnamese. Their own losses were given as 24 dead and 65 wounded.

"AFTER such knowledge, what forgiveness?" Obviously none, but if there is anything we can be said to know as a result of the Vietnam experience it should be this: that ours is a society incapable of protracted warfare in a peripheral place, in which the prospect of victory (i.e., the destruction of the enemy's capacity to continue the struggle) is deliberately ruled out—as we did by making it clear that the North Vietnamese forces, no matter how badly they were mauled, could always retreat into Cambodia, Laos, or across the 17th parallel, to rest, regroup, and prepare to fight another day. Their arsenals were in Russia and China. Their supply lines could be harassed but not interdicted. Their manpower was, for all practical purposes, inexhaustible. Throughout the world they were represented as a brave little people fighting off a big bully, instead of the nasty little orthodoxy they were. For the leaders of a movement that had murdered its political opponents, repressed its peasantry, and destroyed the country's economy, the war was a godsend: their existential project, the one great and glorious thing they had to do. For us, as we fought it, it was an exasperating and bloody distraction, detour, waste.

In short, it was a hopeless situation, and it would be a gratuitous insult to our military leaders to suggest that they were unaware of so patent a fact. Yet they said little or nothing about it because their business was to obey, because optimism (as in corporate life) is equated with loyalty, or because the larger perspectives were "political," hence off-limits. Apparently, Clausewitz is not taught in our military academies anymore. The professionals could console themselves with the thought that they were training men, trying out systems; it was a lousy war, they said, but the only one they had. But they were whistling in the dark and they knew it.

What astounds the retrospective observer is that this matter of sanctuaries was never, or almost never, raised in the press. Millions of words were devoted to the struggle in the South and none, or almost none, to the obvious fact that its source was across the border and could not be destroyed from the air. During the early years, when Hanoi was behaving with some caution, it was possible to argue that it would be enough to destroy the Vietcong, or even make some accommodation with it, but even before Tet 1968 these arguments had lost their point. Why then was it never suggested that the war be carried to North Vietnam?

The answer, of course, is that memories of Korea (and of our near disaster there, when the Chinese came pouring over the Yalu) were still painful and fresh. "We seek no wider war," Dean Rusk kept intoning, a signal to all and sundry. But the effect of it was to inform all and sundry that we were going to make the war excruciating

* "Those mangy fellows, who've brought us the plague," from La Fontaine's fable, *Les Animaux Malades de la Peste*.

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to South Vietnam, unbearable to ourselves—but sustainable (and finally unlosable) for Hanoi and its allies.

My point is simply that if we were not prepared to accept the risk of Chinese intervention and "go North," the only lasting and useful effect of introducing half-a-million American troops into South Vietnam—useful, in the event, to Hanoi—was to make the Republic, our ally, disappear from the face of the earth. But our reporters, those tireless investigators, never missed it. Few seem to have noticed. The South Vietnamese were not very helpful anyway. Who needed them? As sources they were doubtful or inscrutable. They staged no Five O'Clock Follies, provided no helicopters to move you around the country. And they never called you up in the middle of the night to let you know that something was going on.

For my part, I did miss the South Vietnamese. I still do. Not simply because I believe it unhealthy for us to let the idea get around that our embrace is fatal, or that we fink on our friends, but because the South Vietnamese really deserved better than they got. Their revolving-door governments were corrupt and incompetent, they were hopelessly divided, politically naive, with no neat ideology (like the Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism of their brothers to the North) to explain reality away. There were times when the entire male population seemed afflicted by a suicidal mania, but they could also be gentle and very bright. And the women were moving, lovely, all Mother Courage—from the age of two up.

All this is hideously sentimental, I know, but we made promises to these people. True, they were not passionate about counting bodies for the benefit of the Associated Press, and few of them would spend much time drinking with our military advisers and the reporters, who agreed (on *background*, of course) that the little fellows just couldn't hack it. Under the circumstances, to hack it was simply to keep things going, like rats on a treadmill. There wasn't much in that game for the South Vietnamese. Yet they kept fighting, still lying about their casualties in the time-honored way, but taking an incredible number of them. My own surmise, reinforced by the spectacle of the boat people, is that they might still be fighting if our distinguished Congress had not decreed that there would be no help from us if the North Vietnamese violated the agreement that Henry Kissinger negotiated with Le Duc Tho, and no more resupply of their troops—an event which, if memory serves, was duly reported but made little of in our media, that being Watergate time.

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Vanishing Acts

Edgar Rosenberg

MY FATHER, a prosperous lawyer in Nuernberg, returned from a month-long professional trip abroad to our home in Fuerth to be present at my Bar Mitzvah in early October 1938. His return was imprudent, to say the least; he would have been better off staying on in Brussels. But perhaps he sensed that this was to be the last Bar Mitzvah in Fuerth anybody would have a chance to attend, and though he lacked all religious scruples, I suspect that his sense of history and his slightly wistful sense of endings urged him to join us. Ours is a congregation which dates from the early 16th century and flourished almost uninterruptedly under the friendly auspices of the margraves of Anspach and bishops of Bamberg; and my father may have regarded my initiation as all the more notable for marking a terminal point.

My father was visibly moved by the ceremony; my mother beamed and waved to me from the balcony; my brother Hans, off in the children's section, embarked on a breath-holding contest with young Thalheimer, timing himself on a stopwatch my father had given him—three weeks ahead of time, perhaps to avoid needless risks—for his tenth birthday, while I stood below Rabbi Behrens's pulpit, decked out in a blue school blazer and visored cap and, scared to death of bursting into hysterical titters, failed to catch one syllable of his sermon, which was said to be one of his longest and finest—a tribute to the prominence of our family.

As everyone knows, my father's forebodings were borne out a mere five weeks later by the event which has entered our textbooks as "Crystal Night," when our good *Altschul* and *Neuschul* were reduced to heaps of rubbish and dust; and as no other Bar Mitzvahs appeared on Rabbi Behrens's increasingly barren agenda between early October and November 9, mine was indeed the definitive final performance. I must not forget to add that by an amusing coincidence the author to whom posterity owes the term "Crystal Night" was to be tried as a leading war criminal seven years later in the very same chambers in which my Papa had begun his auspicious career!

Instead of returning to Brussels directly after my debut, my father lingered in town, partly to wind down his legal affairs, partly to crank up all needful provisions for our emigration. But the day after Crystal Night, one Florian Leutheuser, one of those priggish, time-minded people on whom our regime seemed to thrive, a former bookkeeper at the South German Trust Company who had wrenched the directorship of the bank from my father as early as May '33 and never forgiven my father for keeping him waiting until then, rang up the office—his first call in years. Fraeu'n Wedel, the secretary, informed him, correctly if vaguely, that my father was "out" (he was out for lunch). "Aha," growled the embittered bookkeeper, "oh so, the swine has slipped through my fingers already," and hung up. My father quietly told my mother to lay out some shirts for him and left for Switzerland the same night. The legality of his flight might have pleased the Party itself: he left with a passport and visa in his vest pocket. At worst, Leutheuser and his crowd might have grumbled at his failure to turn in his passport (as required by law) within twenty-four hours of his return from his last trip abroad. But he had reached St. Gall before that occurred to any of them.

As I said, my father had put his five weeks in town to good use in promoting the family interests. A brief trip to Stuttgart and a cordial reunion with the Haitian consul, Monsieur Amédée Bouchereau, with whom he had broken his bread and shared his kippers ages ago in a Surrey prep school (Conan Doyle popping over from time to time to join the boys in a cricket match), yielded four visas to the Black Island. A mildly draconian telegram to my Aunt Else's fiancé, a certain Herr Karpf, brought almost apologetic assurances from Forest Hills that Karpf would cough up four affidavits to the States; for naturally we planned to escape from Haiti the minute our immigration quota to a more plausible climate matured. An elaborately embroidered exchange of letters with two entirely unknown parties in Montreux (all

EDGAR ROSENBERG is professor of English and Comparative Literature at Cornell and the author of a study of Jewish stereotypes in literature, *From Shylock to Svengali*. He has written widely on Dickens and modern novelists, and his fiction, translations, and essays have appeared in *Esquire*, *Epoch*, *Judaism*, and journals abroad. The episode published here forms a condensed chapter from a fictionalized family memoir spanning the period from 1936 to 1941.

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parties begging each other to accept the expression of their most distinguished sentiments) secured provisional homes for my brother and me, pending our embarkation for Haiti on the *Klaus Horn* in mid-June. An ardent Anglophile (he carried a Browning revolver as captain in the Sixth Bavarian Field Artillery Regiment), my father would have preferred to see his sons lodged within biking distance of Guildford or Haslemere, but this somehow failed to pan out, and Montreux seemed a sensible second choice. But whether the *Klaus Horn* would push on to Porte-au-Prince with or without us, or whether the parties in Montreux would ever get to pay for our haircuts—that was more than even my father could promise. For though we had all the visas and affidavits a Jew could wish for, as long as we had no passports not even fifty visas would be of the slightest use to us.

It is at this point that Prefect Kandl enters the picture. For it was entirely up to *him* either to unhand our passports and send us packing or, on the contrary, to keep our passports locked in his drawer and keep us nicely in town, just as he pleased. And no man knew Prefect Kandl's pleasures. But lo: a meager three weeks after my father's getaway, Mailman Flick brought a somewhat carelessly typed four-line letter, marked by an overabundance of semicolons and a deficient supply of full stops, *viz*: that my brother and I were to present ourselves at Kandl's office on Saturday next, the 3rd inst!

Whether my father ever met Prefect Kandl I can't now recall; but as a high-priced attorney who had messed mostly in *Emigrationsangelegenheiten* since his dismissal from the South German Trust and still followed through on a few of his clients in Ostend, London, and Zurich, he could hardly have passed up one or two meetings with our local demon. Prefect Kandl had been sent up from Munich to Fuerth three years before and within a month of his installation had turned into a household word among my scared co-religionists. His hold on the non-Aryan imagination is all the more striking if you consider that his transfer must have involved a signal demotion, for Munich is a city of nearly a million souls, whereas Fuerth has never been more than a town, and hardly more than a suburb of Nuernberg at that; every Nuernberger worth his salt looks down his nose at my townsmen as little better than the stupid people of Helm. And to inspire horror when you have been publicly humiliated is not merely perverse but remarkable, and Prefect Kandl's fantastic lure redounds to his credit. For that matter, his title may not have been prefect. He was simply head of the Fuerth passport office, but I can scarcely call him Passport Officer Kandl—which would not have been his exact title either. That he was in some way connected with the Secret Police may, however, I think, be more or less taken for granted. Unless the whole thing turned out to be a misunderstanding by the Four Powers, only his dubious police record can explain their extreme measures against him in '46, when they had so many bigger fish to fry.

And so my little brother and I were to meet the monster head-on in his lair, just the two of us, without an attorney to come along, without any other adult: I could barely wait. The Israelitic School had been shut down since the 9th, and are children pensioners that they can live on vacations alone? I went nearly dotty with fidgetiness and boredom; my furtive lying and endlessly windy gabble, the gruesome quarrels I picked with my brother and with the cook began to alarm the whole house. Any new move had to be a move in the right direction: nothing could be more welcome than Kandl's summonses.

These citations—four of them, of diminishing interest in the nature of things—were promptly timed to bring us out on the Sabbath, as though Kandl had made up his mind to keep us from listening in on Rabbi Behrens's Saturday morning prattle. But as Rabbi Behrens had now been deprived of his pulpit for nearly a month, Kandl's timetable made little sense. As a surly concession to the devout, the Party had licensed a makeshift prayer-house to be set up at the northern reaches of Adolf Hitler Strasse, but I would no more be caught in a wooden shanty, the size of Uncle Tom's cabin, than I would be caught in a public soup kitchen. My brother, too, a chubby, sunny, bespectacled imp, whose glasses oddly enhanced his childishly droll appearance, found the prospect of shaking hands with our wizard a source of the noisiest gratification. Blithe as a lark, he raced into the kitchen an hour before our summons and from sheer excess of mirth whacked our cook Minna Melba on her behind: a smutty, potato-nosed slattern with dyed red hair, so foulmouthed that only the hopeless shortage of help kept my mother from giving her notice, and a consummate magpie into the bargain, who had no sooner installed herself than she filched my mother's priceless *Vom Winde Verweht* and flung it into her quarters as if she were engaged in a private vendetta with Scarlett O'Hara or General Sherman—the book was the sensation of Fuerth; it had drawn rave notices in Max Willmy's afternoon paper and almost outsold *Mein Kampf*.

"Well, Minna, old sow," said my brother, "Edgar and I are off to pay our respects to that creep, old Kandl. Don't ask me when we'll be back; just tell Mami not to wait lunch for us. Give me a coughdrop, Minna, will you? Maybe Herr Kandl has a sore throat."

And off we were. To my great vexation we didn't run into a soul.

Prefect Kandl, instead of exercising his right to keep us waiting an hour, gave the appearance of positively lying in ambush for us. I had no sooner reported our names to the

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chlorotic young brownshirt idling in the hallway and staring at his "Erika" typewriter with a certain glassy tentativeness, as if he couldn't make up his mind whether to type a comma or colon, or whether the loan-word *Visum* should be replaced by a less extravagant native term, than Prefect Kandl himself came marching out of his inner sanctum and motioned us to follow him—I rather despised him for getting to us so quickly. The whole thing smacked of very poor business—painfully poor business in light of his reputation and the generally heavy traffic these days. And besides, the "scene" in his office could have lasted no longer than fifteen minutes: no sooner had he marched us into his chamber than we found ourselves out in the street again.

I had barely time to receive more than a rather misty impression of Kandl's office; I recall its being a large sort of office, located past a row of smaller offices at the end of a long corridor, as if to announce: all roads lead to Kandl. The thing might have been a blueprint for all offices in creation, with a large square desk desperately bare of so much as a paperclip or a rubberband—bare of everything except a phone and a sepia-tinted photo featuring a squint-eyed child in a sailor suit, a child of indeterminate sex: only Kandl and God could have told you whether the child was a Paul or a Paula, a Siegmund or a Sieglinde. But I can swear to the squint and the sailor suit, for instead of facing Kandl the child had been turned around to face Kandl's young visitors, no doubt because of the prefect's grandfatherly pride in the child, or perhaps because he himself could no longer bear to look at the squint, or more likely yet in the hope that the squint would most thoroughly confuse and trip up his clients and diddle them into saying something good and stupid. Behind the desk, a large photo of the Leader disguised in a Tyrolean jacket, stooping to accept some forget-me-nots from a dirndl-clad pigtailed slip of a thing, a slightly embarrassed camera smile on his lips; a rolled-up flag in one corner and a potted palm in the other. And that, except for a few chairs, seemed to exhaust Prefect Kandl's means and promoted an air of desolate vacancy. For all that, he appeared to be quite sufficiently self-assured to dispense with a uniform. He received us in mufti, in a pin-striped blue business suit.

Kandl himself, like the office, was built along tidily geometrical lines: square-shouldered, straight as a ramrod, tall as the Hotel Buegeleisen in New York, his gait so stiff that it betrayed a certain awkwardness, as though he were just recovering from the gout, if the gout were not two hundred years out of date. And though his needle-sharp head of hair might have passed for the spikes in the Iron Maiden of Nuernberg's belly, Kandl's phiz ill-matched his prescription physique, with its bilious red cheeks and double fold at the back of his neck. His blue saucer eyes fairly popped out of their sockets, as though restraining themselves with difficulty from springing on you the latest in ghastly weather forecasts. And though he was said to be seized by bursts of hilarity and given to fancy locutions—ill-suited to a public official—we waited in vain for a taste of his legendary buffoonery. He came on as a thoroughly humorless martinet, as humorless as Attorney Held, my father's Aryan accountant and junior partner, described him. Attorney Held, whose opinions were none too sound and who liked to capture anyone west of Leningrad in a smart epigram, once said to my mother:

"Our good Kandl, *gnaedige Frau*, like the philosopher Schopenhauer, goes down to the cellar after breakfast every morning to practice laughing. Where other people do knee-bends or push-ups to face the day, our elderly Mephistopheles—I beg pardon for the limping analogy, which is hardly fair to our foremost national wit—our Kandl stretches his lips and tests his laryngial organs in the dark depths of his wine cellar. You really must meet him sometime." . . .

CONSIDERING the distressing dearth of business, Kandl seemed to be in a devilish hurry, and the minute he had us trapped in the office with the squint-eyed child and the palm he couldn't get rid of us fast enough. Before Kandl could open his mouth to say how-de-do, my brother jumped to attention, bellowed, "Heil Hitler, Herr Kandl!" and, extending his hand, he said, "Great pleasure to meet you at last, Herr Gauleiter; I've heard a great deal about you from Attorney Held and my Grandmother Arnstein. I hope you had a pleasant ride up from Munich." And he pulled up a chair and sat down.

Poor Kandl arrested himself in mid-motion as *he* was about to sit down, his beefy face expressing such pitiable confusion that I instantly tried to explain the fresh child away and with the ingratiating smile of a young confidence man began, "All my apologies, Herr Polizeipraesident" (I really had no idea how to address him); "I beg the Herr Praefekt to make allowances for my brother; Gauleiter Streicher, of course, is a household word in our family; my brother Hans in particular is an avid reader of Gauleiter Streicher's *Stuermer* and regards every high Party official as a district leader regardless . . ." At that, my palaver contained a few nuggets of truth. Not, of course, that any Jew would dream of subscribing to our portly Gauleiter's scandal sheet; heaven forbid! But for years now the *Stuermer* had been on exhibit in a display case on Blumenstrasse, a few doors down from the Israelitic School, and the caricatures of the Jews on display positively entranced my brother who gaped at them four times a day, on the way to school and on the way home.

But "That's enough!" Kandl barked; he barked like a drill sergeant and not at all like a district leader. And cracking his finger joints once or twice, either from habit or a misguided trick to

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scare us, he lit, not into me but into my brother, whom he seemed much to prefer to me. He came to the point at once.

"May I ask when your esteemed Herr Father plans to return from his 'business trip'?" He addressed my brother by the formal pronoun—"*Ihr verehrter Herr Vater,*" not "*Dein lieber Papi,*" as though he had misfiled the ability to distinguish children from adults somewhere along the line.

Naturally my brother was flattered out of his wits to be asked ahead of me and to be addressed as *Sie*. For the first time in his young life, somebody actually spoke to him as a grown-up! The self-respect with which the prefect imbued him increased my brother's respect for the prefect; inwardly sticking out his tongue at me for being passed over, his eyes dancing with *Schadenfreude*, he told Kandl:

"Tomorrow morning, on the eight o'clock."

This so caught poor Kandl off guard that he glared at my brother as if his baby-blue eyes were determined to fly out of their sockets once and for all. I was about to come to his rescue again when Kandl silenced me with a gesture so furious that he might have been cracking Streicher's own whip of raw elephant hide, the famous whip with the silver handle, a birthday present to Streicher from A* H* himself. Kandl's hair seemed to grow another five centimeters, and an alarming blue vein hammered away at his forehead. But this, too, passed. I thought that at least he could wrench the muddled typist away from his toy and scream for a railway schedule to check out his facts. It must have been at this point that I became aware of a marked characteristic of Kandl's along with his humorlessness: the man's fundamental apathy —and this despite the spectacle of furious amazement to which he had just treated us. The point is that his fury spent itself within seconds. It came and went like a breath, a bubble. It struck me that whatever his springs and motives, his crotchets and capriccios might be, whatever my brother or I revealed to him, the facts in the case were destined to remain immaterial, the consequences—inconsequential, checked by a bottomless, fathomless lethargy. To look up facts, figures, and timetables seemed to be absolutely none of his business. Perhaps he had mislaid the urge to check out his facts down in Munich; I really have no idea. Instead, he merely asked:

"May I ask how you came by this information?" Really, he talked to my brother as if the child were any old middle-aged customer in brown Donegal tweeds.

"With the Herr Kandl's permission, the Widow Melba told me."

"And who in the devil's name is the Widow Melba?" asked Kandl.

My brother appeared to enjoy himself as tremendously as I had been primed to enjoy myself; I was green with envy. "Oh Lord," he said, "that's a long story. When Gusti Maul," he "explained," "quit cooking for us in November without a day's notice because Herr Maul wouldn't stand for it anymore, and then my mother hired the Virgin Amalie Fix from the convent, oh pooh, she had a hunchback worse than a camel's, at least in profile, and then the Virgin Amalie quit on account of bleeding and you guessed it! Annie Kalbskopf called up my mother and said, Lilly, that's my mother, Lilly, Lilli Bendit knows of an excellent cook, except that she can't say much else for her, so my mother hired the Widow Melba on the spot, her first name is Minna. I think you'd enjoy her, Herr Kandl; that Minna is a real filthpot and *Mistfink*, those are her very words, they make my hair stand on end, oh Lord what a greasy female . . ."

"I see," said Kandl. "Your cook informed you that your father plans to return—tomorrow—on the eight o'clock."

"Right," said my brother. He folded his arms and looked at me in mute triumph, as much as to say, "Now we're getting somewhere. Brother, you just leave it to me."

"And how," asked Kandl, "is it that the cook Minna Melba deserves to be in your father's confidence?"

AT THIS it struck me that Kandl perhaps wasn't quite so dumb as he seemed. Obviously the prefect (and only his laziness spoke against this) was fishing for nothing less than a charge of racial pollution to pin on my father and Minna, and breaking my forced vow of silence, I blurted out: "The woman is sixty-two!"

Kandl turned his head toward me in a maneuver which engaged his entire body, for his head seemed as though glued or screwed on to the rest of him so very tightly that his bulging neck had lost its freedom to move.

"Are you insinuating," he asked, "that the dinosaur age of sixy-two unfits a person for reading or writing?" He actually said "insinuating" and "unfits."

"Oh no, Herr Polizeirat," I replied bashfully, batting my eyelashes at him, "by no means." Evidently Kandl himself had passed the dinosaur age, and it wouldn't do to offend him. And with my head full of the racial pollution idea, I added, "Frau Melba and my father live 600 kilometers apart—as the Herr Polizeichef knows, of course." With that for a headstart, I went on glibly and unctuously: "Naturally I can't claim that Frau Melba is analphabetic or illiterate; in fact, she reads certain odd books, but I can assure the Herr Polizeifuehrer that she and my father are certainly not on writing terms. It isn't a custom in our family to correspond with our domestics, apart from a postcard I once sent from our vacation in Muggendorf to our governess, Julie Frank, who left our household as a result of the race laws promulgated at the Party Congress of Freedom anno '35 . . ."

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Kandl, cutting me off with another wave of the hand, muttered "analphabetic, no less; illiterate, no less; promulgated, no less"—he repeated himself like a Jew. To my horror the idiot added, "Anno Shmanno, Anno Shtanno; kindly keep your Yiddish gibberish to yourself."

"It's Hebrew for 'ye may recline tonight,'" my brother informed him. "It's from the Passover meal, where the Angel of Death smites the firstborn, hee hee." He added truculently: "We don't speak Yiddish in our family."

Kandl, perhaps to spare himself the effort of giving his figure another heave by turning it back to my brother, asked me: "Are you in contact with the Herr Doktor? Unless, that is, your entire family busies itself in the kitchen, like the bookish Frau Melba."

You might have thought that his irony was his one saving trait. It wasn't; it didn't detract one ounce from his mirthlessness. But at least his question suggested that he had no interest in pursuing the racial-pollution theory and dropped it as immaterial as soon as my brother had raised it. My brother pouted at having the conversation so unceremoniously snitched from him; then he sat back in his chair, his arms crossed over his tummy, satisfied that Kandl had taken notice enough of him and in mere fraternal fairness should now have a go at me. He even gave me a little encouraging nod and in a stage whisper said, *"Mach's gut,* Edgar. He won't eat you." I needed all the encouragement I could get, for Kandl's question really pulled the rug out from under me. I obviously had to curb my unbridled tongue for once, for I had to sort out in my mind just how much Kandl could be expected to know and how much he could not be expected to know—and I had no idea how much he did know. I rolled my eyes at the ceiling for a few seconds, to give myself time to weigh the alternatives and to give Kandl something to look at. Naturally, I avoided the squint-eyed booby trap like the ten plagues.

"Yes, Herr Polizeirat," I said, "as far as I know, we are in contact. Of course, I can speak only for myself, though I assure you that a person of Frau Melba's . . . um . . . credentials would never dream of sending my father a picture postcard of the Bismarck Tower or Wittelsbach Bench or the Hippo Hippo at our Kermis, despite my father's excellent horsemanship in the Sixth Bavarian under the command of our own Prince Rupprecht during our last armed conflict. Yes, I myself did write him recently to congratulate him well in advance on his upcoming forty-ninth birthday which by the oddest coincidence falls on Epiphany. I often wonder why my grandfather failed to call him Caspar or Melchior by his middle name; his first, of course, was given him in honor of the Iron Chancellor whom, I am happy to say, my father met as a six-year-old at Bad Kissingen some years after our Hero's retirement. My father even presented his namesake with a bouquet of violets and in answer to the Hero's gracious question, 'What is your name, handsome child?' my father replied, 'Otto, like you.' My brother Hans added a brief *nota bene* to my letter" (here my brother sat up and nodded vehemently) "but that hardly amounted to more than 'Best Wishes'—that sort of thing. I myself presented him with an India-ink drawing of the Nuernberg skyline, chiefly occupied by our fortress, with two dots to indicate the hoofprints left by the Robber Baron Eppelein von Gailingen's steed during Eppelein's timely escape; it may be of interest to the Herr Polizeihaupt that according to one of our history texts a medieval non-Aryan, a certain Jew Jeklein, gave aid and comfort to the famed fugitive. Moreover, I sent my father a profile of Albert Duerer, the Pride of Nuernberg; drawing has long been a hobby of mine and before the November . . . the November securities a drawing master used to come down from Nuernberg to administer private lessons to me; the name of Herr Magnus Simmel may not be unfamiliar to the Herr Polizeikommandant."

And now I ask you: what thirteen-year-old has ever been known to utter such perfectly nauseating and unnatural nonsense? The incoherent drivel I talked, the lubricity with which I brought all this forth, the debased precociousness of my nonstop jabber—will it really do to chalk this up to my innate gabbiness, my notorious penchant for mimicking grown-ups, and to the threadbare rebuke that "Edgar is never lost for words"? Yes and no. The point is that under Kandl's lazily bulging eyes I may well have been lost for words—as never before or since. All I know is that I do not to this day remember talking the sort of sickly rubbish of which I now vented myself. But for the time being Kandl betrayed no desire whatever to release me from my drowsy rambles and tittups but gave me all the time to wallow in my diffuse sleep-talk. Whether he paid any attention to all this blather is more than I know. Not the least of this hideous man's unfathomed shallows lay in his own sleepy mesmerism, when after all you would expect the essence of hypnotism to lie in the hypnotist's power to subpoena, so to speak, every last vestige of concentration in him.

"In my letter," I went on, "I brought my father up to date strictly on family news. It goes without saying that I mentioned a recent visit I paid to my oldest surviving relative, Geheimrat honoris causa h. c. Justus Schnebel, an ancient morsel confined to a room in the Israelitic Hospital on Theaterstrasse, the author of an unfinished Philippikon *contra Judaeos*; the eloquent ancient, alas, is now reduced to munching on grapes and disgusting hospital baby food and can barely speak words of more than one syllable, such as 'nu,' 'oi,' and 'pshaw.' I further informed my father that my cousin Elsbeth Bernheim had recently been deliv-

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ered of identical twins in Palestine, of whom only the older survived the frightful Zionist heat. Frau Bernheim, née Steinacher, emigrated to Palestine with her husband two years ago; Herr Siegbert Bernheim, a native of Passau, supports the young family on the proceeds of a chicken farm near the Transjordanian bridgehead—not, with the Herr Polizeileiter's permission, on one of these revolutionary labor-union kibbutzes but a peaceful civilian sandy lot across the street from an ice-cream parlor. Perhaps the Herr Polizeiinspektor will appreciate my delight that the Bernheim nuptials took place in the pretty village of Buchau-am-Federsee: yes indeed. As my father reminded me, Buchau-am-Federsee has been a landmark of history ever since our national poet von Schiller mentioned it in his play *Wallenstein's Camp*, in which the cavalry sergeant asks the first rifleman, 'You can't be from about our way,' and the rifleman shrewdly silences him with the rhyme, '*I* am from Buchau-am-Federsee' . . ."

And that is as far as I got. Perhaps the phrase "silences him" brought Kandl out of his trance. "Your father reminded you?" he pulled me up short. To repeat: from his vacant expression I hadn't been able to tell whether he had taken in one word I said. All I know is that I had been sheerly unable to stop talking. "So you do receive mail from your father?"

I FALTERED for a brief second, and then I went on smoothly enough: "I beg the Herr Praefekt's pardon for the mix-up. I meant that my father reminded me of the line about Buchau at the time of my cousin's nuptials in '36, and as *Wallenstein* has long been my favorite history play, I underlined the verse about Buchau which the Herr Praefekt so thoughtfully mentioned."

"But do you receive mail from your refugee father?"

"He definitely has not answered my birthday letter . . ." I stammered—I withheld the obvious fact (as none of the prefect's business) that my father could not have answered the anyhow premature letter yet. But Kandl was getting uncomfortably warm, and I didn't care for the offensive reference to the refugee.

"In short," Kandl terminated the visit, "the Herr Doktor is not returning—tomorrow morning—on the eight o'clock." The conclusion seemed oddly to take a weight off his shoulders. No doubt it propitiated his bottomless laziness by saving him the trouble of pursuing this labyrinthine affair to its depths for the moment. Since he rasped out his curtain line in the indicative mood, it clearly shut off an answer. But now as the devil would have it, I had rehearsed all along one pat line to suit all occasions, and though the occasion failed to materialize, I had so primed myself for it that I could not help springing the line on him:

"My mother has asked me to refer Herr Kandl to our family lawyer, Justizrat Dr. Karl Mohrenwitz." This Mohrenwitz was a creature of roughly my father's age, a perfect joker, obese and comically ugly in his stained Lederhosen, which he wore in season and out of season, even on business. He had cheated the Race Bureau out of its due by marrying, some months before the Party Congress of Freedom, a jolly Aryan fifteen years younger than he, a née Pfifferling, whom he had unearthed in some spot near Floss or Waldsassen, in the leafy Upper Palatinate, and whom he fondly addressed as "Pfefferlein Kleopatra." He would burst in on her after office hours, yelling, *"Pfefferlein Kleopatra / Dein herrlicher Gemahl ist da!"* or even, in moments of cruder affection, *"Pfefferlein Klosettpapier / Dein himmlisch-schoener Karl ist hier!"* or yet, *"Kleopatra, mein Raabenherz / Komm' her zum Dr. Negerscherz!,"* which was really too much. Like Kandl's, his business seemed none too rosy, nor did he give the impression of taking it very seriously. On the streetcar, two weeks ago, old Frau Miesle, the laundress, weighed down with grocery bags, asked Karlchen to open the door for her at the Jakobinen Street stop, and in answer to old Miesle's dripping "Why Thank You Very Very Much, Herr Justizrat Mohrenwitz," Karlchen said: "My pleasure, Frau Gemueserat; it's the only commission I've had since the *Anschluss*." And though his so much as talking to the old Miesle in public might very easily have led to a note of denunciation to the *Stuermer*, Karlchen escaped with his skin intact, perhaps because of his foresight in mating himself to his Pfefferlein, or because nobody caught him in his forbidden traffic, or nobody wanted to catch him, for his pranks endeared him to Jew and Gentile alike.

Not to Kandl! A fatal mistake to mention Mohrenwitz as our referee, but how in the world was I to know! At my dropping his name, Kandl's blue vein appeared on his forehead, like an omen in the sky, and he said with dreadful distinctness: "The Jew Mohrenwitz may count his days!" Then, as though to cheer himself up, he repeated, "The Jew Rosenberg decidedly is not coming out of his hiding tomorrow," merely adding, "You'll hear from me again." And without getting out of his chair, as if the interrogation had sapped his last ounce of strength and he wanted to go home now, to his asparagus soup or his bitter herbs and the squint-eyed child, he lifted his gouty arm and waved us away.

I looked at my watch: 11:20. The preliminary investigation had lasted not even half an hour.

"Very nice man!" my brother said, banging the street door shut with his foot. "I hope he keeps his promise. Yes, I think we're getting to be very good at this game. I think I did myself proud, didn't I, Edgar? And you did yourself proud, Edgar; I'm proud of you, brother. I forgot all about Elsbeth's baby; it was very clever of you to mention that. I'm glad I remembered to mention

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the Hebrew. What makes him think that we're Polacks? *Very* nice man." . . .

But two days later that dirty snitch of a Minna gave notice and quit our house the same night. When pressed for an explanation, she sniffed that "she had it up to here" and darkly hinted that "people will talk." She stuffed her unwashed linen and our General Sherman into her suitcase; and then she was gone, gone with the wind, gone into service in Nuernberg, and within six years she was dead as a doornail, splintered into a million fragments by enemy aircraft. . . .

TRUE to his word, Kandl invited us in for another chat, on a sunny Saturday a few days after my father's birthday. The decoration-typist appeared to be permanently arrested between two keys; nobody else was in sight.

Kandl-time went by even more quickly than it had gone by in December, if only because Kandl gave us no chance to treat him to thrilling family anecdotes. Though he kept his evil eye to himself and so kept my tongue in my mouth, he passed through the same stage from double-quick snip-snap hyperactivity to gloomy exhaustion. As if determined to get the wretched business over and done with, he adopted outrageously frustrating tactics: instead of inviting rational answers to rational questions, he preferred to answer the questions himself. When was our absentee Herr Papa returning? Not, he trusted, tomorrow morning. Did our Frau Melba have any news from him? No, he hadn't thought so. Were we ourselves in correspondence with the refugee party? And, come to think of it, had the reclusive refugee Rosenberg been courteous enough to acknowledge my likeness of the Nuernberg skyline and the joyful tidings from the Bethlehem chicken farm? At this last question, which really did call for an answer, he lifted himself a centimeter out of his chair and looked me hard in the eye, but before I could open my mouth, he saved me the trouble of more lies and flights of romance by one of his see-saw gestures. And for a second I thought that he actually winked at me; he snapped shut one of his bogus baby eyes, barely raising the icicle brow above the unblinking eye; but perhaps he closed it from mere fatigue and a listless desire to go home for lunch now. . . .

The two of us saw him twice more, in mid-February and mid-March. Why should I bother to describe these visits, which followed the same scenario and lacked all point? What *did* he want from us? By the time I had learned to codify certain abstruse technicalities, I came to assume that Kandl practiced on us what is conversationally known as "psychological warfare"—that the games he played were so many skirmishes in a futile battle of wits which this ghastly numbskull had devised in a moment of infernal tedium. But the point is that this was a game without any goal, without a scoreboard, without rules. What has Kandl to gain by detaining us? What has he to gain by my father's return? My father's repatriation might have pleased the retentive Leutheuser; it might have pained a few greasy functionaries, on whom my father still had the goods for dimly attempting to blackmail him in ways of which the Party did not wholly approve—and nothing more.

My father's flight, as I try to piece this obscure affair together, had, practically speaking, no bearing whatever on Kandl's pastime. Well yes: had he left his hideout, he would have been nabbed at the border, transferred from his compartment into a cage, and never been heard of again. But his arrest in no way even began to insure our being bailed out. More likely, Kandl would have rubbed his fat hands at catching the biggest haul of the season. I must needs insist on this, for whenever I regurgitate this part of my life, my captive auditors, who are exasperatingly ignorant of the machinery in our commonwealth (especially those who claim to have read up on the subject), who hopelessly misconceive the wheels and pinions and hidden demon-traps which kept our merry government spinning, put down my father's conduct as feckless and worse—and thus parrot the imbecile argument Kandl was to develop. But by now I have given up trying to talk to the deaf and dumb. . . .

My father's escape was the smartest gamble he took in his life. Only the Jews of Nuernberg and Fuerth who had been less skillful than he grasped his position with any clarity. As they came straggling back, humiliated, morose, tight-lipped, from their secret winter maneuvers high on the icy plateau down south, with its matchless view on the Alps from the Watzmann to the Zugspitze, and dropped in on us, they spoke of my father in mildly awed whispers, breaking out now and then into an almost maliciously gleeful grin, as if by his move my father had somehow redeemed our fallen race.

AND then, the first week in April, we were to see the last of Kandl—or more accurately, he was to see the last of us; and the meeting was quite spectacular. For one thing, he changed the very ground rules of our unruly game, which called for three players and no more than three, by including my mother in his summons. Though I felt that Kandl was cheating—as if he had all along cast us for a particular play in rehearsal and switched the program on us just before the grand opening—I could hardly regret the inflated casting, for any novelty promised a little excitement. The old script I knew by heart, and since I had been assigned the role of a mute, there were no new lines to memorize, or even improvise.

On the assumption that Kandl was bound to corner her by asking her in all seriousness the one question he had kittenishly asked the children

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four times now, my mother at long last made up for her truancies by seeking legal counsel and comfort. On the eve of our summons she rang up both Held and Mohrenwitz, with the hoary remark that "two heads are better than one." But they weren't. Mohrenwitz for one kept shilly-shallying and drifting from one opinion into another. He sounded dismally out of practice, out of his professional element. First he advised my mother to "play dumb." "You know nothing," he grumbled into his beer and bitters, obviously ill-humored for once, even a trifle panicked, as if he thought his errand to be an insufferable imposition. "Pretend that it's none of your business," he groused; "just tell the old idiot that you're not in any position to speak for your husband."

"But Karl," said my mother, "how can I pretend that it's none of my business? Suppose Kandl keeps pressing me; how can I say, 'I really don't know . . .'"

"Well then, play it by ear," said Mohrenwitz, which was of no help to my mother at all. "Tell that golem that Otto hasn't made up his mind. Or that as far as you know he hasn't made up his mind; it hasn't been mentioned. Have you got a pencil there without having to run miles to get one? Then take it down: Quote: 'As far as I know, my husband hasn't made up his mind. The subject hasn't been mentioned.' Have you got that? 'As far as I know,' etc., etc.—Oh bother, on second thought" (he actually said "on second thought"), "just refer him to me. Tell him to give me one of his deafening calls. During office hours, if you don't mind, not a godforsaken hour like this." (It was scarcely five). "As long as I'm up to my neck in this *Schweinerei* already, I may as well have a few words with our Public Friend Number One. . . ."

"Karl is really terribly careless," my mother said, rather harassed. "The way he talks about Kandl over the phone. He calls him 'idiot' and 'Public Fiend' . . ." She shook her head in a gesture of helplessness.

"God!" I burst out, "and *he* a lawyer! I can't understand why Papi had to hire that freak when he had his pick of Hans Teutsch and Walter Berlin and Julius Levor and Dormitzer and Semmi Bomeisl . . ."

"He must have hired Karl out of friendship," my mother said. "Besides," she snapped, "you seem to forget that lawyers are no longer hanging from chandeliers. The Bomeisls are about to emigrate . . ."

"Where to?" I asked. It had long been customary among Jews to keep score of who was to emigrate where: *that* game had been played since at least '33.

"Yugoslavia, I think," my mother said absentmindedly. "Either São Paulo or Yugoslavia, but I think Yugoslavia. She has a rich aunt in Zagreb. And the Krautheimers for some stupid reason have visums to Capetown, or Melbourne. . . . Well," she pulled herself together, "I'd better give Georg Held a call. As a non-Jew, he's more likely to be up to their tricks. Besides, I *like* Georg." . . .

"ABSOLUTELY not," said Partner Held when my mother had briefed him on Karlchen's "advice," omitting all the incriminating tags. "*Keineswegs.* That's the completely wrong tack to take." Perhaps to avoid falling into the same trap as Karlchen over the phone—for his own vocabulary was twice as spicy—he volunteered to come by the house.

"Absolutely not," the junior partner repeated, hanging up his broad-brimmed flap hat and a raincoat which had seen better days. He kissed my mother's hand and companionably shook mine and my brother's—he enjoyed that rare talent, which I have often observed in bachelors, of treating children as grown-ups, though unlike Kandl he could be trusted to tell the generations apart. The junior partner had a few months earlier been tried on charges of flirting with the Red Front and been barely acquitted. He remains to date the only person I know who, during the war, was to see his own death warrant with his own eyes—or his one good eye, for the other had for years been so mutilated, bloodshot, and full of pus that I could hardly bear to look at it, and then again hardly bear not to look at it—and for months he was to hide out in the woods, somewhere near Anspach, living on turnips and field mice. . . .

"Absolutely not," he said for the third (or fourth) time. "With all respect to Justizrat Mohrenwitz, he may have read his legal *vade mecum* from back to front, like your prayer book, *gnaedige Frau,* but his knowledge of human nature, if I may be frank, or his knowledge of Kandl nature, is not, shall we say, flawless, impeccable, unimpeachable," and he roundly advised my mother to make a clean breast of the whole tedious mess and tell Kandl in so many words that my father's return was not in the cards. "A sweeping confession, *gnae' Frau,* theatrical as the phrase may sound; no half-measures, please. The fact is that Kandl likes nothing better than sweeping confessions; it's one of his own pet phrases; sweeping confessions are nectar and ambrosia to him. At worst, nothing will come of it, but Kandl will love you for it. Take my word: I know my Kandls and Dr. Mohrenwitz doesn't know a Kandl from the Negus of Abyssinia or King Zog.

"You haven't met our good Kandl, I think; allow me to treat you to a one-minute briefing. First he'll go through the insane routine of asking your name, as if he didn't know it, and ask you to produce your identification, as if he knew you but didn't trust you, and then without any *'gnaedige Dame'* or 'esteemed *Frau Doktor'* or any such extra-official drivel, he'll spring the question on you, 'When's he returning?' The question admits

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of one answer only. You needn't, of course, be rude about it; don't, for example—I beg pardon for trespassing on the obvious—insult his hare-brained *amour propre* by shouting 'Never!' in his face; then again, it won't do to tax his pea-brained attention span by going on and on like the Berlin-Baghdad Express; you can leave that to Kandl. A modest candor; a becoming—I shan't say servility or back-licking helotism; a simple 'I fear my husband is not returning,' something along those lines. I should even be inclined to omit the apologetic 'I fear' as shamefully Byzantine, but with out some such flourish the information would sound immodestly Spartan.

"The rest you can leave to Kandl. Once he has bagged his sweeping confession you will find him: I can't swear that 'entertaining' is quite the proper description—but yes, regarded from a certain viewpoint, enormously entertaining. The man is apt to talk for an hour. Pure drivel; completely unanswerable *Quatsch*—I mean, literally unanswerable since he answers his own questions; not that you can call them questions, either. I've listened to him for two hours and enjoyed myself as much as I've enjoyed the Lilac Monologue. Or the first act of *The Valkyrie*. I believe that Frau Kandl—yes, there is a Frau Kandl, who bore our prefect a child with an ocular birth defect late in life—Frau Kandl is a rapt devotee of our official noisemaker; to judge from certain peculiarities of our prefect's locutions, he and Frau K. appear to converse exclusively in alliterative rhyme, 'Whilom our wild wall-eyed wee Wolfram wingeth . . .'; for all I know, they warble the *Liebestod* to each other at breakfast. . . . One more thing, *gnaedige*: try to keep a straight face while he talks. It may be difficult, but do your best. If you so much as raise an eyebrow, you'll ruin the whole production. The fact is," he concluded, "that Kandl is one of your disappointed men. He must have been demoted at birth. Enough, *gnaedige*; *assez. Dixi*.

"Oh, one more small matter. At the risk of professional indiscretion, I must ask you to put Colleague Mohrenwitz on ice—at least in anything remotely to do with Kandl. The unhappy fact is that for whatever reason—probably no reason at all—Kandl can't stomach Justizrat M. I suspect that he finds Dr. M's *niaiseries* offensive—no doubt because they're too much like his own. And while I happen to think of it," he interrupted himself, as if the thought had really struck him that moment, "I trust Herr Edgar won't take it amiss in an unworldly hermit like Yours Truly if I put it to him that he might serve the family interests best by leaving the conversation tomorrow entirely to his Frau Mama and Kandl."

He lightly placed his hands on my shoulders; I blushed to the tips of my ears. "Herr Edgar, I believe, has been blessed with an eloquence even beyond the eloquence which runs in his family; the winged words of our German sages have been known to give wing to his tongue; but in these wretched times, in this stifling air of mattress-graves in which we've been asked to make our beds, it's hardly worthwhile to squander our elocutionary gifts on the deaf and dumb. 'This country of dumplings and sauerkraut / Puts all its Ciceros to rout'—that sounds like Heine, but I just made it up myself. I trust that Herr Edgar will forgive a hopelessly obsolete bachelor his clumsy curtain lecture.—Herr Hans, of course," he laughed, "can say anything he likes."

"Herr Kandl and I get on famously," said my brother.

"I don't doubt it," said Partner Held. "But now I really must run." He shook hands again, wished us all the best, hoped to be kept *au courant*, knew that he would be kept *au courant*, and he donned his flap hat and the raincoat with the missing buttons and bounded down the stairs, taking three steps at a time, catching the Number 11 just as it was leaving the Bahnhofplatz; and by and by he vanished into the Anspach woods.

IT HAD begun to snow on the crack of dawn. The Bahnhofplatz and Bahnhofstrasse were covered with six-inch blankets of blinding white powder which came up to our shins; we trudged through the snow, our heads buried deep in our overcoats, holding on to each other like a Siberian chain-gang with a few prisoners missing. Not a soul was astir in the streets. On the corner of Adolf Hitler Strasse, a limbless snowman stood guard, with a pipe in his mouth and a snow-covered Hitler Youth cap perked rakishly on his bald head. Farther up the street, a little oak in front of the Bierer villa, the *"Hitler Eiche,"* seemed ready to give up its ghost. It had been planted, after a great deal of newspaper hoopla, with a crew of UFA camera men milling around, four years ago, and in all these years it remained the sorriest sapling you ever saw. Its arrested development was a standing joke among local Jews and a few irreverent non-Jews as well: Herr Kleixner, the greengrocer, almost went to the pen for calling it *"Hitler Leiche"*—Hitler's cadaver. But Kandl must have been out of town that day, or still down in Munich.

"If we have to come here in weather like this again," said my brother, taking off his galoshes in Kandl's vestibule, "I hope Herr Kandl will send round a sled to get us"; and as nobody stirred, we sat down, nicely and primly, on a long wooden bench. Not even the flimsy typist was anywhere on display, as if he had prematurely retired or his mechanism had broken down once and for all. Or perhaps he was home with the flu. "My toesies are freezing," my brother whined—and Kandl emerged from his office and with a frozen nod bade us enter.

With the same cold gesture he bade us sit, my mother directly facing the desk, my brother and I flanking her. As if to keep up with the weather,

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Kandl had visibly wintered; his white brows and porcupine hair appeared to be more than ever of a wholly frosty composition, held together by hoarfrost and covered by hoarfrost, and his painfully jerky movements suggested that he himself was in process of congealing and had dropped twenty centigrades below zero, at least. But his desk seemed a trifle more animated, for besides the phone and the child with the birth defect a fat Leibnitz ringbinder, its spine lettered "R," loomed in front of the prefect. Kandl leafed through it with infernal truculence, as if each separate onion-skin leaf offered the stiffest resistance to being turned. I mentally followed each leaf as he broke down its resistance and forced it across the metal bridge: Rahn . . . Regensburger . . . Reichmann . . . Reiss . . . Rindskopf . . . Rosenbaum . . . Rosenberg—and the metal bridge snapped back with such a deafening snap that you might have wondered how anything less than wire had ever held the Rahns and the Rindskopfs and Rosenbergs together.

Kandl, instead of announcing his catch in some such words as, "Ah, here we are," or "*Eureka!*" or "Look here, look here, Timotheus!" and without so much as lifting his eyes, asked my mother:

"Your name." He dispensed with the question mark, as if he thought question marks a highly irregular concession to the Jews and a severe infraction of his prefectorial duties.

"Lilly Rosenberg," said my mother.

My brother nudged and prompted her: "Lilly Sara Rosenberg." The fact is that back in August —six weeks before my Bar Mitzvah—the Party had hit on a boldly imaginative regulation, very much to my taste, *viz*: all male Jews had been invested with the added middle name "Israel" and all Jewish *femmes* with the name "Sara." I myself now bragged of as many names as one of the Kaiser's sons, Edgar Otto Israel Rosenberg; my brother bestrode Schlageter Square as Hans Ludwig Israel Rosenberg; and even my Grandmother Arnstein, at her age and despite her illegible handwriting, had to sign in as Fanny Pauline Sara Arnstein. Oddly enough, this honorific embellishment had been withheld from my father. The Party apparently felt that his middle name "Nathan" spoke for itself—but that was pure carelessness, for the art dealer Nathan had no more Jewish blood in his veins than Minister Rosenberg, the mild-eyed editor of the *Racial Observer* —in a pinch, even less than Minister Rosenberg, who was rumored to be an octoroon, with a very uncertain great-grandmother up there in the Baltic.

"Your *Kennkarte*," Kandl said.

My mother took her identification card out of her handbag and rose slightly to hand it to Kandl across the desk. As Kandl made no move to meet her halfway, she had to lean practically over the desk to pass it to him. My brother patted her on her shoulder. A large capital "J" was stamped on all our ID's—very crookedly, I must say, as if the stamping official didn't know his business.

Kandl may have looked at the card; then again he may not have looked at it; he certainly didn't bother to look back at my mother to verify her identity. Then, in the surprise tactic of the year, he sent the card sailing across the desk with an amazingly dexterous flick of his thumb and forefinger; it landed smack in my mother's lap; and then the game was up.

Kandl unbent his head, raised it not inchwise but in one abrupt movement, looked at my mother, and, timing his question with gorgeous precision (for my mother was still fumbling with her ID, unbuttoning her handbag, slipping the card inside, and buttoning the bag again), unmistakably working up to the question mark, asked her:

"When is your husband returning?"

Silence. My mother (the card safely replaced in her bag) lowered her eyes, lowered her head a little, just enough to reveal her bared neck which seemed white as snow above her black woolen jacket; for a second she gazed at some crack in the floor as if she meant to discover its innermost secrets; she ran the tip of her tongue over her lower lip once or twice; then she straightened up and blushing a trifle, as if someone had tossed her the punchline to an obscene joke, said:

"My husband is not returning."

Amen. Five words—and Kandl had bagged his sweeping confession. She had spoken her piece almost feelinglessly, with a touch of modesty and defiance. No preparatory "I believe"; no shamelessly Byzantine "I fear" to soften the immodestly Spartan phrase. "*Mein Mann kommt nicht zurueck.*" The sentence seemed almost to hurl a challenge at him: and now what are you going to do about that? and now what will you do with the three of us? . . . And no sooner had she broken the news than it seemed as though an enormous sigh—a sigh of relief, a sigh of sadness—escaped from the cardboard binder, which appeared to collapse in the same moment, as if all the air had gone out of it, as if the sigh alone had sustained it, given it weight and substance, endowed it with hope and meaning; the sigh wrapped itself round us; and while in the haze I dimly discerned my brother's arm encircling my mother, I saw Kandl rise to his feet and loom over me like a gigantic shadow. . . .

KANDL'S turn. Kandl's turn to deliver a snappy comment, something good and official like "so the cat is out of the bag" or "do you have this in writing?" or at least a wintry "I see" or "Aha." And in fact he did say "Aha" and "I see" in so many words, but then again not in so many words at all—or if in those words by standing them upside down. He rose from his chair, said "I see" and "Oh so," and as he rose, the mantle of ice which had kept him in place

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began to crackle and crack; his frozen fingers began to unbend; his brows shed their icicles; his subnormal temperature rose to a low-degree fever; he cocked his head; and then he began to holler—though he hollered without a trace of mirth, he hollered nevertheless and gave out such volleys of noise that you could have heard him from here to Zagreb or São Paulo. What could have happened? It was as if my mother's innocent comment had transformed the leading robot in Rossum's exhibit into a six-foot Rumpelstiltskin, a mute aluminum monster into an earsplitting earthling.

"I see," hollered Kandl. "Aha. Ah so. The Herr Doktor is not coming back. Interesting. Fabulous. Wonder on wonders. The Doktor disdains to desert his delicious domus, the neighborly nest in which he has nestled these full five moons. Five, did I say? Five to the day! The refugee Rosenberg will not renounce the roseate roof he has reared on the balmy borders of the billowing Bodensee. The derelict Doktor, now that he has safely slipped through our sleepless sentinels, elects to eke out his exile in cahoots with the Schandarmerie of St. Gall. Did I mention St. Gall? Gallstones and kidney-stones: St. Gall, of course. Did you hear me mention Zurich or Zermatt or Zug? The devil you did! Genf, Gstaad, or Grindelwald? Romanshorn, Rorschach, or Rapperswil? Fife and fiddlesticks. This very minute the runagate Rosenberg is speeding down Speisergasse, gadding and gallivanting down Gallusstrasse, shuffling and shambling down Schmiedgasse; no doubt about it! How do I know? Ah, but I do. Do you take me for an idiot who doesn't know beans about his hideaway? St. Gall seems to be singularly fortunate in attracting the refuse and rubbish, the ragtag and riffraff, the dregs and detritus and *Dreck* of Fuerth in Bayern. To each his own: live and let live. There! The Herr Doktor is not coming back."

Kandl had uttered all this without apparently taking a breath, as if he were able to hold his breath as long as the Leader knew how to keep his arm raised in the salute. Despite his ironically balanced questions and answers, he belched it all out in the most colorless staccato monotone, without the least vocal contours or modulations, which suggested that he himself placed no more importance on one sentence than on another. And so far, of course, he had said nothing, except to take us on a tour of St. Gall—which was nowhere near the billowing Bodensee. We sat, still as mice, hanging on every nonsense syllable. As he talked, even my mother seemed to have quite forgotten the grounds of our errand. The bell of the Evangelical Church in the park chimed half past eleven; it chimed the half hour feebly and diffidently, with the deference of one whose mission in life it is not to interrupt Kandl.

While he hollered at us, he stood behind his desk, supporting himself on his crimson paws or geometrical elbows; even when he momentarily left the desk to pace back and forth, the movements utterly failed to break his spell, our eyes following him stupidly from one end of the room to the other, as if we were watching a ping-pong game in which Kandl played on both sides of the table. And after treating himself and us to his declaration of tolerance, to live and let live, the Split Personality came to a halt. His train of thought came to a stop; it might as reasonably have stopped at the station before or the station after.

As though he were about to produce a rabbit, or hard-boiled egg, Kandl hauled an enormous red-bordered handkerchief from his breast pocket, depicting a pond, a rock, and a mermaid, Kandl subjecting the whole bucolic ensemble to one of his vanishing acts by first soaking it beyond recognition in the double fold of his neck, then twisting one end of the thing into a tight coil which he stuck up first one nostril, then the other. "Pfui," my brother muttered; my mother averted her eyes. Thus flushed, Kandl blew his nose with a will and proceeded. "Ah then, where was I?" he said, admitting that he had suffered a lapse. "But of course. The Jew Rosenberg has forsaken his fatherland, forsworn his motherland; don't contradict me, he has! Our roving renegade, the whilom president of the Jewish Front Soldiers' League, has thrown in the sponge; instead of facing the firing squad like the fighter he feigns, he has fled from the field in fell and foul wise, like a pimply Frenchman or Yiddish Eskimo. How do I know? Ah. I have the Frau Doktor's word for it; Frau Sara has made a clean breast of it; Frau Sara has made a sweeping confession. And now and now and now *I* have a little confession to make"—and here Kandl lowered his voice and as though roused, animated, inspirited by the subject which had eluded him all along, he assumed an air of confidentiality, of bonhomie even; and the very last icicle which still clung to him dropped to the floor and slipped through the crack.

"And now," Kandl continued slyly, circling the desk, stopping directly in front of my mother and thrusting his face into hers, "and now I have news for Frau Rosenberg. Frau Sara has unwrapped, uncovered, dismantled her secret, and now I have news for her; all's fair in our Reich. Does the Frau Sara happen to smell a rat? A little rat, a tiny rat, a pint-sized rat; if I were the Rat-catcher of Hamelin, I'd give it the *Pour le Mérite* for being the tiniest rat in the Reich. Shall I tell the Frau Doktor my little secret? I shall, I will, I must. One sweeping confession deserves another: all's fair in Fuerth. The fact is that you brought me no news at all. None. I knew all along that your husband is not coming back. I knew it; I've known it for months; I've known it since he slipped through the hedgerows of Lindau-am-Bodensee. Not precisely a clean swap, our sweeping confessions; certainly not. Mine may be the surprise of the season to you, but yours are old

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hat. And now, Frau Sara, what do you say to that? Eh? Eh?"

"I didn't know," said my mother, biting her lips and pulling her head a few inches away from the oracle's fumes.

"Didn't know what!" said Kandl severely, to conceal his confusion. For he himself had conjugated the verb *to know* in so many hundreds of ways that he found himself lost in his own epistemological maze.

"I didn't know," my mother said, "that you knew of my husband's . . ."

"Ah but I did," said Kandl.

"Did you?" my mother said, not without mockery—but that was quite lost on him. She might have wondered why he had summoned her sons four times to find out what he knew all along—except, of course, for the fun of it.

"*Allerdings*," Kandl said; and then it was time—almost, not quite—for Wotan's farewell. "Sub-Prefect Seebald sounded the certain surmise that he trusted the flightling to retrace his steps, to return and ransom the mournful mother and tristful deem. Unwisely he wasted his words on the foxy flightling, his weary vixen and little foxes. Twice I reminded Seebald in forceful wise that the woman's woe and the lousy young lordlings' lot were my affair, not his . . ." and here the oracle quite lost his thread and with touching bewilderment gazed at my mother, my brother, and me. The springs and cogwheels which had kept him from going haywire had run down for a moment—just long enough to enable my mother to dive into the depths of the prefect's soul. Her cheeks took on the rosiest hue; her eyes shimmered; she seemed to be filled with a fine expectancy. . . . But first she had to allow Kandl to wind down his warblings, for the engine within repaired itself straightaway and, his spirits recovered, he began the downward descent. "I knew it. I Knew it For a Fact." And his prescience brought on a fit of self-congratulatory bimbam in the fat-witted monster, and he landed with a roar and a bump.

WERE we supposed to go now? Almost; not quite. "Is there anything else Frau Sara would like to know? Any other sweeping confessions she would care to trade?"

"Yes," said my mother, "I would."

"Oh," said Kandl, and looked at her like a cow.

"When may we expect to get our passports?" my mother asked.

Had she gone totally bonkers? Had Kandl's debased Odin music bewitched her completely? Is this the way to confront the authorities? Nobody in his right mind says, "When can we have our passports? Can we have our passports now?"

Kandl, now that my mother had seized the magic wand from him, remained in his moo-cow trance for a minute, and then he tossed back his head to roar; it goes without saying that he roared without yielding an inch to the goddess of mirth. "No, by thunder, you certainly can't! What an idea! The Jew Rosenberg refuses to face the firing squad; therefore you want your passports. There's Jewish logic for you, if you pardon the phrase. And why do you want your passports? To join him, of course. Do you think I was born yesterday, or last Tuesday? Oh, this is really the limit. And while I think of it, kindly keep that berserk attorney of yours off my back. Dr. Mohrenwitz is the bane of my life. This very morning that baboon rings me up merely to tell me that you had an appointment with me! As if I didn't have an appointment book! What next! I suppose he'll send me a registered letter. Does that shrimp expect me to open his mail!" The mere thought of opening Karlchen's mail seemed to put him to sleep. "Was there anyhing else?" he asked, closing his eyes and stifling a yawn.

"Can the children at least have their passports?" my mother asked. And Kandl woke up for the last time.

"The children!" he hollered, as though my mother had finally teased him into discriminating between adults and children. "The children! What about them? Hoo—shoo—let's take a look at them. Ach, there they are. What about them? Of course they can have their passports! Is that what you mean? Who the devil said anything about the children! The children can leave today, tomorrow, next week, this afternoon, right after lunch," he bellowed at my amazing mother, as if it had all been her fault for not thinking of the children before. "I have nothing to say to these gnats. You there, Herr Edgar. Ugh. A scrawny child. Are you nervous? Are you anemic? Do I make you nervous? Oh do stop that titter! You there, Young Blimp! Look at him! Straighten up, straighten up, chest out, chin in. How do you expect to get into the Palestine navy with that butterfat, you fat fingerling, and take that finger out of you mouth . . ."

"Checkmate to you, Sir!" my brother said, his hand shooting up in the salute.

"Oh shoo," said the prefect. "Get away from me! See me in two weeks about the passports for these . . . ach: look at them. Or tell that Held of yours to drop by. Not that he's any better than Mohrenwitz, but at least he doesn't try to bamboozle me with his Yiddish jabber. Which reminds me that this thing here, this Edgar talks entirely too much. Was that child inoculated with a gramophone needle? And besides he talks the most womanish kitsch—this person talks like something out of a Hebrew ladies magazine or a Yiddish scandal sheet. Palestine pea hens! Palestine twins! Do you think you're pulling the wool over my eyes? If you plan to bamboozle the Hottentots in Tahiti or Neu-York or Shekago with your Wallerstein doggerel and Anno Shtannos, do you know what will happen to you? You'll end up on a dunghill or in an insane asylum. Young Blubber

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here can chase us in one of his submarines . . . Tsch! Do take that greasy finger out of your mouth . . . Yes Yes Yes . . . Heil . . . Heil . . . See me . . . next week . . ." His voice began to trail off; his speech grew insensibly fainter, like diminishing heartbeats; he feebly made as if to wave us out of his office, to shoo us out with his crumpled handkerchief.

But before we could open the door, he had one more treat in store for us, one more trick up his sleeve—the culmination, I fancy, of all his exertions on our behalf. He collapsed in his seat of office and fell asleep. I confess that I may have been indirectly to blame for putting him out. While Kandl fumbled with his embroidered landscape, I had stolen a lingering farewell glance at Young Squint Eyes, now that I had wrestled with him and triumphed—little suspecting that his squint would follow me across the Atlantic. My mother, apparently quite insensitive to the photo during the whole of our visit, must have followed my glance and seemed to be oddly delighted by what she saw. "Oh what a pretty girl, Herr Kandl!" my mother burst out and, no doubt under the impression that the child had been dislocated during one of Kandl's fits of abstraction, she added "May I?" and turned the child round to face its sire.

"Boy," Kandl muttered savagely, took a split-second look at the youth in the sailor suit, fell back in his chair and instantly fell asleep. He slept with his mouth wide open, as if he were out to catch flies in his sleep. His body heaved softly; even in sleep his forehead exuded fine beads of sweat; from the depth of his stomach surfaced the gentlest of rumbles; very gently our prefect snored; he snored no more audibly than an insect buzzes.

"Shhh . . ." whispered my mother, placing a finger to her lips. "Kandl sleeps." And we literally tiptoed out of his chambers.

And so ended our last visit to Prefect Kandl. He was never seen or heard of again.

STRICTLY speaking, Kandl was in fact heard of again. He is spoken of still; refugees now in their eighties recall him even more keenly than I do, for they were after all grown-up people in his heyday as the Devil of Fuerth. A hollow devil, but a devil still, for whom people in Flushing and Teaneck and Washington Heights save up their choicest vocabulary to this day. And a mortal devil, whose own days were numbered. Some eight years after he took me to task for my scandalous gossip, the Four Powers apparently sentenced him to death by hanging—or that, at any rate, is what my refugee sources tell me. I have not been able to verify the story, myself, and the whole thing may be no more than wishful thinking by my nostalgic townsmen. If the story is true, our demon at least qualified as a "war criminal"—not one of the Caesars, of course, not one of the Keitels and Kaltenbrunners, Sauckels, Seyss-Inquarts, and Streichers, Fricks, Franks, Fritsches, and Funks—but one of their ten thousand myrmidons, one of the unsung brainless officials. By the time he faced the rope (provided he faced it) he must have reached the biblical age—old enough to face his comeuppance like a man; and unless his body was sent back to Munich or Fuerth, his dust mingles with the dust of Hans Sachs and Sixtus Beckmesser, of Hans Behaim and Regiomontanus, of Willibald Pirkheimer, Michael Wolgemut, and Veit Stoss, and with the dust of Duerer, the Pride of Nuernberg, the subject of my elegant profanations in the becalmed days before my brother and I left Fuerth.

That isn't the whole story—almost, not quite. It really doesn't matter how Kandl gave up the ghost—and he certainly gave it up ages ago, whether by rope, enemy aircraft strafing, suicide, or the more natural surfeit; the point is that his specter haunts a wider domain than the refugee colonies from Teaneck to Capetown. Some of my friends must needs see Kandl in every non-Jew, and these chums no doubt will object to the coarse orchestration of names, the crude contrapuntal music I sounded a moment ago. And no doubt they're quite right, and I'm quite wrong. The other day, leafing through Arnd Mueller's *Geschichte der Juden in Nuernberg*, I read that nearly five hundred years ago, about the time of the Jews' expulsion, their property went on the market and was bartered away for a total of 8000 gulden, that Pirkheimer, the flower of learning, presided at the sordid transaction, and Veit Stoss, second only to Duerer among our artists, was named one of the beneficiaries and got himself Johel Mair's house cheap; and for the next 351 years not a single Jew was to be seen in the city of Duerer, Hans Sachs, and the Party Congress of Freedom. Some of us moved to Fuerth for a while.

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The Atlantic Alliance and Its Critics

Robert W. Tucker

THE signs of mounting dissatisfaction in this country with the Atlantic Alliance are today everywhere at hand. A sense of frustration and resentment over the behavior of our major allies has suddenly surfaced and found widespread expression. Criticism, often bitter, of the present state of the Alliance, and particularly of the country—West Germany—that we have long considered our principal partner in the Alliance, has become the staple fare of editorial pages. Visions of a dark future, if there is not a substantial turn for the better in Atlantic relations, are increasingly—indeed, almost ritually—evoked.

Necessity is not the only mother of invention. Frustration and resentment may also lead to imaginative schemes: in the present case to once unthinkable reconstructions of American diplomatic and military strategy. These proposals are often justified on the ground that we can no longer afford the material commitment we have for so long made to Europe, given our increased obligations elsewhere. On this view, the gap between our commitments and our ability to fulfill them has dangerously broadened. Elementary prudence dictates that the gap be narrowed. Where better to start, it is increasingly asked, than with those who have the means, if not the will, to take care of themselves, and who, the more candid add, no longer behave as loyal allies but accept American protection, in the words of Zbigniew Brzezinski, "for the pursuit of their own selfish national objectives"?*

How are we to assess this current disaffection with an alliance that has formed the principal instrument of America's post-World War II foreign policy? A plausible case can be made for finding in it neither the beginning of the end of the Alliance nor the harbinger of a paralysis that may reasonably be regarded as the functional equivalent of the end—in Henry Kissinger's term, an "empty shell."†

Thus the Alliance has now survived for thirty-three years, by almost any measure a remarkable achievement. Throughout this long period, one marked by constant change, there have been periodic crises, some of them severe. Indeed, the idea that there was ever a time when the Alliance was free of discord is entertained only by those who have forgotten its history or who never knew it. Almost from the outset we have been involved in controversy with our allies over the strategy for meeting the Soviet threat—the nature of which has itself provoked frequent disagreement—and over the contributions the allies ought to make to the common defense. We have threatened "agonizing reappraisals" when our allies balked at making those contributions or at entering into arrangements we deemed necessary, just as we have on occasion disavowed and even actively opposed allied policies of which we disapproved. Yet the Alliance has weathered the periodic crises that have marked its life and, in doing so, has fulfilled the principal purpose for which it was created—the protection of Western Europe from the threat of Soviet power.

In this view, the Alliance has survived because the conditions that initially made the transatlantic pact possible, and even necessary, have remained remarkably constant. In the magnitude and proximity of Soviet power, the countries of Western Europe perceived a threat that they felt, and continue to feel, can be effectively countered only by American power. In turn, a succession of postwar American governments has taken as axiomatic that Western Europe must be protected, and that it can be protected only by the commitment of the power of the United States. In the absence of any other feasible, reliable, and effective way of dealing with the threat posed by Soviet power, the Alliance will persist.

This, in summary form, is the defense that has regularly been made against skeptics and opponents—there have always been such—of the Alliance. In the past, this case has seemed virtually unanswerable. It seems far less so today, if only because the circumstances marking the crisis are quite unprecedented in the history of the Alliance. Never before have so many developments occurred

ROBERT W. TUCKER is professor of international relations at Johns Hopkins and the author of, among other books, *The Inequality of Nations* and *The Purposes of American Power: An Essay in National Security*. Mr. Tucker would like to thank David Hendrickson for help in preparing this article.

* Zbigniew Brzezinski, interview, *U.S. News & World Report*, January 11, 1982.

† Henry Kissinger, "Something Is Deeply Wrong in the Atlantic Alliance," Washington *Post*, December 21, 1981.

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any one of which must be expected to put the Alliance under considerable strain. Within a period of only two years—a period bounded by the invasion of Afghanistan and the imposition of military rule in Poland—almost every possible challenge that could be made to the cohesiveness of the Alliance has been made.

The by now familiar indictment of our allies, and particularly of West Germany, stems from these developments. This indictment is not softened by an appreciation of the fact that by our own behavior over the past decade we have made no small contribution to the current crisis. Quite the contrary, it is more often than not those who were most critical of American policy during the 1970's who are also most critical today of our West European allies.

No matter, then, that we pursued a détente with the Soviet Union that had far less justification than the détente pursued by Western Europe. No matter, either, that during a misspent decade we allowed the military balance to shift, years during which our defense budget steadily declined in real terms while that of Europe steadily increased. Finally, no matter that the uncertain and almost nonexistent protection we provided for European interests outside Europe—particularly with respect to the security of Europe's energy supplies—prompted our allies to move toward developing distinct policies and initiatives of their own, often out of sheer necessity.

All this, when not forgotten in the rising tide of criticism of allied behavior, is simply brushed aside as irrelevant to today's indictment. We have now changed, is the response made to these considerations, and we expect—and demand—that those whom we continue to protect change with us.

II

THUS the present crisis in the Alliance cannot usefully be seen as yet another in the series of crises the Alliance has experienced since virtually its inception. Past challenges to American leadership of the Alliance—and it is the challenge to American leadership that is at the heart of every crisis in the Alliance—were made against the backdrop of American strategic superiority. The Gaullist challenge in the 1960's, despite its ostensible character, not only assumed this superiority but can only be understood by virtue of that assumption. The Gaullist strategy was predicated on the credibility of the American strategic deterrent, even though its outward justification was the growing lack of credibility of the deterrent. This was one reason the crisis precipitated by de Gaulle did not carry the same implications that the present crisis must carry. In the absence of German support, the Gaullist challenge could be readily contained. The same cannot be said of the German challenge today, made as it is against the background of a transformed military balance and rooted as it is in interests that cannot simply be abandoned without risking a national trauma.

The Gaullist *défii* of the 1960's was one root, though only one, of the movement in the United States Senate for the substantial reduction of American forces permanently stationed in Europe —the movement that has come to be known as "Mansfieldism." Predictions, or threats, of a revival of Mansfieldism have been made in many quarters. But the Mansfieldism of today is more drastic and might well prove more successful than the Mansfieldism of the past.

The original Mansfieldism responded to the belief that American power was overextended and that our commitments beyond Europe had to be substantially reduced. But the move to reduce American forces in Europe was not intended to signal any alteration of our commitment there. Nor was the real support for the reduction of American forces motivated by a sense of frustration and resentment toward Europe. Although in part a response to Gaullism, to a weakening dollar, and to the conviction that Europe could afford to do more on its own behalf than it was doing, Mansfieldism gained momentum by way of the reaction to Vietnam and to the critique of American policy that the war evoked among liberal internationalists.

In this critique, the world had changed dramatically since the postwar foundations of American foreign policy had been laid. Europe, once weak, impoverished, and vulnerable, had been restored to health and affluence; at the same time, many were persuaded that the Soviet threat to Western Europe had receded. This being the case, the Europeans could readily assume the burden lifted from American shoulders. There was a general conviction among supporters of Mansfieldism that Europe would do so in response to our reduction of forces.

A revival of Mansfieldism today would take place in a very different setting. Now it would occur when we are moving toward renewed confrontation with the Soviet Union rather than, as in the earlier period, toward détente, and when American power is undergoing expansion rather than contraction and retreat.

III

IT IS difficult to know the policy expression that this new mood, at once resentful and ambitious, will ultimately take. One such expression, however, has already appeared, and has attracted a growing body of adherents, including some within the Reagan administration. This policy, now known as global unilateralism, calls for progressive detachment from Europe attended by active involvement elsewhere. Indeed, it is presumably in the release from the burdens of our European commitments that we would be enabled better to secure our interests elsewhere,

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whether in the Persian Gulf, Asia, Southern Africa, or Central America and the Caribbean. In a reversal of historic proportions, the center of our postwar foreign policy would become the periphery while the periphery would become the center. Only now the center would comprise much of the world beyond Europe.

It would be rash to dismiss this vision of a global unilateralism, if only because of its deep roots in the American past. The abandonment of the Alliance would signal the partial return of a historic policy. On this occasion, as in the past, the justification for a policy of growing isolation from Europe would be Europe's refusal to abandon ways of which we disapproved. In the past, these ways were identified with imperialism and war—that is, with the traditional and evil game of power politics. Today these ways would be identified with neutralism and pacifism—that is, with the abandonment of power politics. Still, the result would be the same.

The prospect of a global unilateralism cannot be dismissed as simply an unappealing fantasy. The prospect of acting without the constraints imposed by others, of "going it alone," is clearly appealing, whatever else may be said in criticism of it. To be the complete master of one's fate is always desirable, though it is only rarely possible. Dependence, or interdependence, is not a value as such but a condition. And though it is the common lot of men and nations, it is not for that reason desirable.

Nor will the prospects of a unilateralist America be turned aside by the consideration that those who either predict or advocate it have seldom examined with any care its implications and possible consequences. Even though the point is well taken, it may prove irrelevant. This would not be the first time that a portentous shift in foreign policy was made without a clear idea of the consequences to which it would lead. Even if irrational when considered in terms of interest, such a shift might still take place, whether out of frustration and resentment or the illusion that a past that is forever gone can yet be recaptured.

Besides, is it so transparently clear that vital interest continues to dictate our commitment to the Alliance, whatever the behavior of our allies? Is it the case that the interests in defense of which we initially entered the Alliance, even if compelling then, remain so today? And if they do remain compelling today, is it also self-evident that the Alliance represents the only means by which they can be effectively preserved?

IV

It was not so long ago that our interests in Europe were considered neither self-evident nor compelling. The widespread appreciation and acceptance of a vital American interest in Europe were forthcoming only in the period immediately preceding and attending our intervention in World War II. Even then, the precise nature of this interest was not beyond question.

To be sure, we had intervened in the war because the prospect of a German victory in Europe was deemed to hold out a serious threat to our security. But the nature of the threat was not uniformly assessed. To some, perhaps a majority, there was a direct physical threat to our independence. To others, however, the threat was one of becoming a beleaguered fortress, required to expend much of our energies in defense of this hemisphere, a defense that would impose the severest strain on the nation's resources and, in the process, endanger its free institutions. To still others, the threat was defined in terms of the prospect of a world from which America would be largely shut out, a world to which we would become irrelevant as a nation and from which we could no longer enjoy political, moral, and material benefit.

It was for all of these reasons that we finally intervened in the war, just as it was largely for the same reasons that in victory we were led to a course of action in Europe that made the cold war inevitable. No simple statement will suffice, however, to explain the nature of the American interest in postwar Europe. Clearly, a conventional security motive formed a very important part of this purpose; a Russian-dominated Europe would create, it was thought, a security problem for the United States, the solution of which would strain the nation's resources and jeopardize its institutions.

At the same time, given the preponderance of power this nation enjoyed in the years following the war, a conventional security interest cannot of itself adequately account for the intensity of the American concern. It was not only a conventional balance of power between the two emerging Europes that America was intent on preserving but a certain kind of internal order in Western Europe. This internal order was important to us for a mixture of political, economic, and cultural reasons, though in proportions that are difficult to assess even today. And there was something else as well. Intangible though it may appear, the conviction existed that Europe, the continent that had brought us to world power, now provided the crucial test of our capacity for world leadership. It was Europe that had taken us out of isolation and it was in, as well as through, Europe that America would either consolidate or forfeit its newly gained position.

In the beginning, then, was the interest. The great instruments of interest—the Marshall Plan and the North Atlantic Alliance—soon emerged, though in the case of the Alliance not without controversy. The core of the controversy was not over the importance of the interest but over the nature of the threat and how best to deal with it. Those skeptical of the need for a formal alliance,

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of whom George Kennan was perhaps the most articulate spokesman, argued that it reflected a misplaced emphasis on the military threat to Western Europe. Instead, it was contended, the great threat was the spread of Communism to Western Europe by political means, a threat that could not be effectively countered by military means.

This early disagreement over the nature of the threat to Western Europe posed by the Soviet Union foreshadowed a recurrent controversy, one that persists to this day. At the time, it was resolved by the evident need of Western Europe for explicit reassurance of American protection, without which, it was widely believed, political stability and economic recovery would be seriously hampered and perhaps made impossible.

The resulting alliance was in substance, though not in form, a treaty or guarantee extended by America to Western Europe. Given the state of Western Europe in the late 1940's, it could be little other. Only in the course of the 1950's, and then principally through the rearmament of Germany, did this almost complete dependency of Europe's defense on the American guarantee begin to change. The change was of necessity limited, though, in that the indispensable element of Europe's security against the threat of Soviet power remained the guarantee of American protection.

This apparently one-sided character of the Atlantic Alliance has frequently led to the observation that it was never a true alliance. Today, when differences in the Alliance have reached new heights, the old argument finds new appeal. The Alliance, we have been reminded recently, "was strictly Europe-centered; the interest of the United States in Europe was fundamentally to keep Europe from being taken over or dominated by the Soviet Union and thus putting its enormous economic, technical, and other resources at the disposal of the Soviet Union. NATO was realistically intended to prevent Europe from being used against the United States, not to insure Europe's aid to the United States . . . the European members of NATO are allies in their own self-defense; they are allies in no other sense."*

It does not follow, however, that the Alliance has always been utterly lacking in mutuality of benefits. So long as the resources of Western Europe were not used "against the United States," our initial interest would be preserved. It is in pursuing this logic that one European observer concluded: "Even if the Europeans were to contribute nothing to the common defense, it would still be in America's own deepest national interest to safeguard the independence of Europe."†

V

This characterization of America's interest in Western Europe, while once persuasive, is increasingly less so; for while the price of safeguarding the independence of Europe has risen very considerably since the initial postwar commitment was made, our interest in doing so has declined.

At the time the postwar commitment to Western Europe was given, it was still plausible to assume that the domination of Western Europe by a hostile power might ultimately imperil our very survival as a nation. This was the assumption we made in intervening in World War II and in responding to the Soviet challenge in Europe after the war.

This assumption reflected the calculations relevant to a conventional—that is, a pre-nuclear—balance-of-power system. In such a system, even a great power could rarely, if ever, achieve a surfeit of defensive and deterrent power without combining with others. Nuclear-missile weapons, however, have changed what was before virtually a law of international politics. In relation to the protection of the national self against direct attack, a great nuclear power achieves what has heretofore proven unachievable: a surfeit of deterrent power. While absolutely vulnerable with respect to its great adversary, a great nuclear power cannot significantly reduce—let alone remove—its vulnerability by any alliance. Yet if alliances cannot add to the physical security a great nuclear power enjoys, they may detract from this security. For the prospect of using nuclear weapons is most likely to arise as a result of threats to the security of allies made by another great nuclear power.

Thus it can no longer be assumed, as it once could, that our alliance with Western Europe is dictated, among other reasons, by concern for our physical security. Quite the contrary, it is our alliance with Western Europe that today holds out the greatest *threat* to our physical security. The reason is that a threat to the security of Western Europe remains the most likely occasion for our threatening to employ or employing nuclear weapons.

VI

What would the world be like if the United States withdrew and the immense resources of Western Europe were placed at the disposal of the Soviet Union? The question does not assume direct Soviet control of Western Europe. It does not even assume that the political and economic institutions of Western Europe would be transformed from what they are today. Such assumptions, regularly made by those intent on demonstrating the critical interest we have in Western Europe, may one day be borne out by events. Yet they need not be made in order to lay bare the interest at stake.

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* Theodore Draper, "The Misalliance," *Washington Quarterly*, Winter 1981.

† Josef Joffe, "European-American Relations: The Enduring Crisis," *Foreign Affairs*, Spring 1981.

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Instead of doing in Western Europe what it has done in the East—imposing regimes whose economic and political character are similar to Russia's own—the prevailing shadow cast by Soviet power and influence would probably find its effect in more subtle ways which would leave Europe's political institutions intact while draining them of moral substance. Anything more than this might even have the effect of impeding Soviet aims.

So, too, the attempt seriously to interfere with the market economies of the West European states might be expected to impede the purpose of making effective use of the continent's human and material resources. Why should the Soviet Union, having displaced American influence, impose a pattern of change on Western Europe that might well deprive it of the maximum benefits of influence?

One consequence of our displacement would be the need to make a substantially greater defense effort than we are currently making, *if* we were to maintain our position elsewhere in the world. The argument is occasionally advanced today that the contrary would prove to be the case, that without our present commitment to Europe we would be in a better position to close the gap between our commitments and our power elsewhere.

Yet if we were to quit the field in Europe, and the West European countries failed to fill the gap created by our departure, the Soviet Union would have much less to worry over in the theater of greatest importance to it. Freed from this concern, while progressively strengthened by the resource base Western Europe would afford it, Moscow might be able to turn its full attention elsewhere, and with far greater effect than it has had to date.

Rather than closing the gap between our commitments and our power, then, Soviet ascendance in Europe consequent upon an American withdrawal would have the likely effect of widening it. The contrary view assumes that a choice must be made between Europe and the rest of the world, that the world beyond Europe is now of far greater importance in the global balance than Europe, and that our interests outside Europe can be more effectively pursued by abandoning our commitments to Europe. None of these assumptions is plausible, let alone persuasive. Having abandoned what had heretofore been the center of our interests for the periphery, we would find the periphery increasingly difficult to secure against the improved power position of the Soviet Union.

COULD the gap between our commitments and our power that worries many today be closed if a withdrawal from Europe were also the signal for a withdrawal from other areas outside this hemisphere—to a return, in other words, to a classic policy of isolationism (as opposed to one of global unilateralism)?

From a certain perspective, there is something to be said for this policy, particularly when those advocating it are candid enough to acknowledge the sacrifices it would entail. The sacrifices are not primarily material. Our postwar interests and commitments outside this hemisphere having been abandoned, our defense needs would diminish accordingly. Even the naval forces required to support a policy of hemispheric isolation would be far less costly than those necessary for a policy of global unilateralism. Having been accorded virtually a free hand in Heartland and Rimland alike, the Soviet regime would have little interest in challenging our free use of the seas. Absent such a challenge by the Soviet Union to displace us, our commercial relations in the Pacific, in Africa, and in Latin America are not, on balance, dependent on our present commitments and power in the world. It is only in one area, the Persian Gulf, that a contrary case can be made, and given our largely abortive efforts to introduce our power there, it must be counted a very qualified case.

The chief attraction, however, of a policy of hemispheric isolation—even better, a policy substantially confined to the defense of North America—is that it would avoid the principal risk a policy of global involvement, with or without alliances, must incur. It would avoid the risk of war and, above all, of nuclear war. Having withdrawn once again from the world beyond this hemisphere, though now possessed of a surfeit of deterrent power, we would have little reason to fear attack, for a potential attacker would know with virtual certainty that he has far more to lose than to gain from so acting. Nuclear-missile weapons give some substance to the long discredited isolationist dream, a dream that continues to have undoubted attractions.

This is a very different dream, however, from that entertained by the new unilateralists, who view with increasing favor the reconsideration of our commitment to Western Europe. They reject any suggestion of a return to a policy of isolation. In doing so, they emphasize to the point of exaggeration the dangers likely to be incurred by an isolationist America. An isolationist America would surely be a more politically and morally impoverished nation than the America of today. But this would follow largely as a result of the new relationship entertained with Western Europe, a relationship many unilateralists appear either intent on bringing about or resigned to accepting.

This is why current visions of an alternative to a Eurocentric policy appear either vague or confused when the attempt is made to translate them into coherent policy. When it is said, for example, that the abandonment of a Eurocentric policy would permit us to address more effectively our interests in the Gulf, the question arises: for what? To secure access to oil needed by our allies? Why defend their extra-European interests, if we no longer care to defend their European interests?

The real alternative, then, to a Eurocentric policy is not a policy of global unilateralism, but

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one of hemispheric isolation. This alternative is seldom explored by the new unilateralists. Instead, what one hears today is simply that we can no longer defend those who will not defend themselves. That declaration is not always to be read, however, as a serious disavowal of our interest in Europe or in the Alliance. Usually its apparent intent is not to break up the Alliance but to reform it by altering and even reversing recent trends.

VII

Not all critics of the Atlantic Alliance share the view of the global unilateralists. Indeed, a far more telling critique of the Alliance and of our allies may be and has been put in quite traditional terms. Walter Laqueur has given an eloquent summary of that indictment in asking: "What can America do to satisfy those who want equidistance from the two superpowers, who want defense (but not too much of it), who are more afraid of American sanctions than of events in Poland, more apprehensive about American than Soviet missiles, who want to be allies and mediators at the same time."*

In this view, the allies no longer give evidence by word or by act that they continue to believe in and support the understanding that has always formed the foundation of the Alliance. Unwilling to assume a greater share of responsibility for their own defense, yet also reluctant to endorse those American efforts designed to redress the growing European imbalance, they increasingly seek to distance themselves diplomatically from the power that has afforded them, and that still affords them, protection.

The charge, then, is that our allies are acting in bad faith. While continuing to accept the benefits of the Alliance, they are unwilling even to acknowledge, let alone to pay, the price entailed by those benefits. That price is a willingness to follow American leadership in matters of critical concern to the collective interests of the Alliance. What critics want from our allies is greater obedience, and it is the increasing refusal to accord this obedience that has brought them to the point of asking today whether continuation of the Alliance is any longer desirable.

The merit of this indictment apart, does it reflect a fair assessment of the understanding that has constituted the basis of the Alliance? Clearly, there was an understanding that reflected some kind of mutuality of benefits, hence some kind of mutuality of duties and rights. In assuming the obligation to protect Western Europe from the threat of Soviet power, we asserted and were usually accorded a right of leadership to determine the manner by which Western Europe would be effectively protected. Almost from the outset, this right was also understood to imply the duty of those protected to make reasonable efforts of defense on their own behalf.

There was a further European duty that followed from American protection. Western Europe was not to place its human and material resources, on behalf of which we had extended our protective mantle, at the disposal of the Soviet Union. Although never made explicit, this duty responded to the simple logic of the situation. Certainly it would have made no sense for America to give Western Europe a nuclear guarantee against Soviet aggression if a major purpose in giving this guarantee might nevertheless be vitiated through the voluntary actions of those protected.

This is, admittedly, a rather harsh way of putting the social contract that formed the basis of the Atlantic Alliance. Even so, it does not violate the essential elements that, taken together, made up the understanding. When considered in terms of that understanding, it is easy to appreciate why the central problems now besetting the Alliance are so grave. For these problems not only call the postwar compact into direct question, but threaten to destroy it altogether.

On the one hand, erosion of the credibility of the American guarantee, consequent upon the loss of strategic superiority, is seen by many who were once confident of American protection as a critical change in the terms of the compact, a change that in turn justifies departures on Western Europe's part from duties once owed when protection was assured. On the other hand, those departures can only have the effect on this side of the Atlantic of weakening further the reasons for America to continue in its support of the Alliance. The pattern of making Western Europe's economy increasingly available to the Soviet Union must particularly have this weakening effect, for it strikes directly at a principal American incentive for retaining the Alliance. At the outset inseparable from détente, this pattern has come to define the essence of détente in Europe. Should it persist and grow, and the European commitment to it is now very deep, the result may well be the destruction of the Alliance.

There need be no mystery over why this should be so. In its very conception, economic détente held out the prospect of the Soviet Union using Western Europe as a base from which it could augment its power. Nor was this prospect obscure to the architects of détente in Europe, for it was as apparent a decade and more ago as it is today that the trading and financial relationships to be inaugurated and furthered would, in the nature of things, contribute to the power of the Soviet state. The rationale for détente did not deny this. Instead, détente was justified for the moderating effect on Soviet behavior it was presumably destined to have, *apart from* the effects it might also have on the Soviet power base. And it would have these moderating effects because the

* Walter Laqueur, "Poland and the Crisis of the Alliance," *Wall Street Journal*, January 4, 1982.

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Soviets would become as economically dependent on the never-ending stream of material rewards as Western Europe—and, above all, West Germany —would become psychologically and politically dependent on the new environment that would emerge as a result of the changed relationship with Moscow.

"Détente," Henry Kissinger has recently observed, "is not appeasement." But from the outset the two détentes of the past decade, the global American détente and the regional European détente, came very close to appeasement. At the heart of both was the notion that if the Soviets were given sufficient inducements in the form of continuous rewards this would prompt them to ever greater moderation in conduct. Certainly this was the meaning of détente in Europe. It is quite true that in return for these rewards the hope was entertained that the Soviets would gradually loosen their hold on the Eastern half of the continent. But this hope, and even expectation, was scarcely regarded as a *necessary condition* of détente.

What was there as a necessary condition was that the Soviets, in return for Western favors, would make no attempt to upset the status quo in Europe. This implied that Moscow would not seek to transform the military balance there. Détente also meant that the Soviets would make West Germany's life more tolerable through regularizing the status of Berlin, permitting a more normal relationship between the two Germanys, and allowing increased German contacts with its East European neighbors. That they would also risk the chance of the evolution occurring that did in fact occur in Poland, and, if they lost the bet, would be prepared to accept the consequences, is a *post-facto* interpretation of détente.

Although the illusion persists that the compulsions operating on both sides under détente were roughly equal, the reality was that these compulsions distinctly weighed in Moscow's advantage. This is the principal reason why détente always bordered on appeasement and why from the outset it courted failure. The Soviets did not violate détente so much by refusing to allow events in Poland to unfold to their disadvantage as they did by their military build-up in Europe. For this build-up, whatever its other purposes, was designed to have, and has had, the effect of bringing renewed pressure on Western Europe and the Alliance.

In undertaking the economic links that attended détente in Europe, our allies must be seen to have departed from the essential terms of the understanding that underlay the Alliance, just as we departed from the essential terms of the understanding in allowing the military balance to shift so markedly. The justification for the new course, on both sides, was that if successful it would alter the circumstances that made the original understanding necessary and meaningful. The justification has not been vindicated by events. Nevertheless, the departures from the understanding persist.

VIII

Critics of the Alliance are thus right in their assessment of the understanding that has formed the basis of the transatlantic pact. They are also right in their assessment of the corrosive effects that the developments of the past decade and more have had on this understanding. It is they who have been the most emphatic in pointing to the portentous shift in the military balance that occurred during the period of détente, just as it is they who have insistently drawn attention to the decline in the credibility of the American guarantee to Western Europe that must result from this shift.

Yet it is also the critics of the Alliance who refuse to accept the consequences of those developments. The principal consequence is that an imperfect protection cannot require more than an imperfect obedience. This is all the more so in that we, not the Europeans, are the ones who bear primary responsibility for permitting the shift in the military balance that has resulted in an imperfect protection. The desire for equidistance between the two superpowers, the fear of American sanctions against the Soviet Union, the wish to be allies and mediators at the same time—reflect a position that we have placed Western Europe in perhaps even more than it has placed itself. Now that Europe is in this position, we will have to come to terms with it as best we can.

A policy intent on recapturing today the leadership we exercised a generation ago is therefore bound to fail. A viable alliance policy in the present circumstances must accept as its point of departure that American leadership will have to be considerably more modest and qualified than in the past. This being so, a policy that holds out the prospect of success will have to focus on the very few issues whose resolution does appear indispensable if the Alliance is not to become an empty shell. Nothing can be more damaging in the present crisis than a policy that, by its hectoring insistence on pressing any and all issues dividing the Alliance members, fails to distinguish between what is necessary for reaffirming the basis of the Alliance and what is not.

A general statement of what is necessary must correspond to the terms of the original compact. Clearly, we must continue in our role as protector of Western Europe from the threat—however defined today—of Soviet power. This role cannot enjoy the credibility it once did. If it is true, however, that we shall never be able to erase the doubt of Western Europe that we would expose ourselves to destruction by employing nuclear weapons on Europe's behalf, it is also true that the still

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very great interest we do have in Western Europe, as well as the continued deployment there of our army, will never allow the Soviet Union safely to assume that we will not. The credibility of the American nuclear guarantee has been permanently weakened by the advent of nuclear parity. But it has not been destroyed.

The American nuclear guarantee to Europe should also be given in a way that will bring Western Europe the greatest assurance. The point would seem banal, were it not for the growing insistence in this country on protecting Western Europe in a manner that gives us the greatest assurance and prompts us to substitute our judgment for that of the protected. Yet it is our allies' judgment that is decisive and that should be honored when at all possible.

The demand that Western Europe accept new intermediate-range nuclear weapons capable of striking the Soviet Union must be seen in this light. If the Europeans, having previously asked for these forces, were now to decide that they did not want them, we have no valid reason for insisting that they must nevertheless take them, and, what is worse, for making the ultimate decision in this matter an "acid test" of the Alliance. At least we have no valid reason for so insisting if our concern is the credibility of the deterrent, since the credibility of the deterrent does not depend upon Europe's resolve in the face of Soviet missiles but upon our own.

It is not only the European acceptance of new nuclear weapons that many critics wish to make the "acid test" of the Alliance. They also demand that Europe make substantially increased expenditures on conventional forces as a condition of the continuation of American protection. Without such increases, it is held, the American army will remain incapable of defending itself, and there will consequently no longer be any real justification for keeping it in Europe.

Yet it is clearly not the case that our forces in Europe can no longer have a purpose unless they can defend themselves. The American army has always had a purpose, though it has never been able to defend itself against the kind of attack the Soviet Union has always been capable of mounting. This purpose has been to increase the credibility of the nuclear guarantee by insuring that a Soviet attack upon Western Europe will immediately involve American forces. From the time these forces were introduced, the assumption has been that their impending defeat was likely to trigger our strategic retaliatory force, and that the putative aggressor would be deterred by this.

The argument today that if American forces cannot defend themselves they are without a purpose and should no longer be kept in Europe must therefore be seen as a demand to change the terms under which we have heretofore maintained our forces on the continent. We now insist on resolving the predicament we have heretofore been willing to live with: of an American army incapable of defending itself against an all-out Soviet attack. The threat to withdraw the American army if the Europeans do not agree to higher defense budgets reflects the belief that Europe must now have what it has never before had: a viable local defense.

At issue is not the desirability of moving toward a viable local defense. Instead, it is the proper allocation of responsibility for providing the means to pursue this goal. Is it reasonable that our efforts to improve the defensive capabilities of American forces in Europe should be contingent on West European efforts? In particular, is it reasonable to condition our efforts on the pledge that our allies will increase their defense expenditures by a given percentage?

The view taken here—one that flows from the terms of the original compact—is that we should *not* do so. The responsibility for the relative decline in the Alliance's capability for both conventional and nuclear defense rests largely on American, not European, shoulders, and it is primarily upon our shoulders that the restoration of a credible defense of Western Europe must rest. It is one thing to hope that the Germans and the rest of Europe will not only live up to the "3-percent solution" but in the future go beyond it. It is quite another to make such action the *sine qua non* of our own greater effort. And it is feckless to make it the *sine qua non* of the continued deployment in Europe of our army. The present crisis requires above all not the expansion of European conventional forces, however desirable, but the reassertion of American military power.

IX

There remains to consider Western Europe's obligation to deny to the Soviet Union such use of its resources as will contribute to the aggrandizement of Soviet power. The view that even if the Europeans fulfilled none of their duties toward us it would still be in our interest to safeguard the independence of Europe—that our commitment to Europe, in other words, is unconditional—expresses not only a psychological impossibility but a mistaken reading of the American interest in Western Europe. If it were the case that what the Soviet Union wanted from Western Europe it could get, American protection or no American protection, the incentive that remained for us to protect Europe's security would at the very least diminish greatly. This is why the issue of Western Europe's economic links to the Soviet Union has become critical for the Alliance relationship. Of these links, the most important today is the projected West European-Siberian natural-gas pipeline.

In the years ahead the Soviet government will need to earn more hard currency if it is to improve the diet of its people, import the equipment

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and technology to develop its raw materials (particularly its energy reserves), and produce more and better consumer goods. Yet its only real prospect of meeting these needs, while not either curtailing military expenditures or adding to the deprivations of the Soviet people, is by expanding its exports of energy.

At present, Soviet earnings from oil and natural gas provide roughly two-thirds of the country's total foreign exchange. According to most informed estimates, exports of oil are likely to decline and may well disappear by the middle 1980's. Natural-gas sales, on the other hand, are expected to rise sharply, and particularly with the completion of the pipeline. Beginning in 1985, these sales will gross between $10 and $11 billion a year. The $10 to $15 billion in equipment that European companies intend to sell the Soviet Union for constructing the pipeline is expected to be paid off in two years, with the remainder of the earnings to be spent on technology and food.

Moscow's prospects for hard-currency earnings and credits will thus be critically dependent on gas sales. Without the pipeline, these sales would remain quite limited. And without the pipeline, the economic basis for the expansion of credits to the Soviet Union would sharply diminish, as would—consequently—its trade with the West. At the very least, we must expect that without the pipeline there would be no expansion—but in all likelihood a considerable contraction—of Western Europe's financial and trading relationships with the Soviet Union.

If it is nevertheless the case that construction of the pipeline is a *fait accompli*, and that West European governments will not reconsider the course upon which they are now set, we ought at least to be clear about the likely consequences. One consequence will be an increased European interest in helping the Soviet Union develop its immense natural-gas reserves. The initial step having been taken with the pipeline, a further and broader involvement in providing credits, equipment, and technology for the Soviet gas industry will appear as the logical next step. If the objections made to the pipeline can be brushed aside, as they have been brushed aside, it is difficult to see why the same cannot and will not be done to the objections made against this greater involvement.

This outcome, in turn, will largely resolve the issues of trade, credits, and technology transfers on which so much American diplomatic effort is now being expended. These efforts, even if temporarily successful, will in the end give way to perceived self-interest. So long as the *economic basis* exists for the expansion of East-West trade—and the development of the Soviet Union's energy supplies, and that alone, can provide it—it is highly unlikely that the OECD states will be capable of a meaningful common policy on trade, credits, or technology transfers. One or two states are capable of almost completely undermining such common policies, and thus of putting severe pressure on others to do the same.

The continuation of the pipeline must also absolve the United States of any duty to curtail its shipments of grain to the Soviet Union. Under these circumstances, we can have no obligation to make the economic sacrifices a grain embargo would entail. Nor is it even true that the counterpart of the pipeline is the grain trade and that those opposing the first cannot consistently and in good faith agree to the second. This would be the case only if the cancellation of the pipeline project were also attended by a demand that Europe cease all other trading relationships with the Soviet Union. In the absence of such a demand, it is unclear why the United States should be expected both to make the additional expenditures required by the present crisis in European defense *and* the economic sacrifices required by a grain embargo.

The fact is that those who have used the grain trade as a counter to the pipeline have not done so in order to support the cancellation of both. The grain trade has merely been a debating point with them, a way of responding to those who have opposed the pipeline, since they have never offered to sacrifice the pipeline if the Americans in turn sacrificed the grain trade. On the contrary, they have been very clear that they would not entertain such an arrangement. Nor did they in 1980, when the embargo of grain sales to the Soviet Union failed to produce any notable reaction on Europe's part.

The argument that if the United States cannot insure Western Europe's Middle East oil supplies, it has little grounds for complaint over Europe's attempt to diversify, even though this involves a dependency on the Soviet Union, brings us back to the nature of the transatlantic compact. In failing to protect—or to protect adequately—a vital European interest, it is urged, we have freed our allies to depart from their obligations under the compact, for this is what they they have clearly done in undertaking the pipeline.

The answer to this argument is that we cannot reasonably be expected to devote an increasing amount of our resources both to protect Europe in Europe and to protect Europe's vital interests outside Europe. If we are effectively to do the latter, then Europe should assume a greater role in the defense of itself. Instead, its response has been both to plead that it cannot now assume this greater role and to insist that our failure to protect its interest in the Middle East justifies a course of action that cannot be reconciled with its obligations as an ally.

In the end, the most effective argument against pressing for cancellation or indefinite delay of the pipeline has been that this would risk wrecking the Alliance. The evident implication is that the

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entire network of relations resulting from the regional European détente cannot be altered, or their further development even significantly impeded, since they now form a *limiting condition* of the Alliance. If that is indeed the case, we must conclude that the future of the Alliance is quite bleak. For there is no way of reconciling the logic of the détente that has flourished in Europe since the early 1970's with the logic of an American policy that now seeks to constrain wherever possible the growth of Soviet power. Caught between these two opposing forces, the Alliance will eventually founder.

The great question, then, is whether our European allies are prepared to reconsider and to modify the détente they currently entertain with the Soviet Union. Those who contend that Western Europe is not so prepared, and should not be forced by this country to make such a choice, point with special emphasis to West Germany.

Clearly, West Germany now finds itself in a difficult and painful position. Still, the West Germans cannot have it all ways. A price must be paid for the benefits Bonn has received from the Alliance, and it is one the leader of the Alliance has a right to demand. The German Chancellor was quick enough this past December to point out that the postwar dispensation in Europe conferred certain rights on the Soviet Union. But that dispensation also gave rise to an Alliance which conferred certain rights on the United States, rights Helmut Schmidt has been much more reluctant to acknowledge.

Moreover, the price that West Germany must pay to put a stop to, and even in part to reverse, the détente of the 1970's is regularly exaggerated. Bonn has not been asked to sacrifice those features of its détente that are understandably of crucial importance to it, and the loss of which might provoke a national trauma. It has not been asked to put an end to the intra-German détente, for it is quite unlikely that cancellation of the pipeline would prompt the Soviet Union to force East Germany to break present ties with Bonn. Moscow can have no interest in putting an end to West Germany's subsidization of the East German regime. That to date the West German government has nevertheless been unwilling to entertain the modest sacrifices entailed by cancellation of the pipeline tells us something significant about the value it sets on the Alliance.

X

THE general conclusion that forces itself on the observer is that the transatlantic compact has not held. The critics are largely justified in their visions of a dark future, whatever the merits of their indictment. The Alliance is visibly unraveling today, and the rising tempo of its disintegration can fail to impress only the most determined of optimists. The overriding reality is that Western Europe—and, most importantly, West Germany—is as committed to the détente that has grown up since the late 1960's as it is to the Alliance.

Why this is so remains a matter of speculation and controversy. To supporters of the European position, the answer is that détente has been at least a qualified success and therefore must not be abandoned. The setbacks that may occur from time to time must not be allowed to obscure the progress that has been made. But if there is no alternative to détente, as this position evidently implies, is this because the Soviet threat has been reduced or because it has grown to such proportions that it must now be appeased? Is détente ultimately rooted in an outlook that no longer fears Soviet power as much as in the past, or in an outlook that now fears it more than ever and that does so, among other reasons, because the United States can no longer give the protection we once could?

Whatever the proper answers to these questions, there is little basis for optimism. Europe remains as committed to détente as it is to the Alliance. So long as this is true, the corrosive effects on the Alliance must continue. The predicament this great reality poses today could be resolved by a Western Europe determined to assume an ever greater responsibility for its own security. But given the recent weakening of ties among European states and the growing disparity between their military power and the power of the Soviet Union, these prospects appear even more remote at present than they did in the past.

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Ethnicity—North, South, West

Nathan Glazer

TWELVE years ago, Daniel P. Moynihan and I, reviewing the condition of politics in New York City for the second edition of *Beyond the Melting Pot*, described two models of group relations which we dubbed "Northern" and "Southern." Both models, we wrote, rejected the idea that the fate of ethnic groups and races in the United States was to acculturate to a common American mean, and both affirmed the reality of group distinctiveness. But otherwise the differences between the two models were striking:

> In the Southern model, society is divided into two segments, black and white. The line between them is rigidly drawn. Other groups must choose to which segment they belong, even if . . . they do not really want to belong to either. Violence is the keynote of relations between the groups. And "separate but equal" is an ideology if not a reality.
>
> The Northern model is quite different. There are many groups. They differ in wealth, power, occupation, values, but in effect an open society prevails for individuals and for groups. Over time a substantial and rough equalization of wealth and power can be hoped for . . ., and each group participates sufficiently in the goods and values and social life of a common society so that all can accept the common society as good and fair. There is competition between groups, as between individuals, but it is muted, and groups compete not through violence but through effectiveness in organization and achievement. . . .

These words were written in the late 1960's, in the midst of the explosion of racial violence in Northern urban ghettos, and at a time when the old idea of "separate but equal," under which whites had long kept down blacks, was being startlingly resurrected by blacks themselves under the name of "black power." This movement emphasized separation from all whites, even the potential allies among them, in favor of a "turf" on which blacks could wield independent power. In the light of this, I would admit that our intention as authors was to show the superiority of the Northern pattern, in which Moynihan and I had both grown up, to the Southern pattern with its emphasis on separatism and its tendency to violence.

Despite the limitations of our now twelve-year-old formulation, I still think there is much merit in it. Modifications are, as we shall see, necessary, but the present situation in group relations is still largely understandable in terms of a conflict between these two patterns.

One pattern does *not* seem to be in the cards, although it is a model to which liberals and nationalists once aspired—that of assimilation pure and simple, in which people act politically on the basis of interests other than ethnic or racial. Both the Northern and Southern patterns which have replaced that model operate instead on the premise that we are not a homogeneous society, ethnically or racially or religiously, and that the conflicts which dominate all democratic politics are, in the American situation, affected by ethnic and racial and religious considerations which are not *simply* reflections of economic interest. They may be rooted in part in the dominant socioeconomic characteristics of a given group, but they also reflect values and convictions. In what way, for example, could we interpret the now severe conflicts over abortion and school prayer, or over school busing, as conflicts based on *economic* interest?

But to return to our two models. The Southern pattern takes for granted the primacy of one central division in society, between white and black. The white South was itself ethnically much more homogeneous than the rest of the country, with only moderate infusions of European immigrants and very few Chinese and Japanese immigrants to complicate the stark black-white division. Where European ethnic groups were present (Italians in New Orleans, Jews in many cities), they simply became part of the white majority, willy-nilly, sharing in the benefits of legal segregation and formal discrimination. By the same token, American Indians and Chinese in the South were assimilated by white prejudice into the lower black caste.

Inevitably such a stark division in society meant

NATHAN GLAZER is professor of education and sociology at Harvard and co-editor of the *Public Interest*. His books include *Affirmative Discrimination* and *Remembering the Answers*. This article, which was originally delivered as a paper at an Arden House conference, will appear in somewhat different form as a chapter in *Ethnic Relations in America*, edited by Lance Liebman, to be published by Prentice-Hall in June.

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that every issue had to be seen in black and white terms, in both senses. Moreover, since one group was being held in an inferior position, violence was part of political reality, whether exercised legally by the police or illegally through lynchings and threats of bodily harm. But violence was not an essential part of the Southern pattern; what was essential was the sharp division between the two groups, whose rights and privileges were defined by law. In the South, law codified intergroup relations. Indeed, one evidence of the migration of the Southern pattern into the rest of the country is that, today, intergroup relations throughout the entire society are increasingly defined by law.

The law in question, to be sure, is very different from the law that governed black-white relations and kept blacks in an inferior position in the South. It is a law designed not to insure dominance but to achieve equality. But it shares something with that earlier law: it names groups, and this naming enables individuals to become legal beneficiaries specifically because of their group membership. It defines who has the right to claim the benefits of group membership, and who must do without benefits because he belongs to another group.

WHAT complicates this picture is that, outside the South (but increasingly even in the South as well), instead of simply two groups, there are in reality many. The law thus cannot limit itself to differentiating between black and white, but must differentiate between two groups of groups. There are groups that must be added to the benefit category (some Asians, Hispanics) whose "right" to be so included is challengeable; and there are groups incorporated into the non-benefit category who have grounds for criticizing such placement (Italians, Poles, Jews) or who might even lobby to be shifted to the benefited group (Asian Indians, for example).

The term "Western" (or "Southwestern") might be used for this developing situation because it is in those regions that the first complications of the Southern pattern came into view. Quite early in the history of desegregation cases the question arose: are the Hispanics to be considered majority or minority? If the former, then it might be possible to have legally "desegregated" schools in which, in actuality, the entire student body was made up of blacks and Hispanics. If the latter, new and more complex solutions had to be found. When the number of groups to be desegregated rose to three, two of which were themselves combinations of other groups (the Hispanic and the Asian, as in San Francisco), the problem became even more complicated.

There are several reasons why the Southern pattern cannot successfully be applied in a situation where there are more than one or two disfavored groups. One reason is that the disfavored are disfavored in varying degrees; they have different histories, and different legal statuses.

Thus the American Indians are the only group in the country whose boundaries are *sharply* defined in law. Once this definition may have been used to exclude them from rights. Today, on the contrary, it defends their rights and benefits. Indians may possess, through their tribes, important natural resources, and may become the recipients of substantial sums of money as compensation for land-taking. They are also beneficiaries of affirmative-action policies, but these are of minor significance compared with the sums to which individuals may have a legal claim as a consequence of tribal membership. Who is an Indian, and of what tribe, therefore become important questions in stipulating how the various benefits are distributed.

Hispanics are a congeries of groups, each with different legal, social, economic, and political characteristics. The Puerto Ricans are in an ambiguous condition of citizenship—full citizens on the mainland, but of a special status if they live in Puerto Rico—and a simple passage in either direction shifts them back and forth; as often as they move from island to mainland, so often is their political status changed. Mexican Americans range in status from old settlers (some with special treaty protection), to recent immigrants who have become citizens, to immigrants legally domiciled, to illegal immigrants. As a group they stand higher than the Puerto Ricans economically, and exercise more political influence. Cubans are another special category, perhaps closest to earlier European immigrants. Their middle-class status (and perhaps the additional benefits they receive from the government as favored political refugees) has rapidly moved them above both Puerto Ricans and Mexican Americans in occupation, income, and, where they are concentrated in sufficient numbers, political influence. (Today the difference between political refugees and any other illegal or legal immigrant is crucial in determining rights and benefits.) Then there are all the other groups of Hispanics who are becoming important in one or another part of the country—Dominicans, Nicaraguans, Salvadorans, Colombians, and others —for each of whom a slightly different story must be told.

Finally, consider the multiplicity of Asian groups, and their varying socioeconomic positions and histories. Asians were first included in affirmative-action programs as a protected group because there had been a history of severe legal discrimination against Chinese and Japanese, and because they were nonwhite. The situation becomes much muddier when we add to the Chinese and Japanese—who were the principal Asian groups at the time of the major civil-rights legislation of the mid-1960's—substantial and rapidly growing communities of Filipinos, Koreans, Asian Indians, Vietnamese, and some smaller groups, each of varying legal status and socioeconomic position.

A distinguishing characteristic of the new Western or Southwestern pattern, then, is that it places

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under the "protected" rubric a range of groups some of whose rights to special benefits and protection may legitimately be disputed. This differentiates it from the Southern pattern. What differentiates it from the Northern pattern is the possibility that these new ethnic strains will not blend into the American multi-ethnic spectrum as it now exists. Because of the role of law, and also because of other factors, there is a break between the white majority (with all the ethnic groups into which it can be divided) and the new immigrant groups of different races and cultural backgrounds.

This break reflects the fact that the dominant European ethnic groups completed their major period of immigration to this country sixty years ago. European immigration then came to a halt for more than two decades. When it resumed, in the post-World War II years, it was moderate in size, and the new immigrants—Irish, Germans, Italians, Jews, Poles, Ukrainians—in large measure either affiliated themselves with groups that had been established decades before, or rapidly assimilated. In the 1950's and 1960's there were indeed new immigrant infusions from the countries of Europe. But if the impact was visible locally it did not become visible nationally; there was reason to believe that the same patterns of economic/political mobility and of cultural and religious change which had affected earlier immigrants and made them into Americans of a familiar type would operate as well on these newcomers.

The situation since the mid-1960's is of a different kind. The figures themselves tell the story. In the 1960's there were 1.6 million European and Canadian immigrants, and in the 1970's only 957,000, while in the same period Asian immigration jumped from 362,000 to 1.5 million. Immigration from Mexico rose from 432,000 to 624,000. Everyone is aware that substantial numbers of illegal immigrants have come from Latin America. Even immigration from Africa, only 33,000 in the 1960's, rose to 87,000 in the 1970's.

This growing diversity, and the shift from European and Canadian sources to Latin American, Asian, and African, have created a new and different pattern. The new pattern mirrors neither the Northern, based on European strains, all of whom have become acculturated, nor the Southern, with its stark black-white gulf based on the history of slavery and a caste system.

II

WHAT are the consequences for American politics? For one thing, clashes have developed between those raised in the Northern pattern and those who utilize the new conceptions that grew out of the Southern pattern and have been institutionalized in the Western. Nothing is so revealing in this regard as the conflict over the redistricting of City Council seats in New York, which led a federal court in 1981 to suspend New York's primary elections; the judgment of the court was confirmed by the Supreme Court on the very eve of the election.

There have been many such conflicts in the South over similar issues—how to redistrict to guarantee a certain representation for blacks, the proper role of at-large seats, the effects of annexations on black votes, etc. They have received little national attention, it being understood that such conflicts would inevitably occur in the context of the Southern pattern, where white has stood arrayed against black, and national power has been invoked to help blacks. But the North is a rather more complex matter.

When the Voting Rights Act of 1965 was made to apply to three of the counties of New York City, Hasidic Jews charged that a redistricting intended to increase the number of black congressional seats from Brooklyn had, by splitting their community into two districts, reduced *their* political power. A third party thus entered the suit, and a close study would undoubtedly have revealed other groups with the potential to enter. In the event, the Supreme Court upheld the redistricting. A new district designed to produce a new black Congressman came into being—and that district has regularly voted into office a Jew, though it has also on occasion been offered excellent black candidates with which to replace him. The stark black-white conflict was thus complicated not only by the presence of the Hasidic community, but by the fact that white candidates can appeal to black voters—contrary to the assumptions of the Southern pattern.

The present New York situation, in which a redistricting plan has been prevented from coming into being by the courts, is even more complex. Not only are there the claims of a variety of racial and ethnic groups to be considered, but strictly political factors, such as the desire of incumbent Councilmen to preserve their seats, also come into play. The New York City redistricting plan pitted black, white, and Puerto Rican incumbents against black, white, and Puerto Rican challengers, and used the time-tested forms of gerrymandering that go back long before there were immigrant or racial communities to complicate the issue. The Mayor of New York knew that in this new situation he had to protect his flank against minority attacks—and he did, or so he thought. Leading blacks, including Congressman Charles E. Rangel, the psychologist Kenneth B. Clark, and Manhattan Democratic leader Herman D. Farrell, who has succeeded to the great Tammany chieftains, all supported the redistricting, as did the Puerto Rican Councilman, Gilberto Gerena-Valentin. Subsequently Gerena-Valentin changed his mind and sued (as did others) alleging violations of the Voting Rights Act.

In the New York City case there was no gang-up of whites against blacks, which is the situation the Voting Rights Act was designed to prevent. If there was a gang-up, it was of incumbents against everyone else. The challengers argued that under

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redistricting, the percentage of seats that would go to blacks and Puerto Ricans, who had increased substantially as a proportion of the population in ten years, would be too small, while the percentage of seats that would go to whites, whose proportion in the city population had dropped greatly since 1970, would be too large. The law permitted these challenges to redistricting. Elections were suspended, at great cost to the candidates and their supporters and a great deal of confusion has been introduced, which, against the very intention of the law, will probably *reduce* substantially the numbers voting in the primary when it eventually takes place.

The situation to which the Act was applied in New York had nothing to do with its purposes. It was applied because, for reasons which are somewhat obscure, very low proportions of blacks and Puerto Ricans register and vote in New York City, and so the boroughs with high concentrations of these minority groups fall under the Act's provisions. Unfortunately, Act or no Act, there is no way of guaranteeing that even very high percentages of blacks or Puerto Ricans in a district will produce a black or Puerto Rican candidate, as the New York case shows.

This is an old story, known to every politician, long preceding the Voting Rights Act, and quite impervious to its intentions or assistance. As Arthur Klebanoff has pointed out, between 1950 and 1965 blacks and Puerto Ricans increased from 9 to 29 percent of the Brooklyn population, but this increase had almost no impact on representation:

> The remnants of the older political machinery, once broad-based, continued to control Brooklyn politics as late as 1966. Jews and Italians ran the stores, owned the apartments, and filled the political clubhouses. This was to be expected. The surprise was the absence of any competing Negro or Puerto Rican organizations. Jews and Italians continued in office long after the districts they represented became predominantly Negro and Puerto Rican.

Even more surprising, further massive increases in the percentage of black and Puerto Rican population in the decade and a half since 1966 have not been accompanied by any substantial increase in minority representation. It is the roots of this phenomenon that must be explored, and they cannot be overcome by the brute intervention of a hardly relevant Voting Rights Act. The realities that have created this situation are the demographic characteristics of minority and white populations, the failure (for whatever reasons) of blacks and Puerto Ricans to equal the economic and skill resources of the old immigrant populations, and perhaps some problems of organization in these communities. The Irish got into politics immediately and with great effect. Jews did not; it is only in recent decades that they have been playing a central political role in the city in which they were for so long the largest ethnic group by far. (Abraham Beame, elected in 1973, was, astonishingly, the first Jewish Mayor of New York.) There are reasons for these differences. They have no relation to the assumptions of the Voting Rights Act.

Even under the best of intentions to increase black and Puerto Rican representation, one would be hard put to see what kind of voting system in New York City could "represent" blacks and Puerto Ricans in any proportion within hailing distance of their percentage of the city population. Even if one concentrated minorities up to 70 percent in a district, what would happen if Puerto Ricans and blacks were divided among themselves? In the fight over redistricting in New York, there were splits *within* the minority groups, there were splits *between* the two minority groups, and there were discrepant interests among the whites. (It could not have been a matter of indifference whether the whites in question were Jewish, Italian, or Irish.) But significant as these factors were, no one explored them—they were not at issue legally, for everyone had been reduced by the simplicities of the Voting Rights Act to the position of two contending and homogeneous parties.

The distinction between the Southern pattern and the Northern pattern is thus more than academic. The Southern mode forces everything into the courts, into a context of rights and wrongs. In the courts one side is right, and the other is wrong; there are no alternatives.

Outside the courts, however, there is bargaining and negotiation. How can a minority bargain effectively, it might be asked? It can do so because in the Northern pattern, a minority exists alongside other minorities. In a situation where formal equality prevails, where all have access to the ballot, where all have access to the schools and colleges, and in particular the law schools, no minority is fully powerless. There are areas in which and issues on which even a small group and a poor one can be dominant and influential.

Is it more helpful to receive a favorable decision from a court or to get something tangible as the outcome of a negotiation—a new housing project or school, a nomination for an Assembly seat, a promise of a job as an Assistant District Attorney? All this is the common coin of the Northern pattern. To be sure, negotiation is not ruled out in the Southern pattern either—one can still negotiate before, during, and after a court decision. But a special kind of combat is encouraged by the pattern: an adversary lawyer working for a foundation or a public-funded legal defense organization wields a different kind of power from that represented by a community leader. Very likely he comes from a different ethnic group, does not live in the community, and has a rather abstract idea of how its interests may be advanced. His participation may make it harder rather than easier to negotiate and compromise.

Clearly, in the South of the 1940's, 1950's, and 1960's, and perhaps the 1970's, it was essential to appeal to Constitution and law, to fight the

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crucial issues through the courts. But in the North, the political process that had made way for the Jews, the Italians, the Poles, and other groups did in time make way for the blacks and the Puerto Ricans as well. The political problem of the Northern black is not formal inequality, or actual inequality. The polls are open, the courts are open, the civil service is open, the colleges and law schools are open—indeed, under the new affirmative-action measures of recent years, more than open. The problem, rather, is symbolized by the remarkably low registration and voting figures for blacks in Northern cities, much lower than the percentages in the South.

The matter is mystifying. It cannot be attributed to the notion that blacks are a small minority in Northern cities and that politics are therefore a futile path to the advancement of their group interests. Blacks in Northern cities form a percentage of the population as high as or higher than their proportion in Mississippi and South Carolina, where they are far more active at the polls. Nor is poverty the problem: the blacks of Southern states are no more prosperous. Nor is it the lack of education: Northern blacks are better educated. Nor is it the absence of models to encourage political participation: there have been prominent black Congressmen, Assemblymen, Councilmen, and state officials for forty years or more.

Perhaps one factor is the rise of poverty organizations in the 1960's which provided jobs and access to federal funds. These may have been seen as a more desirable source of benefits, and route of advancement, than the path of traditional local politics. Perhaps, too, the fact that the national government for twenty years was the standard-bearer of minority rights made it seem more valuable to enter the federal civil service in the newer programs than to start out on the hard career of local political representation. Neither factor now operates. The refusal of the Reagan administration to continue in the line of the Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Ford, and Carter administrations may result in a reentry of blacks and Hispanics into local politics.

III

Just at the time a new pattern of group relations has made itself felt, America has received new waves of immigrants who themselves differ in significant ways from older immigrants.

The newer groups are often distant from the older established groups in culture, language, and religion. Among the Asians, in addition to Chinese and Japanese there are now Filipinos, Koreans, Asian Indians, Vietnamese, Cambodians, Laotians, Pacific Islanders, speaking languages for the most part unconnected to the languages of Europe, practicing religions that have had few representatives in this country, and stemming from racial or ethnic stocks distant from the European. Even Mexican culture, with its intriguing Euro-Indian mix, strikes Europeans and Americans as something quite different from simply Spanish culture transplanted.

For this new immigration, issues of legality loom large, and in a new way. Until the 1920's, immigration to this country was left almost unregulated, and getting citizenship was easy; thus, almost everyone was legal. The questionable legal status of many of the new groups, however, affects deeply their ability to participate in politics.

The new immigrants are also entering a situation in which differences among groups—of income, occupation, educational achievement, language, and voting participation—have become national political issues. They have a right to bilingual education whether they want it or not; they have a right (many of them) to assistance in voting in their own language. They have varying claims to special consideration under affirmative-action requirements.

There is, moreover, a remarkable diversity among the new groups in their ability to take advantage of American opportunities. Some among the new immigrants show a surprising mobility. There are those who come here fairly highly educated and as professionals (Asian Indians, for example). Others have remarkable ability in small business (Koreans), or enjoy rapid success in educational advancement (Vietnamese). The gaps that such achievements may open up between these groups and the older minorities, black and Hispanic, suggest the possibility of future conflict. The matter becomes more delicate insofar as these differences are seen crudely as the result of differential discrimination. A competition over who is more discriminated against, and who more worthy of federal or other protection, may well develop, with nasty overtones.

Finally, there are important international dimensions to the new immigration that must be considered. A few years ago, after hearing testimony on immigration to the United States, a Congressman summed up by saying, "We have been told that by the end of the century there will be 140 million Mexicans, and half of them will be living north of the Rio Grande." Perhaps those figures are too high—perhaps there will be only 100 million and only a third of them will be living north of the Rio Grande. But we will have on our southern border a neighbor, Mexico, still poorer than we by a great margin, with an enormous minority population across the border in the United States that will have the right to be educated, in public schools, in the language, history, culture, and customs of Mexico. One recalls that only a few hundred thousand Japanese, with their homeland seven thousand miles way, helped give rise to a great fear of the "Yellow Peril."

Another international consideration has to do with the fact that two substantial new communities —Cubans and Vienamese—have been created in the United States as a result of decisions by for-

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eign powers over which we had no control. In both cases, we responded in accord with old traditions of offering asylum to refugees and a place to live to immigrants. There are many countries in the world in which the expulsion of large parts of the population—ethnic or racial minorities, political dissidents—may seem desirable in decades to come. How will we respond as new groups are added to the Cubans and Vietnamese? And how will the admission of substantial numbers of immigrants who have not chosen us and who have not been chosen by us complicate intergroup relations?

As turbulent as was the assimilation of the European immigrant groups, the tensions of these various factors suggest greater turbulence ahead. The new groups will, on the one hand, form more obvious targets for attack; on the other hand, they will find easier access to legal protection, and to legal rights that are unique in the experience of older Americans, and this will create resentment.

IV

THE first pattern of group relations I have described, the Northern, found a resolution to group conflict, at least as far as European immigrants went. However intense the antagonisms, a modus vivendi was in time worked out. While each group maintained its attachments to culture and homeland, it was able to find a place in the American economy, society, and polity.

If anyone in those days had troubled to analyze the statistics, he might have found much to grouse about by today's standards. Since the Irish dominated electoral politics, all other groups were by that token "deprived." Since the Jews were the most successful in terms of occupational status, all the others were by that token "deprived." Yet that was not the way the political debate was conducted. All the European ethnic groups believed they had done well in America, and there is hardly a one that still bears grievances.

The Northern pattern might well have accommodated the blacks as they moved North, the Puerto Ricans as they emigrated to the mainland, the Mexican Americans as they moved into the cities of the West. It has not been successful in doing so, in the perception both of minority leaders and of leaders of opinion for the majority, and to some degree in reality. (Actually, as Thomas Sowell has recently documented, the successes of the Nothern pattern were greater than is generally realized.) This perception of failure has shaped the actions of minority-group leaders and of government, with the result that the Southern pattern has become the national norm.

This national pattern will be challenged as the new wave of immigration reshapes American cities. Do the new immigrants deserve the same benefits as the protected classes of the 1960's? How will the borders of protected classes be set? If nonwhite immigrants have greater benefits in law than white natives, how will that affect the willingness to allow immigration to continue at the rate of the 1970's? As some of these immigrants show success in economic activity and in achieving political representation, what will that do to the viability of the Southern pattern?

It is precisely at this point that a fresh look should perhaps be taken at a model of intergroup relations which has been in ill repute for some time: the model of full assimilation and Americanization which characterized the period of World War I through the 1930's. The ideal of this model was the assimilation of all immigrant groups to a common cultural type, so that ethnicity would play no role in individual consciousness, groups would not be formed around ethnic interests, "hyphenated Americanism" would be a thing of the past, and the United States would become as homogeneous as the nations of the old world.

Two things were wrong with this model. The older Americans themselves did not hold to the ideal with full consistency; and it was completely unrealistic to expect people to give up ethnic attributes, attachments, and loyalties within a brief period of time. Yet there is still much to be said for it as an ideal vision for American society. After all, group differences have almost always become a source of conflict, and maintaining them in a high profile will likely lead to more. Assimilation, on the other hand, has proceeded so far and so successfully with so many groups in American society that it is not unreasonable to hope that the same processes can affect the new immigrants as well.

Yet this model has been driven from the field of discussion of ethnic issues. The "melting pot" is now attacked not only on the ground that it never really melted that much or that fast, which is quite true, but on the ground that it should not have been allowed to melt in the first place. "Americanization" has thus become a dirty word.

Without endorsing the programs of World War I and the succeeding years, one can still appreciate the virtue of forging a single society out of many stocks, and acknowledge that this process deserves some public guidance. Beyond Northern, Southern, and Western patterns, there are still, or should be, ultimate goals. Today the most strongly supported goals seem to be, first, that every group must match every other group in economic resources, occupational status, and political representation; and second, that every group should be maintained in its distinctiveness, insofar as it is in the public power to do so, through an educational system that supports its language and its culture. That is a sure recipe for conflict. Perhaps the much maligned goal of assimilation still has a good deal to teach us about managing our multiethnic society.

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Shakespeare as Remedial Reading

Ronald Berman

Sometimes in my English classes I give out reading lists of about fifty titles from Homer to Joyce. The student appreciates the thought, but wishes to know why it should be necessary to face another and unadvertised requirement. It is not really a matter of disagreement; in fact, discussion of such work and its ends is, in Southern California, often quite soulful. But there is a kind of Newtonian law in teaching that no student who needs extra work ever wants to do it. So that this mode works beautifully, but only for those who do not need it. (Those who are most anxious to work from such a list are high-school teachers who occasionally meet with me. Maybe there are second acts in American lives.)

I try to sprinkle lectures with the names of books and those of critics. I have each class keep a running list of these allusions, and I keep books in my office to lend. I make an effort to place books in their historical periods, although this takes away a lot of time that might be used for study of the text. I note also that these are the most popular classes, the students feeling evidently that they are getting a return not previously paid on their investment. The simple provision of historical information, or that about writing, fills a large and empty space.

Allusiveness is good for the soul of the instructor, since it may so easily be mistaken for intelligence. But it has limited effectiveness. Sometimes it is hard to explain what the Victorian period was, or what the difference between classic and modern is. Some things are so large that they cannot be explained in a class; they depend on dozens of books which have not been read. Right now, even the commonest allusions escape notice. Everyone has his favorite example—mine is about Elizabethan censorship and the student who wanted to know whether Julius Caesar was annoyed at his characterization by Shakespeare. There is eventually a point of no return in education, for which even remedial teaching is useless. It takes a number of courses and several years to provide basic information about history and writing—anything less is emptying the ocean by buckets.

One interesting thing about the allusive method—that is to say, about broadening and thickening discourse by reference to ideas, to scholarly progress over the years, to historical context, to common experience—is that it can be resented. Students are now remarkably sweet-tempered and it is often a pleasure to deal with them. But they feel hopeless and resentful about the impractical ends of education, about what they do not know. A course is a unit of credit without relationship to other things. Like the rest of us, they want no surprises. They want to pass with as high a grade as possible and to get on with it They have a positively Runic understanding of course requirements, and are as uneasy about transcending them as any of the Trobriand Islanders would be at uttering a false syllable during a rite of exorcism. Freud put it nicely for civilized man in *Totem and Taboo*: "All direct or indirect contact with this dangerous sacredness is therefore avoided, and where it cannot be avoided a ceremonial has been found to ward off the dreaded consequences. The Nubas in East Africa, for instance, believe that they must die if they enter the house of their priest-king, but that they escape this danger if, on entering, they bare the left shoulder and induce the king to touch it with his hand." The requirement neutralizes those other dangers of knowledge to which we have been subject since Genesis. It changes knowledge from a mystery to a unit.

There isn't a prayer (so to speak) of my research being directly useful to most students. Some of it can be worked into courses but most of it is just something else that I do. I hope that is a healthy attitude, because I recommend it. I teach courses (and am grateful for the freedom to do so) in what I read. Over the last year that has included Shakespeare, the 19th-century novelists, Scott Fitzgerald, and Hemingway. I find it exceptionally useful to teach new courses, useful both to students and to myself.

The largest addition to any of these courses is writing. It can no longer be assumed that upperclassmen know how to write: in more concrete terms, that they have been given writing assignments in high school, that they have taken a required course as freshmen, that anyone has ever explained to them either how to form a sentence or how to cite a reference. In fact, you can pretty much bet that they have never learned how to do a footnote. You can also bet that no one has ever spent five minutes with them in a university library. They don't know the difference between the *Cambridge Bibliography* and the *Koran*.

A senior course on Jane Austen and Dickens will have to have certain hours set aside for teaching writing. One begins by (as gently

Ronald Berman, *who was chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities from 1971 to 1977, now teaches at the University of California, San Diego. He is the author of* America in the 60's: An Intellectual History, *among other works.*

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as possible) destroying all previous attitudes about introduction, body, conclusion, etc. It is now late in the day, and students have to learn to think. What one teaches at this stage is how to be intellectually aggressive.

I SHOULD first say something about the place of writing in an upper-division reading course. Such a course at my campus of the University of California lasts for one quarter or ten weeks. There are three lectures each week because the university no longer has money for teaching assistants to give discussion sections. There will be an average of about sixty students in each class—not large for an Ivy League school, where literature is an attraction, but substantial here. The problem of writing is also a problem of scheduling, since there can be only thirty classes in a course. A certain amount of reading has to be forgone in order to talk about writing; and most talks with individual students are about writing since it is the most difficult thing for them.

In essence, every course becomes in part a remedial course. This is not what the bureaucracy had in mind when they approved the concept of remedial education—the official attitude is that extra courses in writing, staffed by specialists, would handle illiteracy. For many reasons that is unrealistic. One of them is that students won't attend such courses if they can help it. Another is that the courses are not staffed by writers, or even by general faculty, but often by decent and good-hearted graduate students who are in a bit over their heads. So, as I say, every course becomes *de facto* a remedial course.

Students seem to like the lecture well enough, but they are by far most interested in the sessions devoted to writing. One reason for this is that they recognize writing to be essential for success—but of course there are other reasons. They resent what they have missed; they want a sense of style now that they are away from high school and it is safe to have that; they find it difficult to articulate their own thoughts; and finally, no one has ever done this with them before.

As to the tactics, I start by arguing that they should begin any paper when they have something to say, and end it when they don't. No introductions, no conclusions, no summary, no paraphrase. Any argument has to be somewhat brutal, concerned mostly with evidence. Possibly the most important thing I do is have students think and write in paragraphs. Their schooling has suggested that a declarative sentence is the equivalent of a thought, which is not true. It is only the outcome of a thought, which is based upon deduction, comparison, analysis, and a dozen other intellectual modes. In order to arrive at a thought about a book one has had to read, judge, compare, and do myriad other things before even the simplest judgment is arrived at.

A paragraph is the embodiment of that process. It begins with almost anything, by saying, for example, that *Jane Eyre* is the greatest study in literature of an inferiority complex. This may not be strictly original, or even right, but it gets you off the mark in a hurry. Now the paragraph has to go somewhere, to prove that it is in fact the form of a thought. A second sentence might mention that throughout the novel Jane is described as "plain," "small," and "insignificant," and that she thinks of herself in that way. So does Mr. Rochester—although he rather likes her eyes. The next sentence might compare Jane to the magnificently endowed Blanche Ingraham ("A strapper—a real strapper, Jane: big, brown, and buxom"), and the sublimely dopey Georgiana Reed who gets the comeuppance all beautiful blondes deserve. Then some kind of connection of appearance to personality. Finally, a conclusion that actually concludes—in this case that to the Romantic imagination spirit, soul, and feeling matter more than appearance. So, goodbye to all those merely beautiful heroines of the past, and welcome to a century of the clumsy and nearsighted Dorothea Brooke, the pock-marked Esther Summerson, and the plain, small, but not at all insignificant Jane Eyre.

The most important tactic is allowing students to do their papers over for credit. By now the writing component of the course is at flank speed, and I am surrounded by lots of papers with not very good grades. We talk these over—I grade papers by rewriting them, essentially; that is, by taking each sentence and showing how it might otherwise have come out. And the student now has the option of doing the whole thing over within a week or so: which appeals to a sense of sport as well as self-interest.

I have graders, and they are very good: graduate students who need the money and who work in excess of their stipend. They aren't bound by contract to attend lectures but they do; nor do they have to consult with students, but they do that too. I do part of the papers and they do the rest. One important thing about the results: although the whole procedure of doing papers over for credit was designed to get students to raise grades of C to B, almost no C student ever takes advantage of the offer. Almost universally it is the good students, B or even A, who do their papers over.

Nearly all office hours are spent talking about writing. That is because reading is only an assignment, while writing gets a grade. And for a much larger reason: the course in Shakespeare or Dickens becomes a kind of remedial enterprise. The original intention of the curriculum may have been to pass on knowledge of certain texts, but the reality is that another purpose must be served.

EDUCATION is the Platonic form of which teaching is the reality. Cardinal Newman wrote *The Idea of a University* within a very few years after Dickens described how schoolboys might actually act at Mr. Creakle's school, matching their acquiescence to his stupidity. Matthew Arnold's vision of culture was expressed at roughly the same time that George Eliot showed some cultural possibilities in the human form of Mr. Casaubon. The idea that educational designs and human actuality might have something of an adversary relationship is much older than our academic novels. It goes a long way back, at

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least as far as to the 1590's when *The Taming of the Shrew* appeared. The first scene begins with Lucentio, who is not exceptionally bright, telling his servant Tranio that he is ready to begin "A course of learning and ingenious studies" centering on virtue and philosophy. He is really setting himself up in a play in which Petruchio, who never went to college, is going to give people an awful lot of lessons in those two subjects. But it's the face value of his ideal which matters at this point, and Tranio, who is not a gentleman and therefore better informed, has an answer for that:

Mi perdonato, gentle master mine.
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no Stoics nor no stocks, I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abju'rd.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.

The thought goes all through Shakespeare who believed—or at least who wrote about—the difference between good ideas and their practice. Philosophy may be sweet, but it does need some acquaintance with reality. The same acquaintance, one imagines, that course catalogues should have with teaching as it actually occurs, against the grain.

Santayana and the Genteel Tradition

Kenneth S. Lynn

THE Harvard faculty of the 1890's thought of itself as made up of men of superbly independent mind. George Santayana, a prodigy of detachment, knew otherwise. For years he suppressed his irritation with a whole host of the attitudes that his colleagues uncritically held in common, from their sanctimonious and often disingenuous Protestantism to their snobbish assumption that the Irish Catholics who also lived in Cambridge were nothing more than muckers, and their studied lack of interest in the spectacular achievements of American industrial enterprise. Only when America's appetite for global power was denounced as immoral at a gathering of the philosophy department did Santayana finally decide to let the entire university community know how he felt about it.

Because of his Spanish birth, and because his father, stepfather, and maternal grandfather had all lived in the Philippines for a time, Santayana might have been expected to object to the American annexation of the Islands at the conclusion of the war with Spain, and possibly to the installation of an American presence in Puerto Rico, Guam, and insurgent Cuba as well. Yet while he was indeed resentful of "the schoolmaster's manner of the American government, walking switch in hand into a neighbor's garden, to settle the children's quarrel there," he also believed that Spain's weakness and America's strength made the fall of one empire and the rise of another inevitable—and he was reinforced in this conviction by the philosophical acceptance of loss by his friends and relatives in Spain. Therefore, when his colleague William James denounced the annexation of the Philippines as a "shameless betrayal of American principles" that reeked of "greed, ambition, corruption, and imperialism," Santayana asked himself, "Why was William James so much upset by an event that the victims of it could take so calmly?"

Santayana's answer to that question illustrated his overall opinion of the Harvard faculty. Although James thought of himself as a free man, he was not, because his mind was "held back by old instincts" and was "subject to old delusions." As a pragmatist and a physician, James ought to have realized that the entrance of the United States onto the world stage was a natural development in its "physiological history." But because the "overrid-

KENNETH S. LYNN *teaches history at Johns Hopkins. He is the author of, among other books,* The Dream of Success *and* Visions of America.

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ing tradition" in him was a mixture of outmoded Transcendentalist idealism and even more outmoded Calvinistic guilt, he had instead given way to moralistic lamentations about the nation's failure to grant instant independence to the Filipinos in the name of Thomas Jefferson's immortal Declaration. James simply could not see that in the context of America's drive to acquire the far-flung bases for which Admiral Mahan had persuasively argued in his recent book on the influence of sea power upon history, the Declaration of Independence was nothing but "a piece of literature, a salad of illusions."

The forum that Santayana chose for his attack on his fellow professors was the Signet Society, the undergraduate literary club. He liked the company of students anyway, and on this occasion he especially wanted to be in their irreverent midst. Thus it was that on an October evening in 1900, as President McKinley's reelection campaign was entering its final month and the national debate on the Philippines question continued to intensify, Santayana arose and read to the wine-guzzling members of the club a satirical poem entitled "Young Sammy's First Wild Oats."

The poem's opening stanzas evoke a secluded glade, the learned inhabitants of which have only the dimmest sense of the hordes of immigrants and the whizzing, westbound trains that characterize the world beyond its fenced-in limits. The audience at the Signet presumably had no difficulty in recognizing that the poet was talking about the Harvard Yard:

Mid Uncle's Sam's expanded acres
There's an old, secluded glade
Where grey Puritans and Quakers
Still grow fervid in the shade;
And the same great elms and beeches
That once graced the ancestral farm,
Bending to the old men's speeches,
Lend their words an echo's charm.
Laurel, clematis, and vine
Weave green trellises about,
And three maples and a pine
Shut the mucker-village out.
Yet the smoke of trade and battle
Cannot quite be banished hence,
And the air-line to Seattle
Whizzes just behind the fence.

Hobbling across the glade comes an old man, who turns out not to be a professor, but—in poetic tribute to academic Cambridge's oldest intellectual tradition—the deacon of a church. Plaster is the deacon's name, and sanctimoniousness is the quality of his faith. A certain Pastor Wise is next introduced; as his name suggests, he is the spokesman for Santayana. Somewhat further on in the poem, another sort of contrast is set up through the characters of Uncle Sam ("that prim, pompous, pious man"), who stands for the older America for which William James nostalgically yearned, and impetuous, hot-blooded Young Sammy, who represents the ebullient spirit of a burgeoning empire.

Informed of the fact that Young Sammy has been sowing wild oats in various tropical locales with various dusky-skinned maidens, Deacon Plaster indignantly characterizes the youth's behavior as "a wicked sin." To this Puritanical judgment Pastor Wise replies that Americans of Sammy's generation should not be expected to submit to rules of conduct established in a vanished era, and that the old men of the glade must not blame the young if they instead choose to be ruled by their proud belief in their own destiny. Although politely phrased, Wise's reply pours scorn on the men of the glade—in effect, on the members of the Harvard faculty—for the irrelevance of their teaching and the impotence of their leadership:

Can we blame them we mistaught
If now they seek another guide
And, since our wisdom comes to naught,
Take counsel of their proper pride?
Nature beckons them inviting
To a deeper draught of fate,
And, the heart's desire inciting,
Can we stop and bid them wait?

The wicked wit in "Young Sammy" must have brought down the house at the Signet, for a month later Santayana permitted the poem to be published in the undergraduate humor magazine, the *Lampoon*. Yet the act of making fun of his faculty colleagues only served to increase his sense of alienation from them. In the ensuing years, Santayana spent as much time away from Cambridge as he possibly could without giving up his professorship. Even so, he continued to feel trapped by the place. His one consolation was the presence in the Boston area of his mother, to whom he was devoted.

In the summer of 1911, Santayana went on sabbatical leave. He spent most of July and August teaching at the University of California at Berkeley, and then set off for Europe. Word reached him in England the following February that his mother had died. Not only did he at once resign his Harvard appointment, but he never again returned to the United States. The lecture he had delivered in August at the Philosophical Union at Berkeley, he later realized, had constituted his farewell address to America.

"The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy," as the lecture was called, expanded the depiction of Deacon Plaster into a more inclusive portrait of moralizing intellectuals who had fenced themselves off from the mucker-village and the air-line to Seattle. The mentality of the American intelligentsia in general, like the mentality of the Harvard faculty in particular, was becalmed in a "backwater," whereas the mentality of men of affairs was "leaping down a sort of Niagara Rapids" of invention, industry, and social organization. Locked into the beliefs and practices of the past, the intelligentsia aped the Transcendentalists by dissolving the world around them into projections of mind, while the language in which it judged that world was borrowed from the agonized vocabulary of Calvinism.

At the outset of his analysis, Santayana told his listeners that there was no history of dissent from the stultified state of mind he was describing. The "American Intellect," he said grandly, "is all genteel tradition." As he continued speaking, though, he qualified his

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contention, making it clear that murmurings of revolt had been heard for a long time. Walt Whitman and Henry James, he further acknowledged, had entirely escaped the tradition, each in his own way, and the humorists of the Pacific Slope had half succeeded in doing so. Near the end of the lecture, he even went so far as to say that the tradition had recently "had its flanks turned." On one side, the revolt of the Bohemian temperament had broken out; on the other, an impassioned empiricism had come forward to declare that science was an instrument of success in action and that the universe was still wild and young. These amendments nevertheless left the central thesis of the lecture intact. The American intelligentsia was devoted to unchanging ideas, not to "the variety, the unspeakable variety, of possible life."

ELEVEN years separated "Young Sammy" from "The Genteel Tradition." Another eleven separated "The Genteel Tradition" from Santayana's review for the *Dial* of *Civilization in the United States*, a symposium edited by Harold Stearns and including contributions by such established luminaries and coming stars of the early 1920's as Lewis Mumford, H.L. Mencken, Van Wyck Brooks, George Jean Nathan, George Soule, and Ring Lardner.

The assumption on which Stearns had set up the symposium was that American civilization was stewing in the juices of a vulgar architecture, idiotic politics, juvenile journalism, corrupt athletics, genteel "culture," hidebound morality, and bankrupt family life, among other poisons, and the contributors spelled out that assumption in unsparing detail. Through their essays there also ran a persistent complaint that American life was profoundly divided between theory and practice, ideals and experience, bookishness and business—a complaint that clearly derived, via Van Wyck Brooks's intervening manifesto, *America's Coming-of-Age*, from "The Genteel Tradition." The editors of the *Dial* therefore asked Santayana to review the book, in the expectation that he would say nice things about his brainchild.

The review that came back to them was a blast. Santayana began by characterizing the essays as "the plaints of superior and highly critical minds suffering from maladaptation." The symposium had taught him more, he said, about the contributors' "palpitating doubts than about America or about civilization." Things shock these authors, he continued, "and their compensatory ideals and plans of reform are fetched from abstract reflection or irrelevant enthusiasms. They are far from expressing the manly heart of America, emancipated from the genteel tradition. They seem to be morally underfed, and they are disaffected." The reviewer would not go so far as to say that *Civilization in the United States* was itself genteel, for "that would enrage its revolutionary authors," but having backed off from that judgment, he proceeded to sum up their work in a phrase that could easily have appeared in "The Genteel Tradition." "The spirit of these critics," he dismissively concluded, "is one of offended sensibility."

The reaction of Stearns and company can be imagined. All their lives, it seemed to them, they had gone out of their way to flout the genteel tradition. Most of them would not have been caught dead in a genteel academic job, nor would they have considered working for a genteel publishing house or a genteel magazine. Where they felt at home was in the city rooms of metropolitan newspapers, or in the editorial offices of journals specializing in avant-garde literature, Left-liberal politics, or wholesale jeering. Iconoclasm was the banner under which these hard-drinking cynics, Nietzschean nay-sayers, gentle bookworms, would-be expatriates, and assorted mavericks marched. Santayana certainly had his nerve mentioning them in the same breath with the stifling tradition he had taught them to despise!

AFTER they recovered from their initial outrage, however, the *Civilization* writers never gave another thought to what Santayana had said about them, nor did anyone else in the 20's who had admired his earlier work. Yet sixty years later we can see that Santayana's review for the *Dial* was as shrewd a piece of intellectual history as his lecture at Berkeley. The intellectuals who buried the genteel tradition were actually its sons, in the sense that they were as much given to fanciful delusions about American life as their predecessors had been. Indeed, as the 20's gave way to the 30's, the delusions of some of the sons took on an absurdity undreamed of in the fathers' philosophy. In 1936, for instance, Malcolm Cowley published a book entitled *After the Genteel Tradition*, in which he recapitulated the stirring story of how the long reign of a theory-ridden mentality had at last been overthrown, and of how a new generation of American intellectuals had rushed joyously forward to embrace reality. Yet at the very time that Cowley was working on the book, he demonstrated how far removed from reality he himself was by turning out a series of columns for the *New Republic* in which he rebuked the condition of Franklin Roosevelt's America by paying glowing tribute to the state of Stalin's Russia.

The sons of the genteel tradition were too offended by their native land to study it with care. Fortunately, this was not true of V.L. Parrington, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., and a number of other academic authorities on American literature and American history who were at the height of their intellectual powers during the 20's, nor was it true of the procession of remarkable scholars who came to the fore in the 30's, 40's, and 50's. Such men as Perry Miller, F.O. Matthiessen, Lionel Trilling, David Herbert Donald, David Potter, T. Harry Williams, and Daniel J. Boorstin made it clear that the American mind was indeed able to deal with the reality of American life in all its variety.

Yet academic scholarship in these decades was by no means free of the genteel tradition's self-pitying assumption that the American intellectual was morally superior to his countrymen. The literary historians of the 20's, 30's, and 40's

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cherished the cliché that the American writer was the sensitive victim of a brutally uncaring society, while the so-called New Critics who came to dominate so many English departments in the 50's refused to make any sort of connection between literature and history because they believed that to do so would somehow soil the experience of reading. As for the political and social historians, they at first thought of themselves not as sideline observers of the American scene, but as participants in a Manichean struggle between the forces of evil (the business community) and the forces of righteousness (the intellectuals plus the rest of society) for control of the nation's soul. By the 1950's, however, many historians had come to the opposite but equally unrealistic conclusion that in a democracy characterized by cupidity and anti-intellectualism, there was no side with which an intellectual would wish to identify himself.

When the professoriat that lived by such beliefs was finally confronted with the political turbulence of the 1960's, the language of Deacon Plaster was once again heard in the glades of academe. America's behavior in Vietnam was a "wicked sin." Having pronounced that Calvinistic judgment, the professoriat then proceeded to initiate a whole new scholarship, encapsulating almost seventy years of intellectual misunderstanding and disdain. In the 1980's, the fashioning of that scholarship proceeds apace, for while the Vietnam war itself has ended, the moral fantasies which it fostered are very much alive. It is a matter for historical regret that George Santayana is not on hand to discuss the astonishing persistence of the genteel tradition.

Fiction

Rediscovering Judaism

Ruth R. Wisse

A couple of years ago I attended Friday night services at a Reform temple in Connecticut. There were about a hundred people present, mostly couples in their forties. One aspect of the service surprised me. Though there was much less Hebrew in the prayers than English, the Hebrew passages were read aloud by the congregation with what appeared to be exceptional emphasis and warmth. These were not speakers of the language—products of Hebrew summer camps, rabbinic households, or junior years in Israel—but recent students, moving carefully through the text in the stiff, labored pronunciation of people attempting a truly foreign tongue. It felt like the prayer of fervent converts.

The explantion offered later by my hostess confirmed something of my initial impression. Several years earlier the rabbi had introduced a program of serious study to prepare adults for belated Bar and Bat Mitzvah. Of course the idea of the Bar Mitzvah, the Jewish rite of passage marking the transition from childhood to mature responsibility, was artificial, but since some in the congregation were, in fact, converts to Judaism, and others had been raised with a Jewish education too slight to matter, the ceremony was intended to suggest a transition to Jewish maturity based on a degree of knowledge. Students in biweekly evening classes were required to learn at least enough Hebrew to read the Bible, to memorize the major prayers, to master the service. There was also instruction in Jewish customs and ceremonies. At the conclusion of a two-year program of learning, graduating students recited from the Torah before the congregation just as Bar Mitzvah boys customarily do. The temple was now in its third cycle of such groups, and the graduates of the first two were the source of the participatory fervor I had noted.

Touching in its impulse and impressive in its achievement, this spectacle of a congregation reclaiming the rudiments of Jewish worship inadvertently reminds us of how very much has been forfeited. The grandparents of many of these worshipers, even the simplest among them, performed better as young children than these grown-ups could at the peak of their Jewish exposure. Bearers of an unrivaled civilization, the Jewish immigrants valued what they stood to

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Ruth R. Wisse, *who reviewed Saul Bellow's* The Dean's December *last month, teaches Yiddish literature at McGill University. She is currently working on a book about American Yiddish writers.*

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gain in America so much more than what they feared to lose that their descendants had now to struggle to attain the bare ideal of literacy. The invocation of the Bar Mitzvah goal unintentionally undescores the juvenile level of the Jewish component in adults whose professions and interests otherwise attest to a superior degree of education and competence.

The amount of effort put into this reconstituted Judaism points up (through no fault of its own) the failure of normal cultural transmission among American Jews. The results lack that worn, intimate feel of family treasures, and also the value that heirlooms gain through generations of successive care. Between those Jews who have altogether assimilated into the local culture and the minority that retains the thick texture of Jewish religious and linguistic distinctiveness, these Jews with their reawakened theological impulse seem exceptionally raw. Making their way through the desert, they draw attention to their deprivation.

SOMETHING of the quality of this effort emerges from several recent works of fiction by American Jewish writers now in their late thirties and forties. Products of no single school, but rather isolated, individuated books, they express the will to a more intense religious life that is still greater than its realization. The phenomenon is obviously part of a wider contemporary yearning for spiritual revival. In these works the condition of the Jew in America is a special instance of a nationwide quest.

Elizabeth Klein's *Reconciliations** is a first novel about a third-generation American Jewish family, some of whose members undergo a process of transformation far more radical than the temple program I have described. The process traced by the book can be broadly summarized by the distance between the opening scene, in which the family gathers for its annual Christmas party, and the close, fifteen months later, when they anticipate their first attempt in many years at a Passover seder. Strands of different family stories are interwoven to show not just the personal development of individuals but the cultural progression of the clan as a whole from "assimilation" to a rediscovered Judaism.

The catalyst of this change is the flight of Gershom, a college freshman at Columbia, from the Christmas party, and his subsequent disappearance. An only child, too lovingly sheltered by his father, Sam, a high-school teacher of literature, and his mother, Celia, a tremulous amateur harpist, he protests against the smothering clutch of his parents and the intrusiveness of the family's concern. His sudden rupture has a rippling effect: Celia loses or forfeits her powers of speech; her sister, Leah, leaves her husband and moves in with her daughter, Johanna; and Miriam, the libertine among the cousins, breaks off a long-standing affair with a married man to undertake a dramatic new search for inner stability. Gershom disappears from the book as he does from his family. In his absence, the narrative focus switches to Miriam who goes to stay with a Hasidic family, and returns with the determination to live as an observant Jew.

With the transformation of Miriam, the healing process of the book begins. There is a blossoming love between her and Gershom's favorite teacher at Columbia; cousin Johanna musters up the courage to send her mother back home where she belongs; Sam is attacked in his high school, but this external assault on her husband moves Celia back to health. Through such correlations Miriam's choice of Judaism is seen to replenish not only herself and her suitor but the deeper spiritual needs of all the family.

The title, *Reconciliations*, connects the return to Judaism with a return to a healthier, freer form of family life. In the very first scene, the opening of Christmas gifts in this Jewish family is a signal of warped relations. When Gershom receives from his favorite cousin a "chalice" she has made for him, really a kiddush cup in disguise, he calls it "the only ray of human feeling in this exchange." The complaint does not appear to reflect on absence of feeling, but on inauthentic or unsatisfactory feeling, the necessarily false consequences of a false occasion. Contrarily, when Celia breaks her year-long silence to bring her husband some solace, an unbidden prayer from his boyhood —the *shehekheyanu* in its original Hebrew—rises momentarily to soothe his pain. Throughout the text, the thoughtless repudiation of Judaism is an index of trouble and failure, while its presence confirms the wholesome integration of personality.

The exceptional sympathy Elizabeth Klein shows for her characters in their transformation makes this a touching book, but one that nevertheless lacks dramatic conviction. The very neatness of the family's evolution toward Jewish "authenticity" raises questions of *literary* authenticity; correspondences between individuals and their cultures are never so complete. Unfortunately for its theme, the book is actually least convincing when it is trying the hardest, when the characters attempt to express or explain the meaning and significance of their development. Here is a member of a small prayer group, or *havurah*, on the joys of Sabbath:

> "I know," she said, "You wonder why *shabbat* can't go on forever. That's why I always put off making *havdalah* [the ceremony marking the end of Sabbath] to the last possible minute. Most of us here are like you. We didn't grow up with Judaism intimately. Our parents were too busy trying to be Americans. . . . But listen, Judaism is a well of all sorts of strength and joy. Once you begin to drink from it, you find it's an endless source. And best of all, it allows you to do all sorts of things to make your life richer. You don't really miss the thing you give up because what you get is so glorious."
>
> Miriam stared at her. "How do you know so much about me? It's like you're talking out of my head."
>
> "We come from the same place," said Elana mysteriously.

It is nice to be embarrassed, occasionally, by an excess rather than an absence of naive sincerity, but no amount of good will can compel credence in this cardboard scene. Just because the narration is so

* Houghton-Mifflin, 364 pp., $14.95.

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contrived here, the Judaism it celebrates comes to seem similarly stilted, the product of self-conscious promotion not yet at home with its own purposes.

A MORE convincing study of an American Jewish family in transition (perhaps because it is also a less ambitious one) is Joanne Greenberg's *A Season of Delight,** unfairly neglected when it was published last year. Mrs. Greenberg, best known (under the name Hannah Green) for the novel *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden,* has often written on Jewish subjects, and this latest work is satisfyingly mature.

Grace Dowben, its heroine, has lived for years in the Pennsylvania town of Gilboa. A fine, active woman in her forties, she is unnerved during the Days of Awe between Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, when the book opens, by an encounter with a Moonie, a Jewish boy who now says "Judaism is a bankrupt faith" as he solicits funds for the Unification Church. Her own daughter in California runs a feminist center for rape victims and the exploited of the Third World, is divorced from the non-Jew she had married, and lacks any cultural sentiment for Jews. "Some things have to die, I guess," is her reply to her mother's concerns. Grace's son is a member of a Hare Krishna commune somewhere in Illinois. Though she has other satisfactions and other worries, her own sense of responsibility for the perpetuation of her people runs as the unbroken theme of her life—and of this book. Even her flare-up of love for a young man in town is bound up with the desire to reawaken him as a Jew.

It should be said that the best parts of the book have nothing to do with the Jewish theme. Joanne Greenberg, who is herself a member of a fire-fighting and emergency-rescue team in the Colorado town where she lives, has included in this novel some wonderful descriptions of such a squad, of its members, its functions, and the way it works. Gilboa Fire and Rescue serves both heroine and novel as an ideal emblem of civic responsibility and creative personal activity.

On the emergency squad Grace can bring immediate relief to victims of disaster. Securing the welfare of the Jews is not so easy, especially since in this area Grace has no firm remedy to offer. Her own love of Jewish ritual and her informed appreciation of its ceremonies and teachings is not based on faith, because, as Grace admits, "Belief is a gift with us," and not one that is transferable to one's children, either. She herself is haunted by several ghosts of the murdered Jews of Europe who fight among themselves about just what sort of legacy they would have her inherit from them, but who become collectively her fiercest reason for Jewish survival. Fortunately, the author understands all the pitfalls of such an argument, and tries to parry the unspoken objections, but she still seems to need it for its emotional power. In an elaborate metaphor (for which she apologizes in advance: "Don't laugh") she compares the Jews to a hemorrhaging body, in deep and possibly irreversible shock if no immediate transfusion is forthcoming.

The book leaves no doubt about the author's or the heroine's disciplined response to this state of emergency, only about their ability to make it meaningful to others. In the book itself, Grace's influence on the younger generation is left an open question. Once again, as in Elizabeth Klein's novel, the prose is at its weakest when it tries to be most persuasive. In a work where so much else succeeds, this is particularly regrettable.

Judaism is not so much the atmosphere of both these books as their aspiration, the name of their desire. Just as the revitalized synagogue is an unintentional reminder of how much has been lost, so too these novels, which have to work stiffly to prove the worth of Judaism and assess its need, invite comparison with earlier American Jewish writing that was carelessly drenched in a Jewishness it saw no need to perpetuate. Isaac Rosenfeld is hardly lyrical when he describes his stepmother's Sabbath in *Passage From Home* (1946):

> My stepmother baked no *challah,* traditional woven loaves, billowy or braided like wigs and covered with a glossy patina of egg; nor, covering her head and cupping her hands, did she light candles after sundown. All this was left to my grandmother. Stepmother's tabernacle was the toilet, and the tub was *mikveh* enough; she braided her hair in place of dough, and as for the gleaming of candles, she found an equivalent in cold cream which, even applied to her nose in particular, was as good a substitute as you could want.

The boy watching this attenuated ritual, and the man describing the boy, trip up on the facts (candlelighting precedes sundown by eighteen minutes), and couldn't care less if they do. Yet despite their attitude toward it, the Sabbath emerges fresh from this scene as the stepmother from her tub, not willed into being with guarantees attached.

WOULD it be any different if the subjects of contemporary Jewish writing were practicing Orthodox Jews, and "lifers"—as Jews raised in the tradition are improbably known—rather than "penitents"—the equally inappropriate term for the newly faithful? What if the setting were a thriving urban community rather than a remote American small town? Would this result in a more convicing representation of Judaism as well?

As if in answer, we have the recently published first book of Allen Hoffman, a collection of short stories named for the longest of them, *Kagan's Superfecta.*† Moe Kagan, like all the main figures in these stories, is an observant Jew from New York's Upper West Side, as steeped in practice and texts as any character of Isaac Bashevis Singer. Hoffman's heroes regularly attend the morning *minyan* and study the Talmud. They speak in the patois of modern Orthodoxy, in which pity is *rachmones,* the synagogue is the smaller, more intimate *shtibl,* and questions are an acceptable alternative to declarative sentences.

For all that, Hoffman's book has much in common with the two nov-

* Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 252 pp., $12.95.

† Abbeville Press, 304 pp., $12.95.

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els I have discussed. He too is not so much telling the story of Jews as telling it to confirm the power of Judaism. All the zany energy of his narration cannot hide the author's pure inspirational zeal.

Hoffman is an Orthodox hipster. Avoiding altogether the middle class that has been the staple, or the bane, of American Jewish writing since the 1940's, he picks for his heroes interesting strays—the president of a congregation who is also a pyromaniac ("Hymie the Torch"), a beggarwoman who protects her donors from their own generosity ("Beggar Moon").* Moe Kagan of the title story is a compulsive gambler and perennial loser who puts a touch even on the attendant at the ritual bath. Judaism, for Hoffman, is a spiritual adventure in which only the daring and nervy excel.

"Kagan's Superfecta" is a risk-laden Yom Kippur story. On the eve of the most holy day of the Jewish year, just as he emerges from the ritual bath, the *mikveh*, Kagan "sees" the numbers of the next day's superfecta race, and knows that he has the perfect bet. His private angel, Ozzie, an occasional, not altogether reliable companion, encourages him to squeeze in a quick visit to Off Track Betting if he is so certain, but Kagan resists the temptation. His struggle for his soul continues throughout the Yom Kippur service, heightening his appreciation of the gambling motif he suddenly discovers in the liturgy. One of the passages read during the day describes the ritual in the ancient Temple in which the High Priest conducts a "lottery" with two pure goats, one to be sacrificed to the Lord, the other to be sent to atone for the sins of Israel. "Why is a game of chance needed to atone for our sins? It's not what you would expect Aaron to do on Yom Kippur." Though Kagan realizes that applying his mind to this question is like attempting to cut granite with a toothpick, he goes after it strenuously, and is rewarded before the closing of judgment, at the final *Neila* service, with a charge of understanding.

Kagan is himself a *cohen*, a descendant of the priests who must still bless the congregation before the Gates of Judgment close. He stands in a line of gamblers, men of action, beginning with Moses, the greatest gambler of them all, who picked a winner on Mount Sinai, only to have the Children of Israel kill their chances with the golden calf:

> Then what did he do, a man who had picked ten straight, doped out the Red Sea, and finally dropped one? Was he philosophic: you win a few, you lose a few? Did he return to his tent and take the dog for a walk? The poor thing hadn't been out in forty days and forty nights. No! What did he do? Action! He went back up the mountain for another forty days and another forty nights and not for just a straight bet either. Oh, no, although he had no business playing the same number twice, Moses decided to increase the odds. He played a parlay. He was betting that God would give him another set of tablets and that the Jews would accept them. That's a gamble: picking God and the Jews in the same event! One certainly will come through, but both at the same time? Who but a *cohen* would make such a bet?

The translation of traditional Jewish practice into the idiom of sport and gaming is funny and sometimes unexpectedly keen. When Kagan, in the high point of his wagering career, "chooses life," both gambling and Judaism are shown to bright new advantage. Nevertheless, sustained over the stretch of too long a story, the Jewish hipster is as tiring as any other. He is always reaching for effect, and before long the effects—or mannerisms—take the place of character and true invention. Worse, they overpower the religious feeling they are slyly meant to enhance. By the time Kagan reaches his crescendo of understanding, and takes over the rabbi's prerogative of explaining the meaning of Yom Kippur, he is pumping much too hard. Deeply immersed though it is in the purifying water of faith, Hoffman's writing is still not at ease with its own religious convictions, or it would not be working so hard at selling them.

AFTER reading these three books I was reminded, perhaps perversely, of a story my father used to tell about his youth in Bialystok when the city became a part of Poland after World War I, and the school system suddenly changed from Russian to Polish in language and orientation. Asked to write on national motifs in the works of the three giants of Polish literature—Mickiewicz, Slowacki, and Krasinski—my father was handed back his effort with a failing grade, but not a single correction. When he sought an explanation, the teacher said simply, "*Kochana ojczyzna.*" This phrase, "beloved fatherland," had appeared so often in my father's essay that the teacher, a Polish patriot, was roused to doubt its sincerity. Emphasis in literature often has that effect—though in the case of these new works, of course, it is not the sincerity of the authors that is to be called into question but its literary consequences.

Still, given the secular assumptions of modern literature, not to mention the aggressively secular character of American Jewish writing in this century, it is small wonder that the reintroduction of religious earnestness seems to demand such feats of self-justification, just as the beliefs themselves require prodigies of exposition. Small wonder, too, that this rekindled religious imagination still shows such traces of self-consciousness and exertion. Perhaps, as with the groping Jews in the temple in Connecticut, one should pause over the greater wonder that it thrives at all.

* "Beggar Moon" and another story, "Building Blocks," were first published in COMMENTARY.

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Books in Review

The Great Arabian Saga

THE KINGDOM. By ROBERT LACEY. *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 630 pp. $19.95.*

Reviewed by J. B. KELLY

OMENS all seem to point grimly to the possibility that the Great American novel, that homely and enduring landmark on the literary scene, may soon be shouldered aside by an exotic intruder, the Great Arabian Saga. Already there are several contenders for the title in the field, all of them equipped with the obligatory impedimenta of camel saddles, headropes, coffee pots, and saddlebags stuffed with the sonorities and rotundities of Arabian discourse. From the point of view of the spectator, unfortunately, there is one great drawback to the contest as entertainment, and this is that writers of the Great Arabian Saga, the subject matter of which is the predestined rise of the House of Saud and the creation of the kingdom of Saudi Arabia, are forced to pursue a well-worn trail across a drab historical landscape, much in the way that Muslim pilgrims once devoutly trudged across Arabia to Mecca and Medina.

Like them, the Western literary pilgrim is subject to the injunction that he doff his worldly garb while engaged upon his pious undertaking, which in his case means discarding his critical faculties, his intellectual standards, his cultural heritage, so as to make himself worthy to celebrate in verse and song the legendary exploits of the Al Saud. Invariably the Great Arabian Saga begins with the expulsion of the Al Saud from their ancestral capital of Riyadh by their hereditary enemies, the Al Rashid, in the closing decades of the 19th century. From there we follow them into exile in Kuwait; to the recapture of Riyadh by the young and future king, Abdul Aziz ibn Saud, at the turn of the century; to his harnessing of the *ikhwan*, the fanatical brotherhood of tribesmen, to serve as his engine of expansion; to his ejection of the Turks from Hasa in the east and of the Hashemites from the Hejaz in the west; to his uneasy dealings with the British and harmonious relations with the Americans; to the discovery of oil and its consequences; and to all the other stations along the Via Saudica at which the faithful are required to pause and tell their beads.

Unfortunately again for the bemused reader, once he has read one version of the Saudi saga he has virtually read them all. *Ex Arabia nunquam aliquid novi.* But, it may be objected, what of the veritable libraries that have been written about, say, the Napoleonic wars or World War I to which new books are still being added every month, if not every week? Surely this fact alone is testimony to an unflagging popular and specialist interest in these conflicts? Why then should there not be a comparable interest in works on the history of Saudi Arabia, especially when the existing literature is so meager?

To this two answers may be given. One is that the history of Saudi Arabia does not compare in magnitude or consequence with the Napoleonic wars or World War I, mighty events which altered forever the history of Europe and of the wider world beyond. Saudi Arabian history has nothing to show of an order that is even remotely comparable; it is a thin vein which has almost been worked to exhaustion by the relatively few authors who have mined it. Yet paradoxically—and this is the second answer—because their books, with a handful of notable exceptions, have been long on rhetoric and short on factual accuracy, there remains both room and need for studies of Saudi Arabia which will conform to the scholarly standards expected of historians of Europe and America.

Robert Lacey, a British journalist who made his name a few years ago with a respectful biography of Queen Elizabeth II entitled *Majesty*, evidently believes that his new book, *The Kingdom*, constitutes a major contribution to Arabian historiography, not only in content but also in form and style. He has, so he informs us, spent four years at work on it, two of them pursuing his researches in Saudi Arabia, learning Arabic, traveling about the country, and "getting to know the most influential members of the vast royal family." His lengthy sojourn with his family in Jidda (by his account "the world's most expensive city") was financed, he explains, by his publishers and by his own earnings from *Majesty*.

To convey to his readers some notion of the size of the enterprise upon which he embarked in 1977, and of the prodigious labors which went into its execution, Lacey lists the names of some 300 persons who assisted him in one way or another. He also informs us that he himself conducted "several hundred interviews." To demonstrate his own scholarly efforts, he appends to his text 45 pages of source notes and a bibliography extending over 20 pages. The latter comprises not only 290 books and 130 articles but also the records of the British Foreign Office, India Office, and Colonial Office relating to Arabia between 1900 and 1950, the records of the U.S Department of State concerning Saudi Arabia from 1930 to 1963, a dozen collections of private papers, and several series of published documents (including the *Foreign Relations of the United States* but not, interestingly enough, the *British Documents on Foreign Policy, 1919–1939*).

Though it is no doubt highly uncharitable to voice the thought, one cannot help wondering how Lacey found time to read and reflect upon this mass of source material in the intervals between conducting his "several hundred" interviews, spending "long months" in Riyadh cultivating the acquaintance of the Al Saud, and camping in the desert with the Bedouin. The mystery is explained when one turns to the body of the

J.B. KELLY, *the author of* Arabia, the Gulf, and the West, *is currently a fellow of the Heritage Foundation in Washington.*

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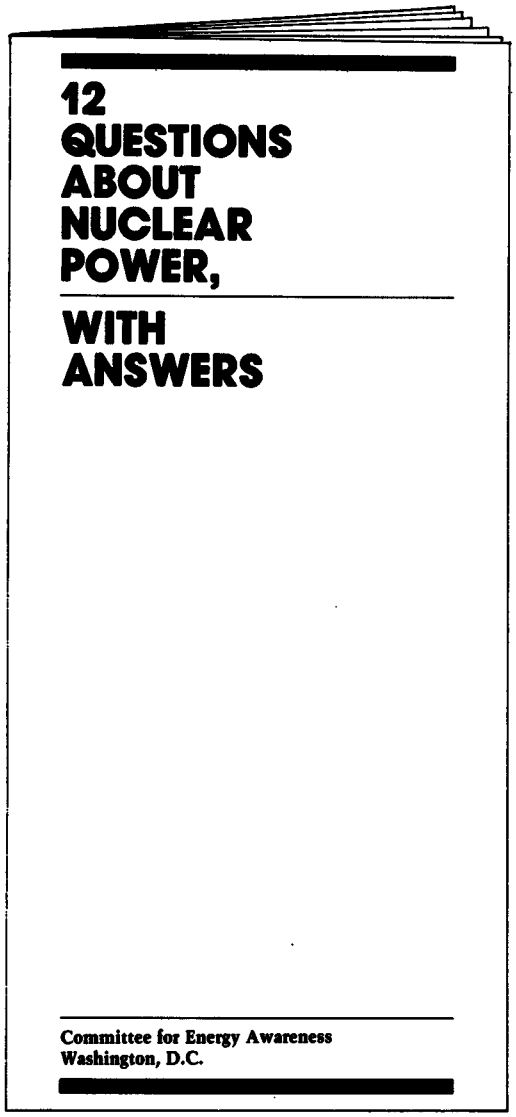

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book, the quality of which is such as to make a mockery, a *trompe l'oeil*, of the whole scholarly apparatus he has attached to it. For if Lacey had thoroughly perused even the secondary sources he lists, let alone the primary material, he could not—except by an act of willful perversity—have produced such a confection as this, a *mélange* of gossip, trivia, risqué stories, stale legends, cautionary tales, anecdotes of back-breaking boredom, wide-eyed pen portraits of important personages, and potted histories of places and events, all too many of which are laced with errors of an elementary kind.

Worse still, Lacey has discovered the Arabs; he has succumbed to the lure of the desert and the mystique of the Bedouin. With sinking hearts we realize that we are in for an endless round of riding, raiding, feasting, praying, and hunting the bustard, all to the accompaniment of creaking saddles, tinkling harness, Bedouin war cries, musket volleys, and so forth. Every literary prop called for in the composition of the Great Arabian Saga is here—sheep roasted whole, reposing on steaming beds of saffron rice; tall men in spotless white robes striding across rich carpets in the ruler's *majlis*; grave-faced clerics pondering the subtleties of Islamic law; elderly tribesmen thrusting grubby petitions into the prince's hand. Beards are stroked contemplatively, eyes flash with anger, shoulders and noses are kissed, camels lurch and bellow—not a single cliché is omitted from the bulging cupboard of Arabian lore.

To accommodate this rich fare Lacey has adopted a format and style which smacks of both the *Arabian Nights* and the meandering course of an Arabic chronicle. Interspersed in the narrative are various stories with coy titles ("The Tale of the Collapsed Tent," "The Tale of the Misplaced Coffee Pot"), the purpose of which is presumably to point some obscure moral. These various interpolations, and indeed much of the text in which they are embedded, are narrated in a quasi-biblical, quasi-Koranic prose (with sentences on the order of, "But God had wrought much through his servant Faisal"), again presumably to fortify the desired impression of an Arabian court chronicle.

WHAT of matters of substance? On the history of the Al Saud in the 19th century Lacey is all at sea, his narrative jejune and misleading, partly because he has drawn upon unreliable sources. If he had properly utilized only one of the works he cites in his bibliography, J.G. Lorimer's massive *Gazetteer of the Persian Gulf, Oman, and Central Arabia*, he might have got the story right. On Ibn Saud's relations with the British during World War I, Lacey is partisan beyond the call of sycophancy. He castigates the British for their untrustworthiness, their parsimony, and their general lack of appreciation of the Saudi ruler. The truth of the matter is that Ibn Saud was paid what he was worth in gold and guns, considering that his military contribution to the campaign against the Turks was minimal, and considering also (which Lacey fails to mention) his duplicity in allowing the passage of supplies through the territory he controlled to the Turkish garrison bottled up in Medina. (Here and elsewhere Lacey expresses admiration for Harry St. John Philby, the English Arabist who first met Ibn Saud while on an official mission to Riyadh in 1917, and who later became a confidant of the king during the thirty years that he was to spend in Saudi Arabia. It is a pity that Lacey's researches in the India Office records in London did not lead him to stumble upon the lengthy correspondence which officials of that department had with Philby in an endeavor to procure from him a financial accounting of his mission, and in particular a clarification of the circumstances surrounding the disbursement of some £20,000 of the funds entrusted to him.)

Too often, as in his reflections upon the 1973 Arab oil offensive, or in his discussion of Saudi Arabia's foreign relations, Lacey shows himself to be badly out of his depth. On other occasions he seems unaware of the implications of what he is writing. For instance, early in his book, describing the boyhood of Ibn Saud and how he, along with his immediate family, found refuge with the Murrah tribe after being driven from Riyadh, Lacey states that the territory of the Murrah included the Empty Quarter (the vast sand sea stretching from Oman to the Yemen); that the oasis of Jabrin ("Murrah country") lies in the Empty Quarter; and that in the summer "the Murrah would drift south-west to their permanent wells"—again presumably in the Empty Quarter. Now, in the inconclusive negotiations which took place between the British and Saudi governments in the 1930's to define the eastern and southern frontiers of Saudi Arabia (this was the most important question at issue between the two governments in those years, although Lacey does not so much as mention it) the Saudi territorial claim was largely based upon the loyalty of the Murrah to the House of Saud, and upon the extent of the Murrah's *dar*, or tribal range, as evidenced by their habitual use of wells.

Where the Murrah roamed in the late 19th century, when Ibn Saud spent part of his boyhood with them, is not known with any certainty, though the little evidence that exists indicates that they did not frequent the Empty Quarter to any appreciable extent. Jabrin, to which they repaired at intervals, lies well north of the Empty Quarter, not in it; and of the 160 wells which the Saudi government claimed in 1935 as Murrah wells, only a handful were located in the Empty Quarter. In any case, the Empty Quarter is far from being the exclusive preserve of the Murrah: other tribes roam there, among them the Manahil, the Awamir, the Rashid, and the Saar. When the Saudi government renewed its frontier claims after World War II, its American advisers wisely dropped the argument based on the *dar* of the Murrah as being too difficult to substantiate. Perhaps Lacey would do well to look again at some of the works he so blithely lists in his bibliography. (Incidentally, one wonders whether the Saudi government would look kindly upon the definition of the kingdom's frontiers as they appear in his end maps.)

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There is a minor curiosity toward the end where Lacey casually mentions that the book has been banned in Saudi Arabia. This seems a most peculiar, not to say singular, statement to incorporate in the text of a book before publication, even presumably before it was sent to the printer. In his acknowledgments, Lacey offers the explanation that "the Saudi Ministry of Information has requested changes to my manuscript which I felt unable to make." The explanation raises more questions than it answers. If, as Lacey says, his book was an independent undertaking, financed by himself and his publishers, why did he consider it desirable to submit his manuscript in advance of publication for the approval of the Saudi Ministry of Information? How many authors writing books about a country or its people would think of seeking the imprimatur of the government of that country before publishing the results of their work?

It is all very puzzling, the more so because one cannot help concluding that the Al Saud have been somewhat harsh in their rejection of *The Kingdom*—which, to judge from the reverence with which Lacey employs that term throughout his book, he clearly judges to be not of this world. For what it is worth, I can recommend it to them unreservedly as being just the kind of portrayal of themselves and their forebears that they should contemplate with rapture.

Beyond Consensus

THE TURBULENT DECADES: JEWISH COMMUNAL SERVICES IN AMERICA, 1958-78. Edited by GRAENUM BERGER. *Conference of Jewish Communal Service. 2 vols. 1557 pp. $20.00.*

Reviewed by JULIUS WEINBERG

A NUMBER of developments in the decades since the end of World War II have eroded the numerous ideological commitments that once divided and fragmented the organized Jewish community of the United States. This erosion of ideology can be traced, in part, to the American environment—to the process of homogenization that took place as American Jews entered the middle and upper-middle class, to widespread affluence, and to the liberal consensus that came to dominate Jewish opinion with the onset of the New Deal in the 1930's. In part it can also be traced to the community's need for a unified strategy to meet the singular obligations it took on with regard to Jews abroad—relocating Holocaust victims after World War II, lobbying for the establishment of Israel in the late 40's and coming to its aid in succeeding decades, and helping to alleviate the plight of Jews in the Soviet Union and elsewhere. As one contributor to *The*

JULIUS WEINBERG, professor of history at Cleveland State University, is writing a history of American Jewry since 1945.

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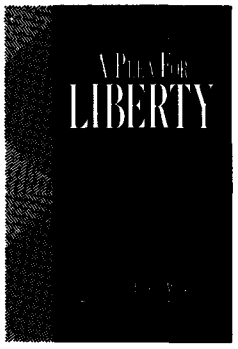

A Plea For Liberty
An Argument Against Socialism and Socialistic Legislation

Edited by Thomas Mackay
Introduction by Herbert Spencer
Foreword by Jeffrey Paul

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Turbulent Decades notes, in Jewish community organization today, "the major focus is on raising of funds, budgeting, and planning. . . . Our concern with ideology, where we have it, has been secondary."

Still, ideological consensus has not entirely overwhelmed the divisions of posture and purpose to be found among American Jewish leadership, and some of those divisions are revealed in *The Turbulent Decades*, which contains essays published in the *Journal of Jewish Communal Service* between 1958 and 1978. The professional leadership of today's "corporate community" tends to fall into three basic, and historically familiar, categories. There are those, largely in the community-relations sector, who espouse a "univeralist" ethic for American Jewry, and who would have Jews concentrate on issues of civil rights for Jews and non-Jews alike and on the improvement of relations between Jews and non-Jews. Others, who may be termed "survivalists," and who are particularly numerous in institutions of Jewish education, focus inward, and concern themselves more with the generational continuity of American Jewry and the quality of Jewish life, particularly in the areas of learning and culture. Lastly there are the pragmatists, to be found in the centralized fund-raising and coordinating agencies, who seek to maintain a balance between universalists and survivalists and who, for obvious reasons, want to prevent the making of a decisive, community-wide choice between the two.

A generous sampling of pragmatism, with its emphasis on process and problem-solving, is to be had in those sections of *The Turbulent Decades* that deal with community organization and administration. William Avrunin provides an illuminating summary of how the welfare funds and federations that have come to dominate the decisions of the corporate community function—the dynamics and operational style of their budgetary processes and the way these are related to changes in the sources of community funding. Avrunin notes, correctly, that the priorities of the corporate community are determined to a high degree by external stimuli, changes in the demographic characteristics of American Jews, and/or crises and needs overseas, particularly those affecting the security and well-being of the state of Israel.

The raising and allocation of funds in the Jewish community is a $2-billion-a-year industry. The sheer size and complexity of the enterprise have led inexorably to the increasing deployment in Jewish agencies of management-efficiency skills, business-administration personnel, demographic and other research techniques, and, most recently, the computer—and to the growing influence of the fund-raiser in areas where traditionally the rabbi or social worker once played the leading role. This development is succinctly and judiciously discussed by Henry L. Zucker in an essay, "What Every Jewish Social Worker Should Know About Jewish Fund-Raising."

Two other essays from the 1950's shed light on the functionalism that has come to characterize the operations of the welfare funds and federations. "Professional Aspects of Fund-Raising," by Donald B. Hurwitz, posits the notion that fund-raising can be both a means toward an end—"a method of providing the support for our institutions, agencies, and services"—and an end in itself, "a rallying point, a method of expression on the part of members of the community of their feeling of oneness." Another, "Fund-Raising as a Social Work Process," by Robert I. Hiller and Meyer Schwartz, views the Jewish community as a "'client' system." Hiller and Schwartz suggest that a pragmatic approach to community problems and projects is a prime requirement for professional success. "The trick," they admonish their colleagues, "*is to identify the particular community client system to be worked with in light of the community problem posed. . . .*" [Emphasis in original.]

This value-free attitude, eschewing ideology and relying on professional expertise, becomes difficult to maintain in times of political upheaval. Indeed, the decades succeeding the 1950's tried it sorely. On the one side, the "universalists" in the field were pressing American Jews to take the lead in the civil-rights movement and in general to be in the forefront of "social change," while on the other, the weaker, side, "survivalists" were urging the community to concentrate on the declining quality of Jewish life in the United States.

Efforts to maintain the consensus of the 1950's in the face of these pressures are reflected in many of the essays in *The Turbulent Decades*, the most interesting being an address by Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg to a 1965 symposium on "Changing Race Relations and Jewish Communal Service." As a spokesman for "the vast majority of [American] Jews, who are neither assimilationists nor in the Williamsburg ghetto by choice," Rabbi Hertzberg outlined a course of action that was intended to be sympathetic both to those supporting a strong stand on the question of the black revolution and to those seeking to fulfill the needs of Jewish particularism.

Other participants in this symposium were less "evenhanded," or perhaps only more forthright, in stating their beliefs. Solomon Geld decried suggestions that the Jewish community rush to integrate its old-age homes, commenting ruefully that the suggestions were coming from people whose own personal lives were not exactly models of social integration. Irving Greenberg, speaking for the "universalist" position, proposed that Jews set aside a portion of their existing social services for black citizens, assign personnel to new agencies being instituted in the black community, and, with other groups, lobby for income-maintenance programs for the poor. Equally "universalist" was Albert D. Chernin, who praised the black revolution for elevating the quality of the nation's religious life, welcomed the movement of militancy from the rural South to the urban North—where "the Jewish community is concentrated"—and asserted that "the particularism of Judaism is the process for perpetuating the universal truths to which it is committed." An ironic postscript to these last sentiments is Graenum Berger's 1976 essay de-

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scribing how, as matters turned out, the Jewish poor in New York were discriminated against by poverty workers in the Great Society programs.

THE essays in *The Turbulent Decades* cover the entire spectrum of services provided by the corporate community both here and abroad. Included are sections on the aged and youth, camping and family services, formal education and community-center programs, immigration and refugee services, social work in Europe and in Israel. One can chart through these essays a number of historical and sociodemographic changes that have taken place in American Jewish life. Thus, Irwin Shaw describes how, capitalizing on the euphoria surrounding Israel's victory in the Six-Day War of 1967, his local center introduced the study of Hebrew to the community. Other pieces reflect the impact on Jewish family life of the cultural revolutions of the 60's and 70's: Alezah F. Weinberg explains how her local community, responding to the growing incidence of mixed marriages, institutionalized the conversion of non-Jews; Judith Lang reports on her agency's response to the rising number of divorces in the Jewish community; and Saul Hofstein outlines ways in which Jewish agencies can help the growing number of single-parent families. Here too one sees the effect of external stimuli on the priorities of the field, which tends to respond to change rather than being the source of it.

It is precisely this reactive posture, together with the need at all times to find a balance for the polarities tugging at the heart of the American Jewish experience, that has produced the palpable sense of institutional fatigue which hangs over the essays in these volumes from the late 60's onward. They reveal a community in tension, struggling to contain the contradictions that are at the core of its existence: the desire to enjoy to the fullest the open-endedness of the American experience and, at the same time, to preserve the commitments inherited from the immigrant generation, and somehow transmit them through these fragile institutions to the fully Americanized younger generation.

On many counts, the bureaucratic structure fashioned by American Jewry has been a success. And in the main the agencies operating within that structure have displayed a high degree of professionalism, efficiency, honesty, and humanity. The corporate mode has fallen short in those areas of Jewish life—Jewish education is the most glaring example—that require more than minor alterations in tactics, institutional arrangements, or funding; that require, in short, vision and ideology. Given the continuing condition of conceptual ambivalence and institutional fatigue within the American Jewish community,

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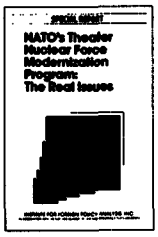

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this is a dangerous state of affairs, for there is little likelihood that the necessary ideological direction will soon be forthcoming from those agencies which the community has established and looks to for this purpose.

Anti-Bourgeois

THE FAMILY IDIOT: GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, 1821-1857. VOLUME I. By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE. Translated by CAROL COSMAN. *University of Chicago Press. 627 pp. $25.00.*

Reviewed by RENEE WINEGARTEN

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE's monumental study of Gustave Flaubert, *L'Idiot de la famille*, originally published in 1971-72, is hardly the delightful "novel of suspense" that Simone de Beauvoir once amazingly called it. Yet this three-volume inquiry (he never completed the fourth, with its projected critique of *Madame Bovary*) remains a work of immense importance. For Sartre ventures to propose nothing less than a new method for understanding and judging humankind, its doings and products. In making the work's many subtle insights and magisterial rhetoric accessible to a wider audience, Carol Cosman's English translation of the first section of Sartre's first volume —with the rest to follow—is to be welcomed. But—for reasons that should become clear—let the reader beware.

Has any leading novelist-dramatist-philosopher ever before devoted years of close study and the last shreds of failing eyesight, as Sartre did, to probe in such myopic detail the inner workings of an earlier master? Flaubert was, moreover, "a person of very average intelligence," if occasionally penetrating, a man with whom Sartre would not have cared to dine, and whose *Madame Bovary* he admired but disliked. The single-minded Flaubert, who consciously sacrificed his life to his art, stood as a towering symbol and as a challenge to the multifaceted Sartre, whose fairly late conversion to Communist fellow-traveling made him loathe his own former Flaubertian belief in literature as an absolute. Sartre's two thousand eight hundred pages thus present a constant argument not only with Flaubert but with a rejected self—an argument that betrays more than a touch of the resentment he attributes to the creator of Emma Bovary.

WHERE does *The Family Idiot* belong—with biography, philosophy, or politics? Surely with all of these together, since it is a kind of catch-all for Sartre's later theories. If the study is regarded primarily as a biography of Flaubert, it appears unlike any other (except, in part, Erik Erikson's psychobiography, *Young Man Luther*), and calls in question the genre as usually understood. For modern biography in the hands of its finest practitioners is a selective narrative art which, like that of the traditional novelist, shapes the life of its subject in time. It strives with empathy but detachment to recreate the complex living being, while retaining a modest sense of human limitation and disclaiming total knowledge.

Little of this appeals to Sartre. Although his work ostensibly deals with the period up to the publication of *Madame Bovary* in 1857, it freely interposes later elements or episodes, treating the life itself as a succession of interconnected spirals. Sartre believed it was possible to obtain a totally objective view of an individual. And he coolly observed in 1971 that, "without being God," one can succeed in understanding another man completely, provided one has the essential data and uses the proper methods. These methods embrace a combination of Marxism and Existentialism which he had aimed to apply to Flaubert in 1956 and which he adumbrated in the essay, *Questions de méthode*, in 1957. Consequently, Sartre's study has to be seen, not as a work of scholarly detachment, but as one with an axe—or rather several axes —to grind.

His huge superstructure is built on some precarious hypotheses. The first concerns Flaubert's mother. Sartre certainly has it in for the unfortunate woman: ". . . as for Flaubert's mother, it's true I don't like her," he owned. It was her failure to handle the infant Gustave with proper maternal love (Sartre maintains) that transformed him into a passive, feminine nature. Sartre has to admit that he has no documentary evidence about Flaubert's infant training and that the interpretation is "a fable."

Possibly because Sartre's own mother "represented" his stepfather in the household, he sees Madame Flaubert as totally subservient to her husband. To illustrate this subservience, Sartre adduces a letter written by Flaubert to his mistress, the tempestuous poet, Louise Colet, on September 30, 1846. Not without cruelty, Flaubert had invited Louise to transmit a letter to an earlier flame of his, and now, to show her that it was not necessary to be jealous about such things, he cited a scene that had occurred, so he claimed, some ten years before. On a holiday visit to Le Havre, his father had called on a former mistress, leaving his wife and three children waiting nearly an hour in the street below. The lesson: Madame Flaubert had not been in the least upset. Sartre calls Dr. Flaubert's behavior an example of "*muflerie*" (not a "dirty trick," as the translation has it, but "caddishness," just as "*mufle comme un manant*" is not "with a mug like a peasant," but "boorish as a village lout"). Yet in 1836, when this incident supposedly took place, Flaubert himself was fourteen-and-a-half, active and precocious, while his brother Achille was twenty-three. Maybe in this fishy anecdote Flaubert enjoyed setting Louise's teeth on edge with his private mockery. Sartre advises caution with regard to Flaubert's correspondence with Louise, but does not always follow his own advice.

Indeed, Sartre understates Flaubert's excessive dependence on his quiet but strong-willed mother (witness his half-crazed turmoil on leaving her to visit Egypt in 1849 when he was nearly twenty-eight). Instead, Sartre emphasizes the father's supposed early withdrawal of love when the boy had trouble reading and failed to be as successful academically as his elder brother.

RENEE WINEGARTEN *is the author of* Writers and Revolution *and* The Double Life of George Sand.

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Gustave, in a further hypothesis, is thus seen as retarded (just as Jean-Paul Sartre himself was found backward when he could not spell at his first school). But it is never explained quite how, by the age of ten, young Gustave was already writing plays and acting in them.

From a remarkably close scrutiny of Flaubert's adolescent stories, Sartre deduces that the boy was not just unhappy but deeply resentful of his self-made father and of the exemplary Achille. Although in *Questions de méthode* Sartre acknowledged that "the work *never* reveals the secrets of the biography" but simply provides a guiding thread, he is sometimes tempted too readily to identify fictional characters with persons in actual life. Moreover, the reader has the inescapable feeling that the Flauberts of Rouen as described by Sartre embody his own preconceived idea of the hated bourgeois family as an institution.

A further large hypothesis concerns the nature of the attack that felled Flaubert, the unwilling law student, at Pont-l'Evêque in January 1844 and changed his life. Was it hysteria or epilepsy? After much spilling of ink during the last hundred years, it is now difficult to decide conclusively, although some leading modern critics follow current medical advice to propose temporal lobe epilepsy. According to Sartre, however, who once experimented with mescalin to disastrous effect, Flaubert's nervous illness was indubitably hysteria.

For it is essential to Sartre's philosophy that the will plays a larger role than fate in human conduct. Each individual contrives (not necessarily consciously) to make a free basic choice, and Sartre's Flaubert chose to be an actor and then a writer and semi-recluse. The theme of Sartre's volumes is not (as in the translation) "he is chosen" but "he chooses himself." If Flaubert were fated to be epileptic instead of choosing the path that led him to be a hysteric, this entire picture would have to be changed.

THE logical conclusion of Sartre's argument would be that Flaubert

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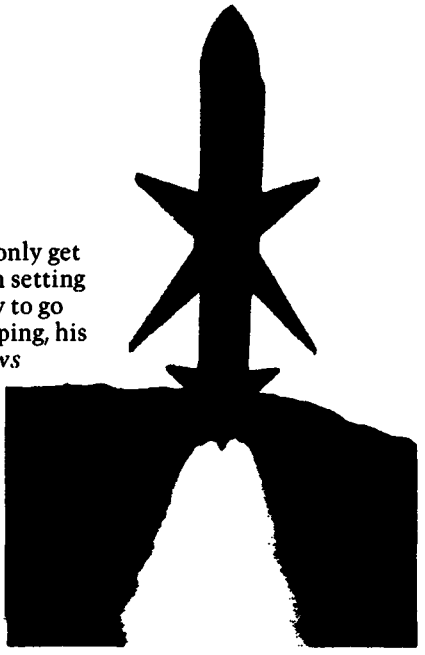

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committed an error (or worse, a crime) in sacrificing himself to literature, because literature means neurosis, unreality, "a refusal to live." The political bias of this work goes back at least to Sartre's own awakening during the German Occupation of World War II, and to the moment in 1945 when he discerned "a climate of femininity" in the spirit of French collaboration with the enemy. Flaubert's passive feminine side was thus doubly suspect to Sartre (although he later admitted his own androgyny). It was not that Flaubert had welcomed the Prussians to Rouen in 1870—far from it, he had been shattered—but that his pessimistic elitism and indifferentism had deeply influenced for the worse the attitudes of a number of Sartre's own literary contemporaries.

Besides, as early as 1945 Sartre held Flaubert personally responsible for the savage repression of the revolutionary Commune by the bourgeoisie in 1871, since the author of *Salammbô* had not written a line to prevent it. There is a sense in which Sartre—who saw himself as "a grandson of the defeat" of 1870—seems to have written this entire work in order to build up to a political attack on an enduring elitist culture and on the 19th-century French bourgeoisie and its heirs, using Flaubert (like himself, a bourgeois-hating bourgeois) as spearhead.

"CRITICISM can only be on the Left.... No empiricism...," Sartre reminded himself in his notes on *Madame Bovary*—a dangerous attitude, only too current today, and one that ultimately vitiates this study. Flaubert's inclination to rest "on the pillow of doubt" clashes with Sartre's rigid apriorism. The terrible implacability of the author of *L'Education sentimentale*, his scorn for revolutionary self-delusion, offend the willed utopianism of the Sartre who once found total freedom of criticism in the Soviet Union. But there is another Flaubert, ebullient as well as melancholy, a sado-masochist yet deeply sympathetic toward the insulted and injured, a human being less logically all-of-a-piece than Sartre's, and one who eludes us still.

A Tale of Two Justices

THE BRANDEIS-FRANKFURTER CONNECTION: THE SECRET POLITICAL ACTIVITIES OF TWO SUPREME COURT JUSTICES. By BRUCE ALLEN MURPHY. *Oxford University Press. 473 pp. $18.95.*

Reviewed by NELSON W. POLSBY

THE story line of this book was somewhat obscured by its prepublication publicity. Essentially, it is an account of some inside Washington politics. It discusses the preoccupations of one particular Washington network that formed around Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis and Harvard Law Professor Felix Frankfurter, from the time Brandeis went on the Court in 1916 to the death of Frankfurter in 1962.

On the whole their preoccupations make fascinating reading. There is a description of infighting between "collectivists" in the early New Deal and the smaller-is-better crowd around Brandeis. There are speculations on what lay behind Frankfurter's unwillingness to attack Roosevelt's court-packing plan and his desertion of his friend Thomas Corcoran when Corcoran needed his endorsement for nomination as Solicitor General. These are only two examples; no doubt they are old stuff to aficionados of the 1930's, but they make good reading anyway.

Because the author's special contribution rests on his use of a previously unopened cache of letters between Brandeis and Frankfurter, heavy emphasis has been laid on whatever can be made of this find. For example, there is the revelation that Brandeis, a millionaire, while he was on the Court subsidized some of Frankfurter's political activities to the tune of $2,500 or $3,500 a year, from 1916 until 1938. These political activities were extensive, and included policy advocacy over a wide range of issues, foreign and domestic; the place-

NELSON W. POLSBY *is professor of political science, University of California, Berkeley. His next two books will be* Consequences of Party Reform *and* What If? Explorations in Social Science Fiction.

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ment of protégés, friends, and allies in high places; the stimulation of a climate of opinion through law-review articles and magazine editorials; and the waging of bureaucratic combat in numerous agencies of government. The letters indicate that Brandeis was busy behind the scenes in encouraging this activity, and in some instances Frankfurter acted in Brandeis's behalf. Whether the evidence of this long-standing alliance is enough to sustain the author's suggestion that the association was para-military in its configuration (with Frankfurter following orders, acting as Brandeis's "lieutenant," deploying forces, and so forth) is another matter. I daresay some corrective quibbling will go on before the complexities of the relationships among all the various actors are fully sorted out.

MURPHY also raises the issue of the propriety of the behavior of the major actors. Brandeis frequently claimed his judicial role precluded various sorts of public leadership, and Frankfurter was given to preaching about the obligations that judges have to refrain from political activity as well as from letting political considerations influence their judicial work. All this fastidiousness has to be reconciled in some fashion with the fact that both Justices were deeply and busily engaged in the politics of their time. Murphy is particularly ingenious in discussing Frankfurter in this connection, suggesting, among other things, that his elaboration of the doctrine of judicial self-restraint performed the personal function of helping Frankfurter compartmentalize his activities as a jurist from the intense political dabbling of his private life.

Contemporary commentators evidently feel the need to pronounce upon the merits of all this extra-judicial activity. Sorting out the pros and cons of activities that took place as long as six decades ago is a little bit like trying to audit George Washington's expense account, and Murphy is appropriately respectful of the inherent difficulties in recapturing context. But he does raise some ethical issues worth thinking about.

For instance, how can a judge be sure that his political activities will not involve matters which will end up, in some form or other, before him for judicial determination? The answer seems to be that he can not, and therefore any sort of political activity risks the possibility that he may find himself unable to do the job for which he is being paid. If he is scrupulous, he must withdraw—as Brandeis did in the Sacco-Vanzetti case (conceivably because of his covert activities in behalf of the defendants, although there may have been other reasons). Or he may attempt to be the judge in what, in some respect or other, may be his own cause. Because it is hard—especially in the United States—to predict when a matter may turn up on a judge's calendar, the presumption is that judges must exercise caution in getting politically involved.

On the other hand, it was undoubtedly regarded as not terribly risky to maintain an interest in Zionism, such as Brandeis did, or in foreign policy during World War II, which greatly engaged Frankfurter. Even so, the 1940 deal whereby the U.S. transferred destroyers to the British in exchange for leases on naval and air bases did involve a legal issue or two, and Frankfurter evidently fed advisory opinions to members of the executive branch, as he also may have done on one or two other occasions. This surely invaded a gray area. The Court traditionally interprets its job as precluding the furnishing of advisory opinions, but that norm applies to the Court as a collective entity. Individual Justices are not supposed to tip their mitts for the reasons given above: they might have to disqualify themselves as in some sense already involved parties if the matter showed up on their docket.

Justices of the Supreme Court serve during good behavior, and the ultimate judge of that behavior is the Congress with its power to impeach. Nobody ever seriously entertained the idea of impeaching either Brandeis or Frankfurter. Would they have done so if the two had behaved less discreetly (or circumspectly, or secretively, or furtively) in pursuing their political

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interests—in, for example, recommending tax policies, as Brandeis did, or recruiting people to public office, as Frankfurter did? I can not give a confident answer. It would, no doubt, have depended on calculations of advantage made by those who might have disagreed with them, supplemented by the thrusting of wet fingers into the contemporary political breezes.

Murphy's account of the political activities of these two Justices gives no evidence that what they did was for private or personal gain in any simple sense. Brandeis was an ascetic prophet interested in social reform; Frankfurter, as Murphy says, was "notably improvident" in his personal finances and cared principally about politics and about being in the thick of things. So readers who take up this book looking for some precursor to Watergate will be wasting their time. It is only incidentally an exposé. It is primarily a serious and commendable work of scholarship, a partial but engaging and persuasive portrait of the Washington political community for a good slice of the 20th century, and of some of the machinations that engaged one of its most important liberal groups.

The Fundamentalists

PRIME TIME PREACHERS: THE RISING POWER OF TELEVANGELISM. By JEFFREY K. HADDEN and CHARLES E. SWANN. *Addison-Wesley. 217 pp. $11.95.*

FUNDAMENTALISM AND AMERICAN CULTURE. By GEORGE MARSDEN. *Oxford University Press. 306 pp. $19.95.*

Reviewed by PETER SKERRY

ALTHOUGH the current wave of religious fundamentalism has been building for some years now, we still lack a balanced, reasoned interpretation of this most recent manifestation of a persistent theme in American culture. The dominant tendency is to view it as a movement of the dispossessed and alienated—of those who, for one reason or another, have been left behind by the mainstream and who now, unable or unwilling to adapt to modern American society, stubbornly cling to the past. So pervasive is this view that even sympathetic observers tend to regard these stridently traditionalist critics of modern science and zealous defenders of biblical inerrancy as engaged in a hopelessly rear-guard action. Fortunately, after several years of superficial treatment at the hands of journalists, the fundamentalist resurgence is receiving more measured, thoughtful attention.

The most dramatic manifestation of fundamentalism has undoubtedly been on television, where several preachers have in recent years built up sizable audiences. Relying on contributions from loyal viewers, these "prime-time preachers" have not only paid for valuable air time (unlike mainstream ministers, who have depended on donated time), but have also established substantial production companies. Not surprisingly, the preachers and their organizations have attracted the attention of those eager to explore potential "abuses of unaccountable power"—especially power presumed to be wielded by religious figures.

As a result, we have been treated to countless "exposés" purporting to demonstrate how these preachers beguile helpless viewers who, if more adequately informed, would presumably give their money to worthier causes. (A dispassionate observer, however, might not see much difference between contributing $25 to a public-television station to get a canvas carry-all worth $10 and sending in $25 to Jerry Falwell to get a Bible worth $9.50.) As it turns out, the principal beneficiaries of these exposés have been the television preachers themselves. Always eager to claim the widest possible constituency for their cause, they have willingly sat back and allowed liberal hysteria to inflate the size of their audience into the tens of millions. Armed with such figures, the preachers have had little trouble gaining the attention of politicians. In the meantime the actual size of their constituencies has gone largely unexamined.

For this reason *Prime Time Preachers: The Rising Power of Televangelism* is particularly welcome. It provides some of the first hard evidence on what has come to be called "the electronic church." The authors, Jeffrey K. Hadden, a sociologist at the University of Virginia, and Charles E. Swann, a Presbyterian minister and manager of a public radio station, seem well suited to their task. Though clearly uneasy with fundamentalist television preachers, they make some attempt to understand them and their followers on their own terms.

Using television rating data, Hadden and Swann demonstrate that the audience for fundamentalist programs has been greatly exaggerated. For example, they report that in early 1980 the average weekly audience for *all* nationally syndicated religious programs—fundamentalist as well as others—was about 20.5 million. This total weekly audience for sixty-six different religious programs was less than the typical weekly audience for a hit program like *M*A*S*H*.

The ratings of individual preachers are perhaps even more surprising. The number one and two religious programs during February 1980 were Oral Roberts and Rex Humbard, with estimated audiences of 2.7 and 2.4 million respectively. And during this same period the average weekly audience for Reverend Jerry Falwell's *Old Time Gospel Hour* was about 1.5 million, placing him sixth among all religious programs—at a time when he was considered to be wielding significant influence in the presidential primaries. This is certainly less than the 15- to 25-million viewers variously claimed by Falwell and attributed to him by his many critics.

Hadden and Swann have another surprise. Their data indicate that the audience for religious programming actually peaked in the mid-70's. Indeed, the biggest boom for nationally syndicated programs occurred between 1970 and 1976, when the total audience jumped from 10 to 23 million. That high has not been surpassed since then and has actually begun to decline somewhat. Although they present

PETER SKERRY, *a graduate student in government at Harvard, has written for* COMMENTARY, *the* Public Interest, *and other periodicals.*

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no specific trend data for individual programs, the authors reasonably conclude that such programs also reached their peak around 1976.

Perhaps less surprising but nevertheless significant is the evidence Hadden and Swann offer about who watches these programs. The ratings indicate that the audience for fundamentalist programs—indeed, for all religious programs—is disproportionately elderly and female. Anywhere from two-thirds to three-fourths of the viewers of these programs are over fifty; an equally high proportion are women. Similarly, the authors' data reveal that the bulk of the fundamentalist audience is Southern. Midwesterners tend to be the second largest group of viewers, with Westerners and Easterners the least numerous. Typical is Jerry Falwell's audience as of February 1980: 45 percent from the South, 27 percent from the Midwest, 15 percent from the West, and only 12 percent from the East. Hadden and Swann conclude that "the electronic church is still heavily a Bible Belt phenomenon."

UNFORTUNATELY, after cutting through much cant about the influence of fundamentalist programming, Hadden and Swann succumb to a fashionable but wrong-headed theory to interpret their findings. They claim to discern in the electronic church ominous signs of an increasingly "privatized faith" in which "belief does not involve a relationship between the believer and a fellowship of believers." Resurrecting the tarnished image of "the mass society," the authors straightforwardly assert that "Television . . . destroys community."

Now it may be true that television has weakened some social institutions, but it is not clear that the electronic church has so affected local churches. Certainly, Hadden and Swann fail to demonstrate that this has occurred; much of their evidence indicates the contrary. For example, it is frequently asserted that fundamentalist television programs have drained people and resources from local congregations. Yet the authors' review of the available evidence indicates that whatever financial drain

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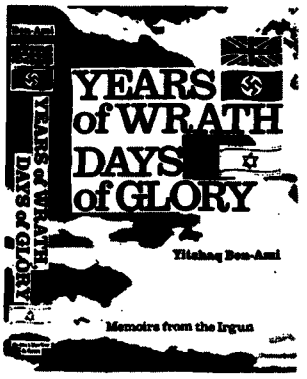

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may have occurred, it has been greatly exaggerated by critics. As for church attendance, the authors cite Gallup and other survey data that actually show a small increase as a result of watching these programs. As Hadden and Swann note, the very phrase "prime-time preacher" points to the fact that these men have concentrated their efforts at times other than the traditional Sunday morning slots, when most of their potential viewers are in church.

When they speak of privatized religion, Hadden and Swann may have in mind millions of isolated elderly, sitting home watching the tube. Perhaps this is what they mean when they claim "television destroys community." But this is to confuse cause with correlation. It is more probable that women and the elderly are the prime audience for the electronic church because they are the most likely to be at home. But in any event, the authors know nothing about what these viewers do when they are not watching television. We cannot therefore conclude, as do Hadden and Swann, that viewing these programs precludes social and community activities.

More importantly, the stress on privatized religion simply flies in the face of what we know about the social reality of the fundamentalist movement which sustains the electronic church. For those swept up in this phenomenon it is an intensely fraternal experience. In thousands of small fundamentalist congregations across the nation, friends and neighbors come together several times a week for religious services, choir practice, Christian school activities, visiting the sick, and marching to state capitals. All this Hadden and Swann completely ignore.

What Hadden and Swann lack is a wider perspective from which to evaluate the fundamentalist movement. This is particularly unfortunate because it is a phenomenon marked by ambiguity and incongruity. For example, at one point the authors describe the new multi-million-dollar headquarters of a Christian television network. It is crammed with the latest electronic equipment, housed in a building designed to look like an oversized colonial church. Hadden and Swann never elaborate on this very suggestive image.

Surely, however, it is worthy of note that self-conscious traditionalists and ardent critics of modern science should rely on the latest communications technology to spread the Word. Of course the preachers are skillful entrepreneurs, who want to reach the widest possible audience, and television—the institution in American society most responsible in their view for introducing alien values into the home—is clearly an ideal locus for doing battle with the evils of modernity. But it is not difficult to imagine an alternative scenario, namely, that of a traditionalist movement which rejects the taint of association with the sources of its displeasure. Today's fundamentalists have not indulged in such Luddite tendencies. Indeed, as many observers have pointed out, their programs frequently imitate aspects of the more successful "secular" programs.

STILL the question remains: why has this traditionalist movement taken the particular form it has? One critic who has addressed these issues is Frances FitzGerald. In a *New Yorker* profile of the Reverend Jerry Falwell,* she focuses on the contrast between the fundamentalists' gloomy, apocalyptic theology and their optimistic, middle-class values.

In addition to their much noted rejection of Darwinian science and their belief in the inerrancy of the Bible, most fundamentalists today subscribe to the doctrine of dispensational pre-millennialism. This teaches that the world is now very close to the reign of the anti-Christ prophesied in the Book of Daniel. It is during this period that Christ will at last return to earth and lead his righteous armies against the forces of evil. In preparation for his return, fundamentalists seek to be part of the "saving remnant" of true believers who will be spared the horror of the final apocalyptic struggle. Thus, fundamentalists de-

* May 18, 1981.

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scribe themselves as living "in" but not "of" this world, as set apart from the doomed civilization in which they happen to find themselves. It is partly in accordance with this belief that they refrain from such worldly activities as smoking, dancing, listening to rock music, and watching movies or television.

Yet while preoccupied with setting themselves apart, fundamentalists also seem intent on participating in American society. Frances FitzGerald focuses on the strong middle-class aspirations of Falwell and his congregation in Lynchburg, Virginia. These people are "clerical workers, technicians, and small businessmen, and skilled and semi-skilled workers in the new factories." Although they may not have matched Falwell's own material achievements—he is often photographed wearing expensive clothes and standing beside his swimming pool and impressive house—they identify with them. Like most of his congregation, Falwell has known difficult times growing up in a rural area long untouched by postwar prosperity. Today, however, Lynchburg is part of the New South. It is a place where ordinary citizens earn enough to support modest but comfortable homes on clean and pleasant streets. Having known what it is like to be on the edge, Falwell and his congregation clearly relish their new place within the mainstream.

One way fundamentalists have resolved the tension between worldly aspirations and apocalyptic theology has been through their patriotism. In their cosmology, America itself has become the saving remnant—the bastion of righteousness in a godless world. Yet now America has begun to change, and no longer seems to stand for what it once did. Hence the dilemma confronting fundamentalists today: just as they have become able to secure themselves a place in the American mainstream, it has begun to offend them.

FRANCES FITZGERALD is certainly not the first to observe the genuine ambivalence toward American society that is at the heart of the fundamentalist resurgence today.

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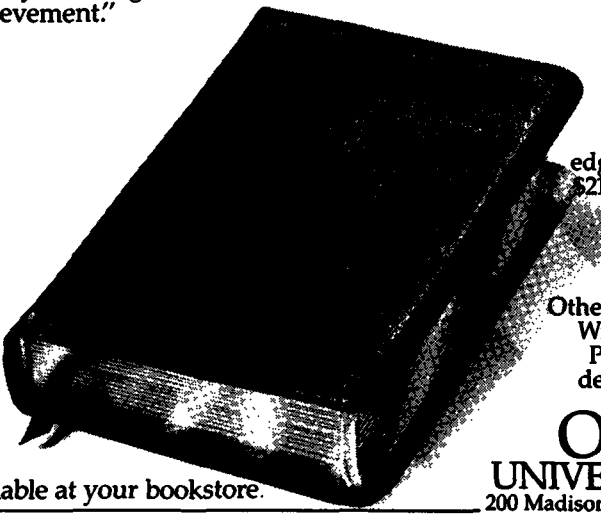

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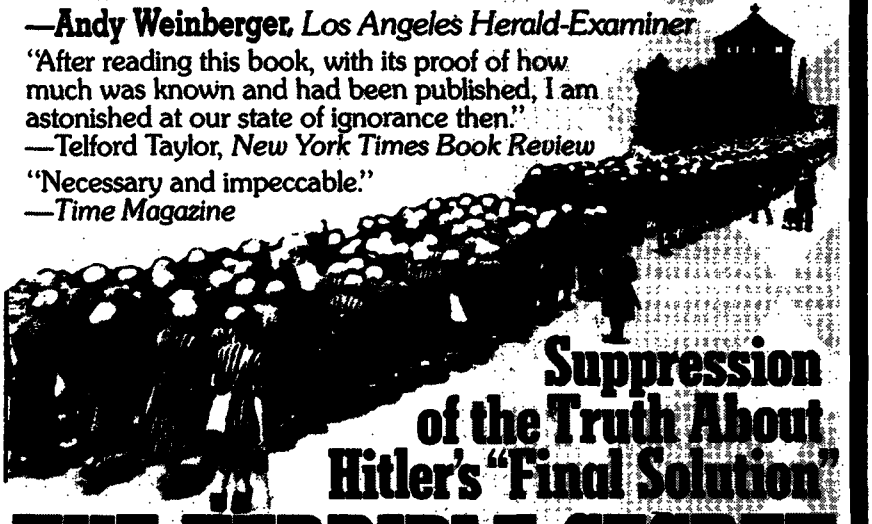

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As the historian George Marsden demonstrates in his *Fundamentalism and American Culture*—without doubt the most thoughtful recent work on the subject—that ambivalence has long been evident. Marsden quotes Dwight Moody, perhaps the foremost revivalist of the late 19th century:

> I look upon this world as a wrecked vessel. God has given me a lifeboat and said to me, "Moody, save all you can."

Marsden goes on to observe, much as one might of Jerry Falwell today:

> The separation from the world [that Moody demanded] was not radically outward as in the Anabaptist tradition, but rather an inner separation marked by the outward signs of a life free from specific vices. Despite the hopeless corruption of the world, there was no demand to abandon most of the standards of the respectable American middle-class way of life. It was to these standards, in fact, that people were to be converted.

Marsden traces the roots of fundamentalism in the evangelical fervor that swept ante-bellum America, what has come to be known as the Second Great Awakening. From towns along the Erie Canal in New York to the farthest reaches of the Western frontier, revivals and camp meetings were everywhere in evidence. This religious fervor gradually spilled over into social reform movements such as abolitionism, temperance, and Sabbatarianism. What these varied efforts had in common was an intense optimism about America and its future. America was the New Israel, the visible manifestation of God's will on earth, a place where man and society were being morally perfected in preparation for the glorious return of Christ and his thousand-year reign of righteousness. As the words of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" suggest, from this widely shared perspective the Civil War was one more crusade against iniquity. The victory of the North merely confirmed the evangelicals in their righteousness.

Belief in science and the progress it fosters was an important part of what Marsden calls the "evangelical consensus." Of course, when they spoke of science, the evangelicals had in mind Bacon's inductive method—the derivation of unchanging laws from the straightforward observation of facts. In the stridently democratic culture of the ante-bellum period, Americans seized upon this view of science with particular ardor. For it meant that both scientific truth and religious truth were there to be discovered by ordinary men using common sense, unaided by priests, churches, or metaphysical speculations. In America, spiritual and material progress would be unimpeded by any obstacles between rational individuals and the facts of nature—or of the Bible.

THUS, at the close of the Civil War evangelical Protestantism was an integral part of a happy synthesis of religion, science, and American nationalism. And it was precisely because these mutually reinforcing elements were bound up so tightly and coherently that Darwinism came as such a blow. It was not merely that Darwin challenged the biblical version of creation. A much more profound challenge, according to Marsden, was Darwin's method of forming and testing hypotheses. His reliance on the speculative constructs that had been rejected by Baconian science challenged the evangelical consensus at its epistemological core. From within that consensus Darwinism appeared to open up not only science, but American democracy and religion itself, to a radical subjectivism.

Not all American evangelicals reacted negatively to Darwin's challenge. Many were able to accept his work by drawing a sharp distinction between science, based on reason, and religion, based on faith. But this was obviously a difficult step for those accustomed to believing that science and religion rested on the same foundation. The once solid evangelical consensus gradually weakened, and there began a long process of bifurcation into two opposing camps. Liberal evangelicals, or modernists, clung to the optimistic reformism of the ante-bellum era. Their position

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came to be known as post-millennialism. The antimodernists gravitated toward the pessimistic doctrine of pre-millennialism. For them it became increasingly difficult to see God's work in a society growing ever more godless; the New Israel was coming to resemble Babylon. All hope of reforming this world faded and was replaced by withdrawal in preparation for the imminent end.

DESPITE the shocks to the evangelical consensus, Marsden shows that throughout the 19th century the divergent tendencies were able to coexist within the various Protestant denominations. For the overwhelming majority of Protestants, and hence for the overwhelming majority of Americans, the evangelical consensus held together well into the 20th century.

World War I changed all this. The outbreak of war in Europe confirmed antimodernists in their belief that civilization was doomed. When America entered the conflict, their leaders expressed indifference to the outcome. But growing wartime hysteria forced many to abandon this untenable position. So, too, did vehement attacks from modernists who zealously supported the war—in part out of the defensive realization that their reformist optimism had been shattered. Under this pressure, the antimodernists also became veritable superpatriots by war's end. This was of course entirely consistent with their roots in the American evangelical tradition. But it also committed them to a civilization that their evolving theology had written off as godless.

It was during this period that the various antimodernist groups began to call themselves "fundamentalists." Having committed themselves to the defense of American society, they turned, once the war was over, to its reform. The fundamentalists first attempted, unsuccessfully, to purge the modernists from the various Protestant denominations; it was they who were driven out instead. They also turned their attention to such public institutions as the schools, where their efforts culminated in the Scopes trial of 1925.

That trial proved to be the turning point in the modernist/fundamentalist controversy. Though John Scopes was convicted of teaching evolution, fundamentalism itself was the loser in the court of public opinion. As Scopes's attorney, William Jennings Bryan, ineptly defended the old-time faith against the humiliating attack of Clarence Darrow, fundamentalism, once acknowledged by the likes of Walter Lippmann as a respectable, coherent critique of modern civilization, was quickly discredited. The national media were all there to spread the word of its demise.

Set in "a one-horse Tennessee village," as Mencken put it, the trial fixed the popular image of fundamentalism as the religious impulse of uneducated, rural yokels. Once cast in this role, the yokels responded by embracing fundamentalism as their own, and it became "a focal point for the real hostility of rural America toward much of modern culture and intellect." Forced out of the mainstream churches, fundamentalist preachers took to the airwaves and carried their message further and further away from the centers of American culture.

MARSDEN'S interpretation puts today's fundamentalist resurgence in a new perspective. Most significantly, it suggests that the conventional view of fundamentalism as the expression of a rural, Southern hostility to modern America is extremely misleading. In the first place, prior to 1925 fundamentalism was primarily not a rural but an urban phenomenon, concentrated in the North and East. Its social base was mostly lower-middle-class Protestants, city dwellers overwhelmed by the changes wrought by mass immigration. For these people fundamentalism served as the core of a kind of defensive ethnic identity.

In the second place, as we have already seen, *today's* fundamental-

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ism is not a movement of the backward or dispossessed but of the newly arrived, struggling to maintain their place in the American mainstream. In this respect Jerry Falwell and his followers are the counterparts of the fundamentalists in the Northern cities before the Scopes fiasco. Though the comparison is by no means exact, both movements exhibit not merely opposition to contemporary developments in theology and religion, but the struggle to maintain standards of middle-class respectability in the midst of unsettling change. At the end of the last century the problem was the strange new diversity of immigrant cities. Today the problem is intrusive government and the pervasive adversary culture, which are increasingly in evidence as the New South becomes more tightly woven into the national community. In neither case has the action been wholesale rejection of American society.

But if fundamentalists today do not totally reject American society, neither do they eagerly embrace it. What they share with their precedessors is a deep ambivalence. As George Marsden demonstrates so vividly, the fundamentalist commitment to America ultimately collides with the pessimistic, world-renouncing theology that teaches distrust of all temporal institutions.

There are of course different ways of viewing this ambivalence. Frances FitzGerald is clearly put off by it. She writes:

> They [Falwell's congregation]... thought there was a compromise —or they wanted it both ways. They left the coal-mining valleys of Appalachia and came into the city to work for Babcock and Wilcox or the Dairy Queen. They would not for anything give up their cars or their television sets; they liked their freedom; but much of what they saw in this new world either scared or offended them. With this ambivalence, they looked to Falwell for all the old certainties done up in glossy packages. They looked to the church for a haven of security—but a haven with windows on the wide world.

Miss FitzGerald has difficulty coming to terms with people whose attitudes and opinions do not come in neat, coherent bundles. For her there is something escapist and inauthentic about people who want America's affluence but not its problems. Her concept of modernity, never fully articulated but implicit in her analysis, leads to the conclusion that if people accept the material abundance of modern life then they must also accept its cultural trappings—no matter how extreme or even bizarre they may become.

But what if her notion is wrong? What if fundamentalists are not fighting social and historical forces that must inevitably overwhelm them? The inevitability of social change in the direction of more and more individual freedom is the most persistent and least scrutinized argument made against social conservatives of all varieties. But it may be, in this case at least, an inevitability that exists in the eye of the beholder. It may be that fundamentalists are not so much conducting a hopeless rear-guard action as doing what we all do: picking and choosing a way of life from the options set—and sometimes thrust—before us. Like many other groups in American society, fundamentalists accept what suits them and reject what does not. Their choices may be wise or unwise; one need not defend any specific choices to disagree with the view that their overall effort is somehow more misguided and futile than anyone else's.

The curious tendency of today's fundamentalists "to have it both ways" constitutes the essence of the historical relationship between fundamentalists and American society. They have always been a unique group of traditionalists, in that their beliefs include a long-established commitment to the least traditional of all societies. They have long had to deal with the dilemma that their future as well as their past is bound up with the fate of the one nation that, as de Tocqueville first noted, was born modern. To some degree, fundamentalists must be modern in spite of themselves.

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